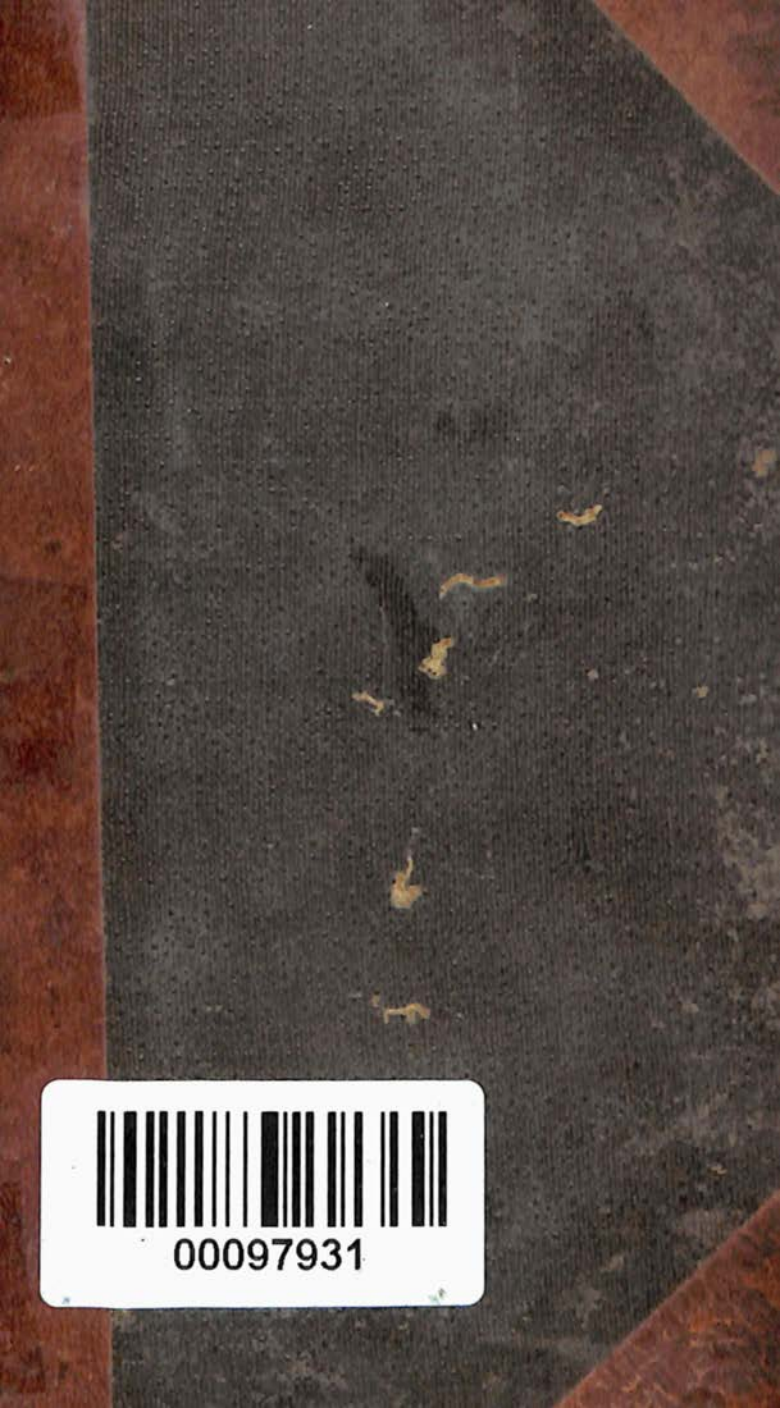
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BOMBAY BRANCH

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LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

A TURKISH SPY,

Who Lived Five-and-Forty Years Undiſcovered at

PARIS;

Giving an Impartial Account to the Divan at Conſtantinople of the moſt Remarkable Tranſactions of Europe, and diſcovering ſeveral Intrigues and Secrets of the Chriſtian Courts, (eſpecially of that of France) continued from the Year 1667 to the Year 1682.

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Written originally in Arabic, Tranſlated into Italian, and from thence into Engliſh.

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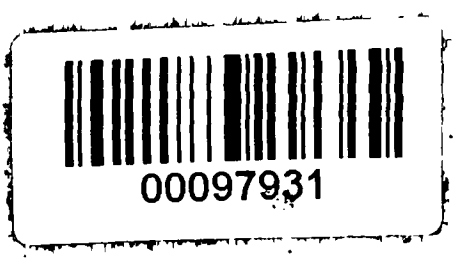

TO THE READER.

It is not to be expected that the world will take it for an excuſe of the tedious delay that has been made in publiſhing the ſeventh volume of the Turkiſh Spy, to ſay that our Arabian now grows old and decrepid, is forced to walk with a ſtaff or crutch, as he himſelf confeſſes in one of the following letters, and is beſides worn out with ſickneſs and care, ſo that he cannot be ſo expeditious in buſineſs as he was in his youth. It may be ſaid this apology would be more proper for the Engliſh tranſlator, to make, were he in the ſame condition; but he is in his prime, in the flower of his age, vigorous, and active; and therefore might have made more haſte, they will ſay, to oblige the world, and gratify the expectations of thoſe gentlemen who perpetually dun the bookſellers for the reſt of his Mahometan letters.

It were eaſy to anſwer this, by only putting you in mind, that he who undertakes to lead a ſlow-footed, ſhort-winded, and weak perſon by the hand, and conduct him to his journey's end, muſt of neceſſity keep the ſame pace with his charge, though he himſelf were as ſwift as a ſtag when alone and at liberty; beſides that, a man is apt to attract a con-

tagion from the company he keeps, and turn their ill qualities into habits of his own.

But all this is trifling, and our Engliſh tranſlator is under none of theſe circumſtances. To come to the purpoſe, therefore, gentlemen, you will commend our tranſlator's wiſdom for not being in ſuch poſt-haſte at this juncture, when you reflect, that like a wife racer, though he gave a ſtart in the beginning at firſt ſetting out, yet he ſoon ſlackened his pace, that he might make ſure of the goal, remembering the old Engliſh proverb, "The more haſte the worſe ſpeed." Thus he ſuffered three years to ſlide by him before he reached the ſecond ſtage (2d vol.); and though he began to take up his heels more nimbly afterwards, ſo as to recover by degrees his loſt time and ground, yet ſtill he did but moderately jog on, now ſpringing, then halting, as occaſion offered, and as he found his ſtrength could hold; at length, having but two ſtages more, wonder not that he is a little more tedious than ordinary in this; for he does it to refreſh himſelf, and keep his breath for the laſt ſtrain of all, which brings the prize, obſerving herein the old adage, "Finis coronat opus."

As to the letters contained in this ſeventh volume, there is little to be ſaid more particular than of thoſe that have gone before; they in general contain a miſcellany of hiſtorical tranſactions, moral and philoſophical thoughts, interſperſed here and there with Mahometan politics and divinity.

Only you will find our Arabian engaged with a certain Jew at Vienna, in fomenting the diſcords of the German empire, encouraging the rebels of Hun-

gary, Croatia, and mutinous provinces: You will hear of the deaths of Count Serini, Frangipani, and Nadaſti, who were all beheaded for being ringleaders in this rebellion.

The next and laſt volume has this of ſingular in it, that it will preſent you with the riſe and preferment of Count Tekeli, who has made ſo much noiſe in the world; it relates many of his public actions, and not a few of his ſecret intrigues; in fine, it diſcovers the train that was laid to blow up all Europe into the flame of open war and univerſal hoſtility, which to this day conſumes the lives and eſtates of ſo many thouſand Chriſtians, impoveriſhes and lays waſte whole nations, and, it is to be feared, will end in letting in the Turks once more upon us, to our final ruin and confuſion, ſince thoſe infidels never take greater advantage to invade and conquer the dominions of Chriſtians, than when they find us involved in domeſtic wars with one another.

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LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

A SPY AT PARIS.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.—MAHMUT *the Arabian at Paris, to* MIRMADOLIN, *Holy Santone of the Vale of Sidon.*

WHY was I made a man, to endure theſe cruel agonies, of which no other ſpecies of known beings can poſſibly be capable? or why at leaſt was I particularly formed of ſuch a conſtitution, as to attract the evils which are ſcattered up and down the world, and piece-meal dropped on the nativities of other mortal men; whilſt I alone am made the common ſink of human miſery? Surely my partial horoſcope monopoliſed the moſt envenomed aſpects of the ſtars, without partaking of the leaſt benign and favourable glance; the planets had laid up an ancient deep reſerve of fatal influences, which they poured out at large upon the very moment of my birth; nor could the careful midwife, with all her ſkill and charms, defend my tender, ductile, reeking body, from the invincible cataracts which flowed upon me from all the envious ſigns and conſtellations in heaven.

My whole life has been but one continued tragedy, wherein the various change of ſcenes has not relieved me from the leaſt real evil hid behind, but only amuſed my ſenſe with ſome new pageantry, ſome fair idea of honour, pleaſure, or profit; when before the act was done, I found myſelf cajoled, overwhelmed in freſh calamities, misfortunes which I never dreamed of.

Oh! that the Omnipotent, when from eternal ſilent thought he drew the ideas of every ſpecies, and every individual being, which he deſigned for actual exiſtence in the world, had formed me for a tree, an herb, a blade of graſs, a ſtone, a muſhroom, or any inſenſible thing, incapable of pleaſure or pain, of grief or joy, or other paſſions, which hourly thus torment our human race! I had been then a happy neuter to all falſe ſhows of happineſs, and real ſenſe of miſery. Oh! that I had been an oak, a beach, a palm, or cypreſs of the foreſt; for then, if vegetables have any feeling of their own ſtate, I ſhould be only touched with ſecret pleaſure, when the gentle winds ſhould play among my amorous branches, and teach my wanton leaves to dance the meaſures of young harmleſs love; or when I felt the ſeaſonable rain diſtilling on my withered bark, and from thence ſliding to my thirſty roots; or when great Phœbus prints warm vigorous kiſſes on my cheeks and neck. But if this be too proud a thought, I wiſh I had been only ſome humble ſhrub, ſome pigmy plant, ſome vegetable dwarf, a page unto the mighty trees, ſubſiſting on the drops and fragments of their large banquets, meekly cringing at their feet, whilſt I ſtood ſafe and free from ſtorms, under the ſhade of their extended boughs, in happy low obſcurity.

When I paſs through the fields, and ſee the harmleſs ſheep browſing upon the tender graſs, and hear them

bleating to their wanton lambs, I cannot chooſe but envy them a life ſo void of care and pain; they range and ſport at large in flowery meadows, near ſome cryſtal ſtream, or take the paſtures of the mountains, whilſt cheerful ſhepherds tune their pipes, and ſing in praiſe of Amaryllis, Daphne, Sylvia, or ſome other nymph, and watchful dogs lie ſcouting on the plain, to give the alarm, and chaſe away fly wolves, and other ravenous beaſts.

After I have let my envy fix itſelf a while on theſe, a warbling melody from neighbouring groves diverts my melancholy thoughts, and turns them to new objects; then I lament my fate, in that I was not made a nightingale, a thruſh, a lark, or any of the feathered choir, who with ſweet cheerful notes ſalute Aurora and the riſing ſun, and chirp all day the praiſes of that ſource of warmth and life, who veſts the earth in green attire, who decks the trees with verdant leaves, and fills the world with light. They chirp and fly from tree to tree, from bough to bough, rejoicing in the beams that dart and glide among the moving ſhades of branches rocked by winds; their thoughts are taken up in building neſts, wherein to hatch their young, and ſhelter them from injuries; they have no plots nor politic tricks to undermine each other, but paſs away their time in innocent ſecurity and harmleſs pleaſures.

Methinks the worms and little reptiles of the earth are happier far than I; they crawl and creep about in hollow trees, in clefts of rocks and crannies of the ground, to hunt for food and for divertiſement; they live at eaſe without being racked by ſupernumerary cares and fears; and if ſome ruder foot of man or beaſt ſhall trample them by chance to death, or more malicious hand, with ſtone or other weapon, ſhall wilfully bereave them of their

life, it is done ſo ſuddenly that they have no ſenſe of pain, whereas my life is a conſtant martyrdom, a long continued ſeries of torments.

I do not complain of the diſtempers and maladies which afflict my body, though thoſe are ſometimes ſo violent as to make me wiſh for death, that ſo I might be at eaſe; but it is the fretting anguiſh of my mind that forces all theſe ſighs and exclamations from me; I am embarraſſed in the world, ſnares compaſs me round about; my own good nature has betrayed me; thoſe of my blood conſpire againſt me; they hunt me up and down like a partridge in the wood; they cloſely purſue my life: The kindneſſes that I have ſown ſpring up in blades of bitter ingratitude and perfidy: My ſeminaries bring forth aconite and ſtinking weeds, inſtead of pleaſant flowers and wholeſome fruits: Tagot has ſet his foot in all my works; that fly interloping ſpirit hates to ſee any good thing proſper, or come to perfection; he ſteals behind us in all our ways, and as faſt as we weave any web of virtue, he ſecretly unravels it, or deforms the work with intermixing ſome threads of vice. I am weary of ſtriving againſt the current of my fate. Oh that I were as though I had never been! that my ſoul were drenched in Lethe's forgetful waters, where all paſt things are buried in eternal oblivion! Then would my anguiſh be at an end, whereas I am now rolled about upon a wheel of miſeries.

Holy Santone, when thou ſhalt read this, pity me; and amidſt thy divine ejaculations, dart up Mahmut's ſoul to paradiſe, on the point of a ſtrong thought, that ſo at leaſt I may have a moment's reſpite from my conſtant ſadneſs.

Paris, 27th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1667.

II.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

THERE is now ſome probability of a peace between the Engliſh and the Dutch, which will alſo reconcile this crown to that of Great Britain, ſince the King of France engaged in this war only on the account of the Dutch his allies. The advances towards this accommodation took their riſe from the alliance lately concluded between the States of the United Provinces, the King of Denmark, the Duke of Brandenburgh, and the Princes of Brunſwick. The King of England proteſts againſt the Dutch as the firſt aggreſſors, in that they had taken above two hundred of his merchant ſhips before he offered the leaſt act of hoſtility, which the States ſeeming to acknowledge, deſire the king to appoint ſome neutral place of treaty with them and their allies, in order to a peace, the ſecurity of navigation, and the eſtabliſhment of commerce for the future.

Here is great joy for the birth of a young princeſs, of whom the queen was delivered on the 2d of the moon of January: She is called God's New-Year's Gift to France, in regard the firſt day of that moon begins the year with the Chriſtians; and it is common among them to ſend mutual gifts and preſents to one another at that time, which they call New-Year's Gifts; and ſo it ſeems God Almighty has appeared very modiſh and complaiſant, in thus timing the nativity of the royal babe, for which they expreſs their thanks in revelling, dancing, ballads, and a thouſand other vanities; and theſe divertiſements continue to this time, it being the Nazarenes carnival, a ſeaſon conſecrated to ſport and mirth, to liberty, buffoonery, and all manner of comical and ridiculous apiſhneſs.

During this time, you ſhall ſee an infinite variety of odd humours and mimical actions in the open ſtreets, accord-

ing to every man's particular fancy; here you ſhall meet with one dreſſed half in the French and half in the Spaniſh faſhion; on the left ſide of his head hangs dangling down a long thick curled peruke, which reaches to his breaſt, whilſt on the right you ſee nothing but his own hair, cropped cloſe to his ears; a long muſtach, as black as jet, graces the right ſide of his upper lip, whilſt on the left he is beardleſs as a boy of ſeven years old; and ſo from head to foot he wears two contrary garbs: One walks about with gloves upon his feet, and ſhoes upon his hands; another wears his breeches like a mantle on his ſhoulders; here comes a ſtately coach, jogging along with grave ſlow pace, and drawn by ſix fair horſes, as if ſome prince or cardinal were in it, when behold there is nothing but a ſilly aſs puts forth his giddy head with flapping ears, half drunk with the jolting unaccuſtomed motion; ſometimes he brays aloud, and then the rabble fall a-laughing. A thouſand other fopperies there are not worth thy knowledge; for both the noble and the vulgar are all upon the frolic at this time, and indulge their wanton fancies to the height. But it is a fatal ſeaſon for the poor cats, few of which eſcape the multitude, whoſe peculiar paſtime it is to toſs theſe creatures in a blanket till they are dead, or elſe to tie them two and two together by the tails, and then they will bite and ſcratch one another to death. The cocks alſo are generally great martyrs during the carnival; the rabble have an hundred cruel ways to murder them in ſport. All their devices are inhuman and bloody. They did not learn theſe profane courſes from Jeſus, or any of the prophets or apoſtles of God; but they are the relics of Gentile vanity, in the beginning connived at by the prieſts, the eaſier to retain their proſelytes in obedience, who would rather have parted with their new religion than with their old

barbarous cuſtoms; and thus the pagan fooleries were handed down to the poſterity of the primitive Chriſtians, and were adopted into the family of church traditions; and men are not more zealous for the goſpel itſelf than for theſe ridiculous profanations of it; ſo dangerous a thing is it for governors, by a criminal indulgence, to permit their ſubjects any liberty which interferes with the fundamental principles of the law; for ſuch a diſpenſation once granted, paſſes into a precedent, which in proceſs of time becomes of equal force with the law itſelf; and by ſuch prepoſterous methods of winning and retaining converts, Chriſtianity arrived to the height of corruption it is now infected with.

Sage miniſter, it was for this reaſon God raiſed up our holy prophet, and gave him a new law, with power to reform and chaſtiſe the infidels: He planted the undefiled faith with ſcimetar in hand, not palliating or encouraging the ſmalleſt vicious practice, but ſubduing all things by the dint of reaſon, or the keen edge of the ſword. God haſten his return, for the prevarications of this age require it.

Paris, 27th of the 2d Moon, of the year 1667.

III.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

I believe thou haſt not forgot the obſervations we uſed to make on the religion of the Chriſtians, when we were ſlaves together in Sicily: How ridiculous ſome of their practices appeared to us, and yet what a ſanctity was manifeſt in others; how much we approved the majeſty of their public worſhip, the ſolemnity of their high maſs, the gravity of their proceſſions; and yet how great was our diſguſt, when we conſidered that all theſe honours

were performed to figures and ſtatues of ſtone, wood, ſilver, gold, or other materials, the creatures of the painter or carver!

We ſcanned their doctrines alſo, which we learned from their prieſts and books, and deſcanted variouſly on them, as they were more or leſs conform to the truth, and to the volume brought down from heaven. In a word, we praiſed the good, and cenſured what was evil in their faith and manners, or at leaſt what we thought to be ſo; for herein we followed the dictates of our education.

But now in our riper years, if we ſhould call over our former thoughts, perhaps we ſhould be of a different judgment, and find matter to condemn even in our own paſt cenſures; for whatever we might then think of the Nazarenes, upon a maturer ſearch, I cannot find them to be altogether ſuch groſs idolaters and infidels as we and all muſſulmans are apt to believe.

That which gives me the greateſt ſcandal is, that their doctors entertain ſome unwarrantable ſpeculations about three ſubſtances in one eſſence, and are too venturous in their thoughts concerning the eternal generation of the Word, and emanation of the Breath, by which they ſay all things were created, and are conſerved in their beings. They teach a doctrine repugnant to the Alcoran, when they ſay that God has a companion equal to himſelf.

As to the incarnation of Jeſus the Son of Mary, the Nazarenes aſſert nothing but what is ſuitable to the Alcoran, which teaches us that he is the word of God. In the hiſtory of his life, they indeed come ſhort of the muſſulmans, there being not the leaſt mention made in the whole book of the goſpel, of many paſſages in his infancy and tender years, wherewith the alcoran, with other holy books and traditions of the ancients, acquaint

the true believers. The meſſenger of God tells us, that Jeſus ſpoke in his cradle, reſolved doubts, cleared up miſ takes, and preached the unity of the divine eſſence other writings alſo inform us, that while he was young, he formed the figures of divers birds and beaſts, of clay and his own ſpittle, and having breathed on them, they became living creatures, and proſtrated themſelves at his feet; they relate alſo that he made a pigeon, which flew up and down through divers regions, and brought him news of whatever was done in the courts of foreign princes; and that from the day of his birth to that of his tranſlation, twelve angels waited on him, and brought him down food from paradiſe. Of theſe things the Chriſtians are ignorant, and of many other paſſages; ſo that in the whole it is evident that the muſſulmans have a more particular relation of the life of Jeſus than the Chriſtians themſelves have, ſince we recount thoſe miracles and other actions of his whereof the goſpel is ſilent.

But then, on the other ſide, they believe things concerning his death, whereof neither the Alcoran, nor any other of our writings or traditions make any mention, unleſs it be to confute the error of the Nazarenes in that point. I have heard the arguments of their learned doctors, and, comparing them with our objections, I know not well what to conclude.

They inſiſt much on the public ſigns and wonders that fell out at that time of the ſuppoſed crucifixion of the Meſſiah, the rending of rocks, opening of graves, reſurrection of many dead, and the preternatural eclipſe of the ſun, when the moon was in ſight in the other part of the horizon in the ſame moment, which made a great philoſopher, then in Egypt, cry out, "Either the frame of the world is diſſolved, or the God of nature ſuffers."

They tell a ſtory alſo of a certain ſhip, that was on that very day ſailing in the Archipelago, and that as they paſſed by certain rocks, the mariners heard a voice calling, Thamus, Thamus, very often and loud. Now there being one of that name on board the veſſel, he anſwered to his name, upon which the voice ſaid, "When thou comeſt to the iſland of the Palodes, proclaim it aloud, that the great Pan is dead;" which he did accordingly, and there followed a horrible howling and roaring from the ſhore of that iſland. This paſſage was afterwards made known to the ſenate of Rome, who thereupon, at the inſtance of ſome noble Romans, ſent to inquire in the provinces whether any remarkable perſon had died on that day; and they were informed, that the Jews had on the ſame day put to death Jeſus the ſon of Mary; and Tiberius the emperor, on the credit of this paſſage, being alſo informed of the miracles which Jeſus wrought among the Jews, conceiving an immediate veneration for ſo divine a perſon, cauſed his ſtatue to be ſet up in the capitol, and would have had him numbered among the gods; but in this he was oppoſed by the ſenate, becauſe they had before decreed that no new deities ſhould be added to the kalendar.

In theſe things I rely on the account which the Chriſtians give of the death of Jeſus, though they bring authorities alſo and teſtimonies of their very enemies, and inveterate perſecutors, the Gentiles, who therefore, one would think, cannot be ſuſpected of partiality. In a word, I know not what to think of theſe things; for if it be true that Jeſus died on the croſs for the ſins of the world, as the Chriſtians believe, and that there is no other way to be ſaved but by believing this, then in what a ſad condition are all the Jews and muſſulmans, the one glorying in having murdered the Saviour of the world, and the other

not believing that he was murdered? The firſt ſeem to merit moſt of men, ſince though the act was cruel in itſelf, yet according to this doctrine it brought ſalvation to all our race; and therefore there were a ſort of Chriſtians in former times, who worſhipped the ſerpent that tempted Eve, becauſe, according to their faith, that temptation was the firſt ſtep to mankind's happineſs after Adam's fall; and they placed Judas, who betrayed Jeſus to the Jews, among the ſaints, for having been ſo particular an inſtrument in the world's redemption.

If Jeſus be the Saviour of men, it is abſolutely neceſſary to believe in him; but whether he be or be not, the faith of the Chriſtians in that point cannot hurt them, ſince our holy prophet himſelf has taught us that Chriſtians ſhall be ſaved as well as the muſſulmans; whereas the Chriſtians ſay it is impoſſible for any to be ſaved who follow the law of Mahomet; ſo that they have our own grant for their ſalvation, which they deny to us. This is a great advantage on their ſide in the controverſy betwixt us.

For my part, I tell thee ingenuouſly, were I convinced that Jeſus was the Son of God, and that he ſuffered death for the ſake of men, I could readily embrace moſt of the other tenets of Chriſtianity without ſcruple; I ſhould not be frighted at their invocation of ſaints, ſince it is the ſame as we ourſelves practiſe, nor would their images and pictures ſtartle my faith; I ſhould look upon theſe, and a thouſand more, as things indifferent in themſelves, and only made lawful or unlawful by the ſanction of divine authority.

I ſhould be moſt puzzled to know what church to fix in among ſo many, all pretending to the right way; I have examined their different opinions, and find reaſon, or ſomething very like it, on all ſides; I admire the ab-

ſtinence of the Greeks, Armenians, and generally of all the eaſtern Chriſtians, yet their ignorance diſtaſtes me; I honour the learning and politeneſs of the Roman church, and could almoſt veil to their pretenſions of antiquity, univerſality, and incorrupt doctrine, but I am highly ſcandaliſed at their licentiouſneſs, pride, and cruelty: There is much to be argued for the Coptis, Abyſſines, Melchites, the Chriſtians of St. John, and other churches, but more to be ſaid againſt them. In fine, if I were to turn Chriſtian, I ſhould be in a wilderneſs, not knowing which path to take, for fear of miſſing the right.

In the ſtate therefore wherein I am, I will think honourably of Jeſus, as alſo of Mary his mother, who, at her daily return from the temple, found a thouſand ſorts of flowers in her oratory: I will not ſpeak evil of any perſon that has the character of a ſaint, but in general will deſire the interceſſion of all that are near to God; it is ten to one if ſome of them do not vouchſafe to pray for me; but whether they do or not, God hears me, and obſerves my devotion, and if he pleaſe my petitions ſhall be granted. As for the reſt, I will endeavour in all things to do as I would be done to, keeping my conſcience free from ſtain, ſo that I may die in peace; and what becomes of me afterwards, it is in vain to be ſolicitous, ſince the decrees of fate are irreverſible.

Tell me now, my friend, whether theſe thoughts and reſolves be not more agreeable to humanity, than to be a furious bigot for I know not what? Is that a commendable zeal for religion, which, under pretence of defending the truth, ſticks not to aſſert a thouſand lies? or that a laudable charity for ſouls, which, in order to their ſalvation, takes infinite pains to ſet the world together by the ears, and embroil mankind in perpetual wars? What elſe do thoſe diſturbers of human race, who, not content

with the limits which the fortune of their birth has ſet them, invade the peaceable poſſeſſions of their neighbours, commit all ſorts of violences, rapines, and outrages, and all this under pretext of reforming the manners of men, introducing purity of religion, and fulfilling the will of Heaven? as if it were a mark of a divine commiſſion to be barbarouſly unjuſt, perfidious, and ſavage, and that the height of piety conſiſted in ſhedding human blood!

For my part, I cannot approve of theſe practices, and therefore think it ſafer to ſtand aloof from all religions thus cruelly eſtabliſhed, than by entering into their inhuman ſecrets, and ſwearing to their ſanguine articles, incorporate myſelf with profeſſed murderers, under the notion of being a good man.

Happy are thoſe innocent nations in the Eaſt, who from their firſt progenitors have kept inviolate the law of nature, who have never defiled themſelves with the blood of man or beaſts, but every one contenting himſelf with his native home-ſtall, and the fruits of his own land, makes no encroachments on thoſe that dwell near him, nor butchers the harmleſs animals to gratify his ill-nurtured appetite; theſe ſit under the ſhade of their own trees, and bathe themſelves in the adjoining ſtreams; they go in peace to the houſes of their rural gods, and preſent them with flowers, rice, fruits, and ſuch as the ground brings forth; they never dream of foreign conqueſts, nor are troubled with domeſtic broils, but lead their lives in a perpetual tranquillity and innocence; all that they deſire of Heaven is the continuance of thoſe harmleſs delights they at preſent enjoy; as for the tumultuary pleaſures of other mortals, they have them in contempt. This is an umbrage of the felicity we are promiſed in paradiſe, where the ſound of the drum and the trumpet ſhall not be heard, and the inſtruments of war ſhall be of no uſe.

If thou chargeſt me with inconſtancy in my opinions, I neither deny it, nor am aſhamed, it being better to change one's thoughts every day, than to be fixed in error all one's life. This to a friend.

Paris, 18th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1667.

IV.—*To* Afis, *Baſſa.*

The warriors and mechanics, ſtateſmen and fiddlers, courtiers and huſbandmen, ſtudents and chimney-ſweepers, are all taken up in diſcourſing of the mighty preparations the Grand Signior is making to beſiege Candia; they talk of fifteen thouſand pioneers, who are at work in order to this grand undertaking, and that the city is blocked up by an army of ſixty thouſand men; that they have been raiſing batteries round about it ever ſince the moon of December; and that the Sultan is reſolved to win this important place, though he hazard half the Ottoman empire.

This is refreſhing news to Mahmut, who has heard nothing but improſperous ſtories of the muſſulmans arms theſe many years. Now I begin to lift up my head and take courage, when the empire of true believers makes ſome noiſe and figure in the world; whereas my heart perpetually drooped before; I was like one among the dead.

It was but laſt year when the Nazarenes could boaſt, that notwithſtanding all the menaces and preparations of the Grand Signior, yet the Venetians were the firſt in field by land, and appeared earlieſt with their fleet at ſea, doing wonderful things in Dalmatia, and blocking up Canea in the iſle of Candy; now it is to be hoped they will change their note, and begin to conſider what a formida-

ble force they have provoked againſt them, even the puiſſance of all Aſia, men of war from their nativities, an army of ſelect and choſen ſoldiers, undaunted heroes, ſons of thunder, magnanimous, invincible, and deſtined to vanquiſh the uncircumciſed nations.

My heart is revived within me at the contemplation of ſure and certain victories attending this glorious expedition; my ſpirits are dilated with joy; I celebrate a dunalma in my breaſt; I am like an Arabian horſe, that foams, curvets, and paws the ground in fierceneſs, when he hears the ſound of the trumpet warning to battle; his eyes ſparkle with martial fury, a ſmoke goes out of his noſtrils, he lifts up the voice of his courage, his rider can hardly reſtrain him; ſo am I all in tranſport at theſe good tidings, I can hardly contain myſelf within the compaſs of moderation; as old as I am, I feel a youthful vigour ſtirring in my veins; methinks I long to be in the heat of the ſacred combat, in the thickeſt clouds of gun-powder ſmoke, to ſtand the ſhock of ſhowers of bullets, or with my ſcimetar in hand, to hew my way to immortal honour and felicity; for thoſe who die in this cauſe go ſtraight to paradiſe: But I muſt be contented with this tame humble poſt, and ſerve the Grand Signior in the manner preſcribed by my ſuperiors; I tell thee, it is no ſmall mortification for an active ſpirit to be thus confined; but reſignation becomes every good muſſulman, and I willingly ſacrifice my paſſions to the pleaſure of the grandees of the Porte, and the intereſt of the Ottoman empire.

Here I ſit, like a fox in his den, watching the motions of the infidels; if any thing occurs worthy of notice, out I bolt upon it, and make it my prey, and ſend it as a preſent to the auguſt miniſters; I write to all by turns, and therefore none has reaſon to take exceptions.

If thou wouldſt know what they are doing here in the court of France, they are muſtering the king's troops; they are revelling and feaſting at Verſailles, the king's new palace, where the princes exerciſe themſelves with the noble diſcipline, which they call running in ſquadrons; whilſt thouſands of people flock daily to Verſailles from Paris, and all the adjacent countries round about, partly to be ſpectators of theſe royal paſtimes, and partly to behold that gorgeous fabric, which is eſteemed the faireſt and moſt magnificent in the world.

Serene baſſa, this monarch has a vaſt genius; whatſoever he undertakes he accompliſhes, and all his performances are ſurpriſingly great; he has a deep forecaſt, and ſeldom fails in his judgment of what will probably come to paſs; he is happily made, born, and brought up; a prince, one would think, deſigned by fate for the empire of the Weſt.

Renowned Aſis, I kiſs the hem of thy illuſtrious robe, and with a profound obeiſance bid thee adieu.

Paris, 20th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1667.

V.—*To* Hasnadar Bassi, *Chief Treaſurer to the Sultan.*

I am convinced it is now time for me to be reſolute, bold, and aſſured in my own conduct; for it is in vain to aſk counſel of the ſublime miniſters; I have addreſſed myſelf at certain ſeaſons to them on that account, ever ſince I came firſt to Paris, but not one of them has vouchſafed me an anſwer, or given me any particular inſtructions how to deport myſelf in an emergent peril of diſcovery; whether I ſhould own myſelf an agent for the Grand Signior, or deny it; whether I ſhould boldly ſtand the brunt of all events, or fly to artifices and evaſions; whe-

ther I ſhould perſiſt in acting the Moldavian, and continue to perſonate a Chriſtian ſtudent, an eccleſiaſtic candidate, under the feigned name of Titus, or frankly tell them, I am a muſſulman, an Arab, and ſecret ſlave of the ſultan.

I ought to have been certified in theſe caſes, and not left at random to gueſs, at this vaſt diſtance, the pleaſure of my ſuperiors; but ſince it is their will thus to make trial of my fidelity, prudence, and ſkill, in warding off the aſſaults of common chance, misfortune, and the attempts of ſly deſigning men, I will be as cunning as I can, without embarraſſing my peace with conſtant panic fears and apprehenſions of I know not what; no vain endeavours to avoid the fixed decree of fate ſhall make me change my lodging, or fly from every menacing contingency; I will rather truſt to providence and preſent courage, the juſtice of my cauſe and native innocence, leaving the event to deſtiny.

By what I have ſaid, thou wilt perceive I am in ſome trouble, and I can aſſure thee thou art not miſtaken: I am hattered, hunted up and down, and perſecuted worſe than the foxes, hares, and hinds near Adrianople; I am an old man, and yet they envy me the happineſs of a natural death; they would not have me go down to the grave in peace; I have been impriſoned, threatened, dodged up and down the ſtreets, aſſaſſinated in the dark, had my chamber ſearched, my letters in danger of being ſeized, with thoſe of the ſupreme miniſters; I have run the riſk of a diſcovery, by meeting caſually an infidel whoſe ſlave I once was at Palermo in Sicily; I have been undermined by muſſulmans, as well as Nazarenes, by ſtrangers, and by Solyman my couſin; yet in all theſe perils I have acquitted myſelf faithfully, come off with ſucceſs, and ſaved the honour of my ſovereign, which is the only thing for which I am ſolicitous; but for ought

I know, my care may prove in vain, and the evils which I have ſo long fortunately eſcaped may now ſurpriſe and ruin me. As to myſelf, I care not what becomes of me; and if the ſecrets of my commiſſion be revealed, let the miniſters of the Porte anſwer for that, who would never give me the leaſt direction.

About two or three years ago, I was forced to remove from my old lodgings, where I had reſided ever ſince my firſt coming to Paris: The dangers that then aſſaulted me drove me to this houſe, where I ſtill am, in a very obſcure place by the wall of the city; yet even hither am I purſued by watchful enemies; new hazards threaten me on all hands; but I am reſolved to fly no more, unleſs it be into the city ditch, where I can find admittance through my landlord's cellar. There is a private paſſage, dug perhaps in elder times, during ſome ſiege, to ſerve the ſtrait neceſſities of thoſe who then poſſeſſed this houſe; it is ſo cunningly contrived, that human wit can never diſcover it, unleſs by chance, or by direction of thoſe that know it; the ditch is dry, the door of the houſe always locked, and my truſty hoſt ſwears nobody ſhall come in by day or night, till I have made a ſafe retreat; ſo that if all the officers in Paris ſhould come to ſearch, I ſhould have time to pack up my papers, and ſlink away into my lurking hole; and if they ſhould by monſtrous accident find the concealed avenue, I could ſoon ſlip into the fields, through the laſt poſtern in the wall, and lock them in beyond the poſſibility of purſuit, whilſt I took care to hide myſelf afreſh, or leave the country.

This is my final reſolution if ever I am put to an extremity again; in the mean time I deſire thee to make it part of thy care, that Mahmut ſhall not want for money [illegible] on the ſultan's private affairs without a baulk: [illegible]t demand unreaſonable things; let me but live,

and have enough to defray the neceſſary expences of my ſervice, and that is all I crave; but let my ſupplies be well timed and proportioned, that I may huſband my penſion to the beſt advantage, or elſe I muſt always preſs, and that is a thing I hate. I have written to all the treaſurers that went before thee on the ſame account, and with equal boldneſs; therefore take not in ill part what comes from blunt ſincerity, and conſtant full deſires to ſerve effectually the Grand Signior. It will be very eaſy for thee to anticipate Mahmut's expectations, without exceeding the orders thou haſt received. Money be damned, if we could breathe and ſerve our friends, and carry on the affairs of human life without it. * I am an Arab, and could as freely paſs away my time in harmleſs rambles over the provinces of Aſia, as thus to be confined to narrow fretting circumſtances, the only effects of too unſhaken, unregarded, and incorruptible loyalty.

Wealthy diſpenſer of the Ottoman gold, I aſk no alms, but my appointed ſalary, in ſending of which I deſire thee to remember the old Roman proverb, which ſays, "That he gives twice who gives in ſeaſon."

Paris, 9th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1667.

VI.—*To* NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a Jew at Vienna.*

I KNOW not whether I ſhall live to hear from thee again, or to ſend thee another letter; age, ſickneſs, misfortune, together with the malice of men, have laid a thouſand ſnares for my life; I am as it were hunted by nature, providence, deſtiny, and chance, into the very toils of death, from whence it will be very difficult for me to eſcape. Not to amuſe thee, I am in danger of being diſcovered, ſeized, impriſoned, and then thou knoweſt I can expect

no leſs than to be put to the torture, and racked with a thouſand inventions of cruelty, that ſo they may force me to confeſs what I am, and what my buſineſs is in this kingdom and city, where I have reſided ſo many years.

I was ſuſpected by Cardinal Richlieu for a muſſulman, as I have reaſon to believe from ſeveral convincing circumſtances of that miniſter's carriage to me, ever ſince his firſt acquaintance with me at Paris; and the ſame jealouſy cauſed his ſucceſſor, Cardinal Mazarini, to put me into the Baſtile, where I was cloſely confined for the ſpace of ſix moons, and I might have lain there till this time, for ought I know, had it not been for the good conduct and honeſt fidelity of Eliachim. In fine, though I have hitherto eſcaped diſcovery, yet I cannot flatter myſelf that I ſhall always do ſo; if they once lay hold on me again, they will certainly ſearch me for the ſcar of circumciſion, and then all the arguments the wit of man can find will not be of force to blind them any longer, or ſave me from the vengeance of the ſtate; they will certainly put me to a cruel death.

However, I will baffle them if I can, and if I once eſcape, I will bid adieu to Paris, if not to the whole kingdom, being reſolved not to truſt any more to the deceitful ſecurity of new lodgings in this city, and a vain removal from one precinct and houſe to another; for the very air of Paris is fatal to me. I am never free from terror whilſt within theſe melancholy walls; the genius of the place is at enmity with mine; every thing I caſt my eyes on ſeems to lower and frown upon me; I ſtart at the voices of men going along the ſtreets, and diſcourſing about their own affairs; and if any one knocks at the door, I am preſently upon my guard, my anxious ſoul ſtill labouring with ſad preſages of ſome calamity at hand, ready to ruſh upon me unawares.

Perhaps I may go to Lyons, where a ſtranger may live an age concealed, and void of peril, as in this city; or I may take a farther journey to Marſeilles, Toulon, or any other ſea-port town, where I will expect new orders from my ſuperiors.

In the mean time, thou mayeſt continue to addreſs thy letters as before; for that courſe can never fail, let me be where it pleaſes Heaven; Eliachim will take care of all things. I wrote to the Hafnadar baſſi on the ſame account, deſiring freſh ſupplies of money, which I ſuppoſe will come by the way of Vienna; if ſo, I truſt to thy prudence in ordering my bills with ſpeed, and the uſual cautiouſneſs.

Nathan, adieu; and whatever becomes of me, live thou long and happily to ſerve the Grand Signior.

Paris, 9th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1667.

VII.—*To the venerable* MUFTI.

As the poor injured labourer, or ſlave oppreſſed by cruel and obdurate maſters; as the deſpairing client, who can find no juſtice from the cheiks, cadis, or cadileſquers, fly immediately to the ſeraglio to make their laſt appeal, and ſeek redreſs from the great arbiter of human feuds; ſo falls poor Mahmut proſtrate at thy feet, O ſacred oracle of muſſulmans, begging from thy authority, whom no believer dares to diſobey, what I could never yet obtain from any miniſter of ſtate or baſſa of the bench; that is, how I muſt act in caſe I am diſcovered, or barely ſuſpected, examined, and put to my oath, concerning my buſineſs at Paris. Lay thy ſpeedy commands on thoſe whoſe care it ought to be that no intelligence, advice, or counſel be wanting to me, the faithful agent of the Porte, re-

ſiding here incognito, a ſpy upon the infidels; or at leaſt vouchſafe to ſend me thy inſtructions, rules infallible, orders of perfect wiſdom and divine ſagacity.

I cannot for the future ſtand the brunt of long ſuſpected caſualties, events which glimmer from afar, like diſtant *ignes fatui*, or other vagrant meteors of the night; for ſo contingencies appear which are to come, uncertain and remote, though ſometimes near at hand, yet with deceitful ſhow they ſtill miſlead bewildered mortals in the dark; ſo the tired traveller in Libyan waſtes is tantaliſed by mocking rays of ſands in drifted heaps, or flying bodies looſely wafted by the winds, on which the moon and ſtars caſting their beams, create refractions like domeſtic lamps or tapers, and encourage the diſconſolate man to hope for neighbouring villages or towns, where he may reſt his weary limbs, and find an hoſpitable entertainment, ſecure from dragons, lions, tigers, or the more fierce and cruel race of men, who lurk in ſecret places of the affrighting deſart, to rob unwary ſtrangers as they paſs.

It is ſad, moſt holy patriarch of the faithful, that men are thus degenerate, and tranſcend the horrid nature of the wildeſt beaſts! but ſadder ſtill, that cities, firſt deſigned for ſanctuaries of the diſtreſſed, ſhould become worſe than deſarts, and more inhoſpitable than the purlieu of dragons, or the dreadful haunts of lynxes, crocodiles, and other animals of prey; that men pretending to be civilized, to live in community, and reciprocal participation of all good offices, incorporated by the ſame laws, for no other end but to help, aſſiſt, and defend one another againſt all foreign enemies, ſhould, inſtead of this, prove more barbarous than ſavages, and more voracious than cannibals, whilſt every citizen preys on his neighbour, and devours him whom he has ſworn to protect; they all live by robbery and ſpoil; the rich and potent

fleece thoſe whoſe wealth is not ſufficient to defend them from oppreſſion. Thus are towns and cities, from celebrated refuges of men, become the dens of thieves and cruel murderers; the whole earth is ſtained with the blood of the poor; the cries of widows and orphans pierce the heavens; the generations of men are corrupted with fraud, avarice, perfidy, ambition, envy, and a thouſand other vices; brother cannot truſt the ſon of his own mother; fathers are unnatural to their genuine offspring; children think the days tedious which prolong their parents lives; ſelf-love teaches a man to betray his beloved friend, for whom he rather ought to loſe his life; an univerſal defection from juſtice and ſound morality reigns every where.

But what is moſt ſurpriſing is, that even among thoſe who bear the glorious title and character of the true faithful muſſulmans, there ſhould be found a crew of miſcreants, villains, and traitors to God, his prophet, and their ſovereign. I ſpeak not of ſuch, whoſe genial inclinations tempt them to commit vulgar ſins, which injure no man but themſelves; I tax no drunkards, gameſters, and thoſe amorous perſons, who waſte their bodies, time, eſtates, and ſacrifice their reputation to voluptuouſneſs; theſe are but venial ſins, and ſoon waſhed off by the appointed purifications and penances; a little water, duſt, or ſand, with faſting and devout invocation of the eternal Alla, cancels theſe peccadillos; they are all put to the account of human frailty; ſuch is the pleaſure of eternal goodneſs: But I accuſe the blacker crimes of thoſe whom fretting envy ſtimulates to perſecute their harmleſs neighbour, or baſe ingratitude prompts to betray their friends, or native malice teaches to ſeek out all occaſions of doing miſchief in the world; a buſy, reſtleſs ſort of men, buzzing about like waſps or hornets, ſtinging every one they faſten on; or like the punes of Paris, a troubleſome kind

of infects, which interrupt the ſweet repoſe of men, creeping upon them in their beds and ſlumbers, and ſlily biting them to ſuck their blood.

Such are the men of whom I now complain, who hatter me from ſtratagem to ſtratagem, from one retrenchment to another, whoſe crime is double, in that they are perſons of my own religion, profeſſors of the genuine faith brought down from Heaven, followers of the prophet who could neither write nor read, and ſubjects to the Grand Signior.

It is a long time ſince I had firſt occaſion to accuſe ſome at the ſeraglio of private ſly attempts to undermine and ruin me, that they might gain my poſt. It will ſeem invidious, even in my own defence, after ſo many addreſſes to the miniſters of the Porte, now to repeat their names, and diſcompoſe thy ſacred thoughts with black memoirs of human malice. It is not revenge I ſeek, but for the future how to eſcape, if not prevent the like conſpiracies; nor is it for myſelf alone I cheriſh this unuſual zeal and care, but for my maſter's intereſt and honour.

I have ſerved near thirty years in this precarious ſtation, and never made the leaſt falſe ſtep, or if I have, it was not diſcerned, which is the ſame thing in effect; and I am very unwilling to miſcarry at laſt through the treachery of my pretended friends at Conſtantinople, or for want of full inſtructions from the imperial divan.

It is for this reaſon I preſume to addreſs to the duſt of thy feet, ſupreme judge of the faithful, begging the interpoſition of thy paternal authority in my behalf.

There is one thing more which in all humility I recommend to thy wiſdom and ſanctity; I have often written to thy predeceſſor on the ſame account, beſeeching him to promote the tranſlation of hiſtories, and other

learned books, out of foreign languages into Turkiſh or Arabic, that ſo knowledge might flouriſh among the muſſulmans, and the infidels might have no more ground to call us barbarous. Let men ſkilful in languages and ſciences be ſought for; there are not wanting ſuch at Conſtantinople, and in other parts of the empire; let them be employed in compiling an univerſal hiſtory of the world in Turkiſh, more ample, true, and correct than any that has gone before it in Greek, Latin, or any other language; this will bring eternal honour to the Ottoman empire, and prove no hard taſk to them that ſhall undertake it, ſince it will be only a choice collection out of other authors, a garland of flowers culled from the various fields of hiſtory, and compoſed together with an order full of luſtre and beauty, the whole work being interwoven with a chain of chronological years, which will not only give it a ſingular grace, but alſo be of great advantage to the muſſulman readers.

Succeſſor of the apoſtles, remember that though our holy lawgiver could neither write nor read, yet the ſucceeding caliphs encouraged learning. Benediction on the ſouls of them and their poſterity. So will future ages bleſs thy memory if thou vouchſafeſt to encourage this glorious work, and Ithuriel, the angel of ſcience, will make thee his aſſociate in paradiſe.

With profound ſubmiſſions I retire from thy ſacred preſence, begging thy abſolution and bleſſing.

Paris, 9th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1667.

VIII.—*To* CARA HALI, *Phyſician to the Grand Signior.*

AMONG other diſpatches I could not forget what I owe to the long continued friendſhip which has been between

us. Having leiſure therefore before the poſt goes, I will inform thee of a birth which has occaſioned little joy to the parents, but much admiration among all that hear of it, and raiſed learned diſputes between the profeſſors of phyſic and ſurgery.

In the town of Weerted, near Ardenburg, in the Low Countries, a woman was lately delivered of a monſtrous child, with two heads, two necks, four arms, and proportionably all parts both outward and inward double to the navel, which ſeemed to be the centre of union between the two bodies; for from thence downwards there appeared only the proportion and ſhape of one body, with two thighs, legs, and feet; the faces were different; one ſqualid and irregular, without a noſe or mouth, except a kind of orifice under the chin, for the eyes poſſeſſed the place of the mouth, and a perfect maſculine genital took up the room of the noſe; the other was fair, and made with ſymmetry, having nothing extraordinary, ſaving two teeth growing out of the gums.

This irregular production has been curiouſly diſſected by a famous anatomiſt, who found two hearts, two ſtomachs, and the other vitals all ſingle. What I have ſaid is atteſted by five profeſſed phyſicians who opened this wonderful creature.

There have been many examples of extraordinary births, eſpecially in theſe parts of the world; and I have read in a French author, a man of credit, that in the year 1592 of the Chriſtian hegira, a woman of Alſatia brought forth at once an hundred and fifty children, each but three inches long.

But what I ſhall now tell thee, though it be not remarkable for the number of children, yet has ſomething ſingular in the circumſtances that attended it.

Irmetrude, the Counteſs of Altorfe, accuſed one of

her neighbours of adultery becauſe ſhe had three children at a birth, ſaying, "She deſerved to be tied up in a ſack, and thrown into the ſea." Next year the counteſs herſelf was delivered of twelve ſons all at a birth; and touched with remorſe for the ſentence which ſhe had pronounced againſt the other woman, concluding it now a juſt puniſhment for herſelf, ſent a maid with eleven of theſe new born infants, commanding her to drown them in the next river, reſerving only one to be the heir of his father's eſtate.

Fate had ſo determined that her huſband the earl met the maid as ſhe was going to commit this execrable villainy, and aſking her what ſhe had got in her lap, ſhe anſwered, "I am going to drown a few young whelps." The earl being a great hunter, and conſequently a lover of dogs, had a mind to ſee whether any of theſe whelps were of a promiſing aſpect, when to his aſtoniſhment he found eleven of human ſhapes, all living and perfect, but very ſmall. He preſſed the maid ſo far that ſhe confeſſed the whole truth; whereupon, enjoining her ſilence, and aſſurance of a good reward, he cauſed her to carry them to one of his tenants, where, being all cheriſhed and laid warm, he diſpoſed of them afterwards in convenient places, to be nurſed and brought up till they came of age; then he ſent for them privately to his houſe, having firſt apparelled them in the ſame faſhion as their brother was in who dwelt at home.

As ſoon as the counteſs caſt her eye on them, and obſerved their number and faces ſo exactly reſembling him who had been always with her, ſhe wept in a paſſion betwixt ſhame and joy, confeſſing her former cruel intention, and, falling at the feet of her lord, he pardoned her. From theſe eleven deſcend the family of the Whelps, or Guelphs, ſo renowned in Germany, and

bearing this name from the maid's anſwer to the earl when ſhe had them in her lap.

Such ſtrange productions as theſe occaſion various inquiries among the philoſophers here in the Weſt, whether human ſouls be generated like the bodies to which they are united, or whether they are created by the immediate power of God. Aſſuredly theſe infidels are much in the dark, and ſhut their eyes againſt the light of the oriental ſages. If the prophets ſhould riſe from the dead, they would not be able to convince theſe uncircumciſed that all things viſible and inviſible are from eternity, and that there is nothing new in the ſyſtem of the univerſe, except the various outward forms, which change indeed according to the laws of endleſs tranſmigration, and ſometimes according to the frolics of nature, who loves to mix her interludes and antics with the eſtabliſhed ſenſes of every age.

What I have written is to divert thee; but when ſhall I have an anſwer as from an old friend? Let not the honours of the ſeraglio make thee forget thoſe with whom thou haſt once been familiar. My dear Hali, be not too much a courtier. Thy long ſilence and reſervedneſs forces this language from me. Shall Conſtantinople blot out thy remembrance of Arabia? or the blaſt of a monarch's favour be more valuable than the durable integrity of a countryman, a friend? If the ſultan truſts his life in thy hands, doſt not thou know that a fit of gripes, the ſtone, gout, or any violent diſtemper, will turn all his confidence into jealouſy? I tell thee he will ſuſpect poiſon in thy very looks.

Therefore, continue to be the ſame man as thou wert formerly, and let not thy improvements in phyſic make thee go backward in morality.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1667.

IX.—*To* NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a Jew at Vienna.*

Now I ſee thou art a man of buſineſs; thy mind is cured of its religious itch, and reſtored to a ſound complexion; perſevere and be happy.

Let no vain ſcruples of conſcience moleſt thy ſoul concerning the peace that was lately made between the Grand Signior and the German. Cares of this nature belong to thoſe who ſit at the helm and direct the ſteerage of the ſtate; as for thee and me, our part is only to obey, without inquiring whether it be right or wrong that we are commanded. Every thing is lawful to us that is enjoined by our ſuperiors; and the public reaſon ought to ſuperſede our private narrow ſentiments. Whatever præmunires we incur by our obedience, the conſcience of the ſtate will be our bail, our advocate, and our ranſom; therefore, once more, go on and proſper.

Thou couldſt not have done the Grand Signior a greater piece of ſervice than by thus happily inſinuating thyſelf with the Hungarian faction at Vienna; for by that means thou becomeſt maſter of the ſecrets of both ſides, the Janus that overlooks two oppoſite cabals at once, and ſo mayeſt not only form thy intrigues the better, but alſo give a clearer light to the miniſters of the ſublime Porte.

I am diſpleaſed to hear of the frequent conſpiracies that have been made againſt the emperor's perſon; not for any love that I bear to him or the houſe of Auſtria, for I wiſh there was not a branch of that inceſtuous ſtem left alive on earth; but I never knew ſuch kind of plots, if once diſcovered and prevented, to take effect again. Beſides, they many times ſpoil the main deſign; for what ſignifies it if this emperor were ſeized and put to death, ſo long as there is any one of that tyrannical race ſurviv-

ing? They are all of the ſame blood and intereſt, educated alſo in the ſame principles and maxims; in a word, they have all but one game to play, which is, to aggrandiſe themſelves and their poſterity for ever; and therefore theſe clandeſtine methods of poiſon or aſſaſſin will but make them more watchful to prevent all deſigns of the like nature for the future.

Remember, Nathan, that the mark which thou art to aim at is, to cheriſh the diſcontents of Hungary by all the arts of a cunning ſtateſman. Count Peter de Sereni is a fit ſubject to work upon: The death of his brother, and his own diſgrace at the imperial court, with the riſing fortune of Monticuculi, have filled him with ſentiments of revenge and envy. He cannot behold Count d'Averſperg in poſſeſſion of Carleſtadt without much reſentment, having with ſo great paſſion begged that government for himſelf.

If this prince can but be induced to revolt, many thouſands of the Croats, Dalmatians, and Sclavonians will take up arms under him, which will at once weaken both the German empire and the ſtate of Venice; beſides, the marriage of his daughter with Prince Rhgotſki may engage the Tranſylvanians in his party. Count Nadaſti alſo, they ſay, is not well pleaſed with the court, aiming to be Palatine of Hungary, which has been refuſed him. This news comes to me but by report; if it be true, thou art in the fairer way to ſucceed. Such great malcontents as theſe will puzzle the miniſters of ſtate, and exerciſe the policy of the Prince Lobkovitz.

Beſides, if things ſhould not proceed to an open rupture, yet thou knoweſt the Hungarians are offended at the late peace, which will not fail to put them upon committing perpetual acts of hoſtility. They ſtomach it extremely, that the town of Newhawſel is in the Grand

Signior's hands; and they will be always on their guard in the neighbouring parts, patroling about, and ſkirmiſhing with our foragers, which will afford a good occaſion at any time for our ſovereign to break the peace, whenever it is for his intereſt. There are abundance of conſequences in ſuch a caſe, more than we can think of or foreſee, yet all to our advantage. As long as we go the right way to work, all things will ſucceed well. Make no falſe ſteps, and there is no danger of ſtumbling.

Remember ſtill that thy particular charge is to foment a civil war between the court of Vienna and the Hungarians. It is no matter who gets the better of it. Let them quarrel to eternity, and deſtroy one another in God's name; then ſhall the muſſulman empire thrive.

Before God, you have a fine opportunity, ye factious comrades; but beware of ſly interlopers. Damn the eaſineſs and good-nature (falſely ſo called) of thoſe who will admit any man into their cabal, provided he puts on a fair guiſe of one of the party. Ye cannot be too reſerved and cloſe. Do ye think the emperor has not his ſpies about in every corner? A pox of your ſtupidity, if you ſuffer this brave deſign to miſcarry for want of looking ſharp. Damn you for a parcel of old thread-bare fools, if after ſo many experiences you do not furbiſh up your wits, and look to yourſelves. There is Gottendorff, Railiwits, Skus, the knight baron Leipſem, Elnard the hereditary pretender to the marquiſate of Thanu, with many others whom I will not name in this letter, by Moſes and Mahomet they are all rogues; and if you truſt them too far, they ſurely betray you.

Nathan, believe me I would not write ſo paſſionately were my life at all precious; but I have no other end in protracting the minute of my tranſmigration, than to exalt, as much as in me lies, the majeſty of the Ottoman li-

neage, and to guard it from dangers. I am placed here on purpoſe by fate; and I'll do my duty, though the whole world ſhould ſputter their venom againſt me.

O Iſraelite, both thou and I muſt ſhortly leave this earth, or at leaſt we muſt change the form of our earth; we ſhall never ceaſe to be ſomething, God knows what.

In the mean time, be what thou ſeemeſt to be.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1667.

X.—*To the moſt ſublime and magnificent of the Muſſulman Baſſas,* ACHMET, *the Viſier Azem.*

MAY chaplets of immortal flowers crown thy noble head, illuſtrious Cuperli, ſtrong prop of the houſe of Ertogriel, main buttreſs of the tower of the Selzuccian tribe, the lineage of Ottoman, heir of the heirs to Iſmael, the eldeſt ſon of our father Abraham, the glory of men, and the beloved of God.

Not the unmatched perfumes of Arabia, not the ſurpriſing odours of the Perſian incenſe, which they offered to the ſun, not all the moſt ſkilful compoſitions of eaſtern aromatics put together, are half ſo ſweet as is thy glorious name among the muſſulmans.

I received thy orders with a reverence ſecond only to that which is due to the Grand Signior, and will perform them with a loyal alacrity. I perfectly comprehend thy deſign, and the drift of the ſublime Porte; for thou haſt ſtated the caſe like an oracle. It will not be difficult, I believe, to ſuggeſt underhand to the French court the advantage they may make of the preſent diſtractions in Hungary, for they are already become the ſubject of common diſcourſe. Lewis XIV. by encouraging thoſe malcontents, and ſupporting their cauſe with private diſburſe-

ments of money, will doubtleſs facilitate his own deſigned conqueſts on the neighbourhood of the Rhine; for if the Hungarian lords proceed to an open revolt, and throw themſelves under the ſultan's protection, the emperor of Germany will be obliged to turn all his forces that way, which yet will not be able to withſtand the united armies of the Hungarians, Croatians, Heydukes, Tartars, and the moſt invincible Oſmans: So that by this means the empire will be weakened on both ſides, and in fatal danger of its final diſſolution; whilſt the ſtrength and power of the Grand Signior, and the king of France his noble ally will daily increaſe.

Beſides, this will put all Europe into diviſions and parties, according as their intereſts and affections incline them, ſome ſiding with the emperor, others with the French king, whilſt the generality will ſtand neuters, and contemplate the iſſue of theſe wars without aſſiſting one ſide or other; than which nothing can fall out more happy or propitious for the ſacred monarchy of the Oſmans.

In obedience to thy command I have written to Nathan Ben Saddi on this account, altogether as from myſelf, not giving him the leaſt ground to conjecture that I had received an order from the Porte. I frequently take the liberty to counſel that honeſt Jew in many caſes, inviting him to projects in general terms, and to do ſome extraordinary ſervice for the Grand Signior; ſo that he will imagine my writing now is only of courſe, without ſuſpecting any thing elſe.

I beſeech thee to ſend me all the inſtructions that are needful for me, not only to carry on this affair proſperouſly, but all others relating to the Porte. I will be careful to tranſmit thy commands to Nathan Ben Saddi, in ſuch a diſguiſe as he ſhall not dream they are any other than my own propoſals; ſince thou doſt not think it fit

that the majeſty of the Porte ſhould appear to be concerned in a buſineſs of this nature, eſpecially ſo ſoon after the late peace concluded with the emperor.

It is an invaluable honour thou haſt done me, in truſting to my conduct an intrigue whoſe effects, for ought I know, may reach all the nations of Europe, and laſt till the day of doom. Queſtion not my fidelity, for it is of proof; beſides, it many times tempts a man to be falſe, when he knows he is ſuſpected to be ſo.

I am ſlave of the ſlaves of thoſe who ſtand near the ſultan's perſon, and confeſs Mahomet to be the apoſtle of God; more particularly I am devoted to thoſe who have the honour to ſerve thee, the grand pillar of the Oſman empire. God perpetuate thy felicity.

Paris, 23d of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1667.

XI.—*To the* Selictar Aga, *or Sword-bearer to the Sultan.*

These parts abound in action at this time: Couriers run up and down from court to court with ſecret diſpatches and matters of deep import. The death of the Queen of Poland and of Pope Alexander VII. occaſion this new ſtirring and buſtling in Europe: She died on the 10th of the 5th moon; he on the 22d. Every kingdom and ſtate in the Weſt have ſome intereſt to make or preſerve, ſome deſign to form or to carry on, the ſucceſs of which many times depends on the well managing the conſequences of theſe great and fatal breaches which death makes in the families of mighty potentates, houſes of royal deſcent.

The French court were all diſſolved in joy for the marriage of the Duke of Guiſe with Mademoiſelle d'Alençon;

they were in the midſt of the nuptial triumphs and feſtival ſolemnities when the black expreſſes came, which ſoon turned all their mirth to mourning, at leaſt in outward appearance; for it was not decent for the ſons to continue longer revelling, when the great father lay embalmed in order to his ſepulture: Therefore, to prevent idleneſs, the king thought fit to change the paſtimes of the court for more neceſſary buſineſs, and the ſoft entertainments of Hymen for the rugged toils of war. He cauſed his armies to march into Flanders, to give his queen poſſeſſion of certain eſtates fallen to her in thoſe parts: This ſurpriſed the Low Countries, who began to demoliſh ſeveral places of ſtrength that had not ſufficient garriſons to defend them.

The king was himſelf in perſon at the head of his army, which gave immenſe courage to his ſoldiers; ſo that Tournay quickly ſurrendered to him on the 24th of the 6th moon, and Douay not many days after. In the mean while, the Mareſchal d'Aumont, with another army, takes Bergue and Furnes near Dunkirk; then he beſieges Liſle, which was taken alſo after ſeventeen days, but not without the king's preſence, who appeared indefatigable, always on horſeback, or in his coach, going the rounds, and ſurveying all the works; he ſlept in his coach that night the town was taken, on a bridge not far from Ghant. They have alſo taken Courtray, Oudenard, and Aloſt; they have defeated the Prince de Ligne, and the Count de Marcini; in a word, they have done ſo many great things this campaign, that all Flanders is ſtupified as at a miracle.

Illuſtrious aga, I have in a ſort of miniature preſented thee with the true effigies of weſtern affairs at this juncture; let not my abruptneſs diſpleaſe thee, ſince this

epitome deſcribes the truth as livelily as if I had filled an ell of parchment up with words.

Paris, 2d of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1667.

XII.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

I know not whether I have reaſon to rejoice or be ſad in my preſent circumſtances, ſo ambiguous are the events of human life. Even the moſt blandiſhing gifts of fortune, and ſuch as we are extremely taken with, many times prove like the Trojan horſe, only fair and gay in outward appearance, whilſt, like that deceitful engine of the Grecian craft, they carry an army of hidden calamities within, which, in the midſt of our ſecure repoſe, when we leaſt dream of any evil, ruſh upon us from their concealed and unſuſpected ambuſcades, putting us all in terror and confuſion.

However, ſince I have had a ſufficient ſhare of trouble, grief, and melancholy, now let other ſprightly, cheerful paſſions take their turn, be the event how it will; I cannot always bear the burden of a loaded ſpleen, crammed and puffed up with melancholy winds, the embryos or vehicles at leaſt of horrid thoughts, perplexing cares, and black deſpair; beſides, methinks I have a fit occaſion to be merry, being by a very pleaſant accident at once rid of a great many vain doubts and anxieties, (which have diſturbed my peace for theſe three or four years) and reſtored to the charming converſation of Daria, whom thou mayeſt remember I ſo paſſionately loved in the days of my youth.

Know then, that one day as I was walking in the ſtreets, I met that lovely Greek in mourning: Surpriſed above meaſure at the ſight of a perſon for whom I had

formerly cheriſhed ſo great an eſteem, I ſtood ſtill at firſt like one thunderſtruck; I could not forbear queſtioning my own ſenſes, and giving the lie to my eyes, which aſſured me it was ſhe; neither age nor abſence had effaced her loved idea from my memory, or ſo much changed her face, but that I eaſily called to mind the object of my amorous deſires. Yet my aſtoniſhment was ſuch at this unthought of interview, that I had not reſolution enough to believe myſelf; and her amazement ſeemed no leſs than mine, whilſt neither of us had power to ſpeak, but ſtood like fools; till I, aſhamed longer to loſe myſelf in ſuch an effeminate confuſion of ſpirit, firſt broke ſilence, not without ſome rapture and emotion, crying out, "Is it Daria or her ghoſt I ſee? has fortune bleſſed or mocked me at the fatal hour? or do deluding nymphs and fairies haunt the ſtreets of populous cities, walking about in borrowed forms, and mixing with the throng of mortals, to tantaliſe our ſofteſt hopes with a falſe ſhow of ſome dear lover, friend, or perſon highly wiſhed for, never to be enjoyed? It may be true that Cytherea left her heaven, (as Virgil does relate) and in a Tyrian dreſs met the heroic offspring of Anchiſes in the fields, amuſing him with a diſguiſed ſemblance of mortality and human race, until her heavenly voice diſcovered that ſhe was a goddeſs. So uſed Diana to deſcend in dead of night, and mix the ſlumbers of Endymion with immortal dreams, ſtealing ſoft kiſſes from the lovely youth, and whiſpering celeſtial words into his ears, more forcible than the ſongs of Orpheus, when he moved the trees and rocks to paſſions of Platonic love. At other times they would come down, and take the air of cool mount Hæmus, or the lofty Ida. Thus Melpomene, Clio, and the reſt of the ſacred nine, would often viſit the refreſhing heights of their beloved Parnaſſus, from whence deſcending to the ſhady banks of Helicon, with

more than mortal voices would awake and tempt the wanton echoes to ſtrike up, like uniſons, and join in concert with them, whilſt they chant the praiſes of ſome demi-god or hero whom they love. But that a goddeſs, nymph, or muſe did ever frequent the common crowd of mortals in a city, is not to be credited; therefore, unleſs I dream, it is Daria I behold."

My Dgnet, I was running on in higher ecſtaſies at mentioning of her name, but that ſhe ſmiled, and interrupted me with an obliging reſervedneſs, and ſaid, "Mahmut, if you are the man I take you for, and would have my eſteem, be leſs paſſionate, and leave off this wild way of raillery: We both are paſt the vanities of youth; our years ſhould now retain no remnant froths of early boiling blood, and young, green, fooliſh paſſions."

I took this only for a female banter, an eſſay of woman's craft, to try the ſenſe and humour of a man; for thou knoweſt the greateſt princeſs loves a truly paſſionate addreſs, though not a puling whining one; beſides, it is the faſhion here in France to uſe romantic forms of ſpeech when they make love. However, in regard it was inconvenient to loſe more time in the open ſtreet by this ſort of diſcourſe, I invited her to a houſe where we might converſe with more freedom. She accepted the motion, and I conducted her to the houſe of Eliachim the Jew. It is pleaſantly ſeated on the banks of the river Seine, and has a fair garden belonging to it. Eliachim happened to be abroad, which gave us a better opportunity of improving our time, without the neceſſary interruption of ſalutes, compliments, &c. uſual in ſuch a caſe; and I had the command of his houſe, as though he had been there himſelf.

It being in the heat of ſummer, I led Daria into a little ſhady green retreat, in the midſt of the garden, out of

the reach of curious ears, where, under the cool refreſhing ſhelter of a wide-ſpread beach, we ſat down and called to mind our former acquaintance and friendſhip. Daria ſtill retained her native modeſty and prudence, neither had the external beauty of her face ſuffered any greater detriment than what befals the faireſt roſes, violets, or other flowers, which, even in their moſt decayed ſtate, merit the character of amiable ſweetneſs. However, the luſtre of her wit and goodneſs of her humour ſupplied all other defects.

I proteſt, my Dgnet, it was impoſſible for me to ſee, and not to love again, a perſon whoſe idea was once ſo domeſtic and familiar to my ſoul; and I was the more animated to make my court, when ſhe told me that ſhe was a widow. It was eaſy to forget, or baniſh from my thoughts, her former faithful treachery, in acquainting her huſband with my amour; love ſoon removes all puny obſtacles; it is ready, prompt, and dexterous to find excuſes for the greateſt faults a friend can ever commit, much more ingenuous to palliate the peccadillos of a miſtreſs. This generous paſſion, by a peculiar force, extirpates all revenge, and blots out the memoirs of paſſed unkindneſſes; it ever ſprings and blooms with freſh deſires, young vigorous inclinations; like to the palm oppreſſed with weights, it higher grows; it would fain increaſe, dilate, and ſtretch itſelf to immortality. There is no conſideration, but that of honour, can pretend to match or ſtand in competition with the divine regard of love; and yet the moſt exalted human glory often veils to this ſoft paſſion; the conquerors of the world ſuffer themſelves to be overcome by women.

Wonder not therefore, that I, who am fleſh and blood as well as other men, could not now defend myſelf from fair Daria's charms.

Excuſe me in that I cannot now give thee any farther account of this adventure, being interrupted by a meſſenger from Eliachim the Jew, who brings me word my mother is very ſick, and wants my company. Expect another diſpatch ſpeedily.

Paris, 15th of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1667.

XIII.—*To* PESTELI HALI, *his brother, Maſter of the Cuſtoms, and Superintendant of the Arſenal at Conſtantinople.*

IT is written in the fates, that man ſhould once at leaſt be vanquiſhed by a woman in his life; but it is my chance to be twice ſubdued by one of that fair ſex. I know not whether I acquainted thee with the love I formerly bore to Daria, a beautiful Greek lady ſojourning in Paris; neither have I at this inſtant an opportunity to look over the file of my letters, they being in my lodgings, and I at Eliachim's houſe, (where I write this letter) for the ſake of a convenience, which offers itſelf, of ſending thee a ſmall preſent of watches and oriental ſtones, by a Jew, a merchant, who is juſt departing for Conſtantinople.

However, if thou art curious to know the circumſtances of this amour I ſpeak of, our friend Oglou can inform thee of it. In the mean time ſuffer me to vent ſome of my thoughts concerning women, and the love of them rooted ſo deeply in our hearts by nature. None of our ſex could ever eſcape this gentle paſſion, it being mixed and blended in our very original embryos, and after cheriſhed with our mother's milk. It was the peculiar myſtery of our nurſes, by a thouſand female tricks and arts of neceſſary tenderneſs, to blow and kindle up the little ſparks of this immortal fire within our infant ſouls, whilſt

from their breaſts we ſucked and guzzled down inebriating philters and love potions, more forcible and durable than thoſe the Grecian maids compound by magic rules, when they would captivate ſome lovely youth within their ſnares. Our blood thus fed with early ſympathetic draughts, becomes the ſeminary of a thouſand amorous inclinations, general, unformed, and volatile affections to that ſex; till time and opportunity fix our looſe deſires on ſome particular maid, whom fate or chance has brought into our view. At the firſt glance, ſhe darts from her enchanting eyes the perfect image of her ſoul, which penetrates like lightning our moſt interior faculties; the ſwift idea ſoon transforms us into its own ſimilitude; like melted wax we take the momentary impreſſion of a figure which may laſt as long as we; or if we melt again, it is but to receive ſome other ſtamp of love. Thus our whole life paſſes away in an enchanted circle of amours.

However, it is the part of a wiſe man to regulate this paſſion, and not ſuffer it to degenerate into dotage. There is much to be ſaid in praiſe of women, and not a little in their diſparagement; as we are riddles to ourſelves, ſo that ſex is in a higher degree myſterious and a paradox.

It would be a kind of ſacrilegious envy to conceal their excellencies, and the advantages they have of us in many regards, whilſt our partial pen ſhall only publiſh their defects and infirmities. Some Hebrew doctors, from the different names of Adam and Eve, draw arguments to prove the dignity and perfection of the female ſex, in that Adam ſignifies Earth, but Eve expreſſes Life; for they affirm that every name which God impoſed on any thing deſcribes its nature and qualities, as a picture repreſents the original: therefore, by how much life is more to

be eſteemed than earth, by ſo much more excellent, in the opinion of thoſe rabbis, is woman than man.

They go farther alſo, and from the affinity between Eve's name and the ſacred name of God, the ineffable Tetragrammaton, the cabaliſts borrow proofs in confirmation of their doctrine.

I know not whether ſuch critical obſervations be of any moment or no in this caſe, yet thou knoweſt that all the eaſtern languages are full of hidden myſteries, each word and letter being impregnated with ſome divine or natural ſecret, beſide the common obvious ſenſe. Thus Al Zerbi, the holy muſſulman doctor, ſays there is magic in the ſacred name of Jeſus, and that whenever it ſhall be once pronounced through the great tube or trump of Michael, it ſhall cauſe all the powers in heaven, in earth, and hell, to bow the knee; this globe whereon we tread ſhall tremble, and all the elements melt away; the firmament ſhall be ſnatched up like to the motion of an eaſtern antiport, veil, or curtain; the wide ſtretched orbs above ſhall warp and roll together, as a ſcorched ſkin or piece of parchment does before a fire; ſo forcible will be the energy of that tremendous Word by which the univerſe was made, when God deſigns to rend this viſible world of ours in pieces, that he may reveal his nobler works, the worlds inviſible and eternal. This mighty frame on every ſide will bow, and yield, and vaniſh, not able to ſupport the crowding train and luſtre of immortal glories, radiant, bright eſſences, deſcending in a body from the high palaces of God, the infinite ſolitudes and receſſes of the Omnipotent.

Thou haſt no reaſon to be ſcandaliſed at what I write, as if I were a Chriſtian; thou ſeeſt I have a doctor of the Arabs for my author, a true believer and reputed ſaint. Beſides, if I am worthy to adviſe thee, let not the

common practice of muſſulman profeſſors in the imperial city tempt thee to deſpiſe the bleſſed Son of Mary, of whom our holy prophet ſpeaks ſo honourably. How many chapters in the Alcoran do celebrate his praiſe? I rather counſel thee to imitate the honeſt Turcomans, who are eſteemed the beſt of true believers; theſe honour both Jeſus and his matchleſs virgin-mother; ſo do the Chupmeſſiaſi, and all good muſſulmans; as for the reſt, they are either ſuperſtitious and moroſe fanatics, profligate renegadoes, or looſe wild libertines, who fear neither God nor man.

And now I have mentioned that incomparable Mary, mother of the Meſſias, of whom the mighty Alcoran ſpeaks ſuch venerable things, it is a fit occaſion to return from my digreſſion, and proceed in relating what the Jewiſh rabbis ſay further in commendation of the female ſex.

They conſider the order which God, according to the writing of Moſes, obſerved in the creation, viz. that among his works ſome are incorruptible and immortal, others ſubject to corruption and change; and that as he began in the nobleſt ſpecies of the former, viz. pure ſeparate ſpirits, ſo he ended in the moſt illuſtrious of the latter, that is woman, the laſt of all his works, and the moſt perfect of compound beings; for in her are centered and conſummated the nature of the heavens, the earth, air, fire, and water, with minerals, plants, and animals, and whatſoever elſe was made before her. This is the opinion of ſome Hebrew writers, who believe that God having made Eve, and then ſurveyed the ſyſtem of his works, found nothing more excellent or divinely framed than woman; therefore in her he reſted and commenced the Sabbath, as if his power and wiſdom now were tired and foiled, and that he could not ſtart the idea

of another creature more perfect than her; or as if he did not eſteem the univerſe itſelf complete without the laſt and moſt accompliſhed of his works: For they hold it as abſurd to believe, that God would finiſh ſuch a prodigious and admirable taſk in any mean or abject thing: They alſo illuſtrate this by a ſimilitude, aſſerting, that the world being, as it were, an entire circle, it follows by neceſſary conſequence, that it was finiſhed in that part, which by the moſt intimate union couples the firſt atom to the laſt.

They endeavour to ſtrengthen this by the common principle of philoſophy, which teaches that the end is always firſt in the intention, and laſt in execution. Woman therefore being the laſt work of the creation, it is evident, ſay they, that ſhe was the chief deſign and aim the Almighty had in building this immenſe fabric, which he firſt furniſhed and adorned with infinite riches and delights, and then introduced her, as into her own native proper palace, there to reign as abſolute queen over all his works.

Beſides, they take advantage from the particular place of her creation to exalt her, in that ſhe was formed in paradiſe among the angels, whereas man was made in the common waſte among the brutes; and therefore they ſay women have this peculiar privilege, that when they look down from any imminent height or precipice, they feel no dizzineſs or giddy ſymptoms in their head, no miſt or dimneſs in their eyes, being, as it were, nearer their proper element, or lofty birth place; whereas it is common for men to be troubled with theſe accidents in ſuch a caſe.

But the moſt prevailing argument they uſe is taken from the ſtupendous beauty of that ſex, which, like the finer ſort of clouds in ſummer, ſeems to engroſs the ſplen-

dours of immortal light, and ſo reflect them on the world. How matchleſs is a woman's form! What dazzling majeſty environs her from head to foot! Gaze on her lovely countenance without aſtoniſhment, or fix your eyes on her's without an ecſtacy, thoſe lights which do miſlead the morning ſtars, and cauſe the gods to ramble from their heaven, if what the ancient poets ſay be true. So did Apollo for his Daphne, and Jupiter for others of that charming ſex. Neither need we wonder at this, ſince the written law itſelf records, that angels fell in love with admirable maids of human race, and took them for their wives or concubines, from whom the progeny of giants came. Thus more modern writers teſtify, that incorporeal ſpirits and demons of all ranks and qualities, both good and bad, have been inflamed with ardent paſſions for ſome mortal virgin; which is no falſe or vain opinion, as the incredulous part of men would fain inſinuate, but a known truth, confirmed by many experiences.

Indeed, ſo admirable is the figure, voice, and mien of a fair woman, that he is wilfully blind who does not ſee, whatſoever beauties the whole world is capable of, concentered in that ſex; and for this reaſon it is, that not only man, with angels, demons, genii, ſatyrs, and the whole ſeries of rational beings, admire a fair woman, but alſo the very brutes are ſtruck with a profound amazement at her ſight; with ſighs and ſilent vows the animal generations pay homage to her, and adore the ſtately idol: Every thing in nature is enamoured, and lies proſtrate at her feet; ſhe alone commands the univerſe.

Yet after all, my brother, they have their dark ſide too, like the reſt of mixed beings. They are the frontier paſſes of the world above, and that below; the gates of life and death, the very avenues to heaven or hell, according as they are uſed. Like fire they will warm and

refreſh a man, if he keep at a due diſtance; but if he approach too near, they will ſcorch and bliſter him, if not conſume him quite; or, like that other element of water, they are very good and ſerviceable whilſt kept within their bounds, but let them once break down the banks of modeſty, they will threaten all with ruin. In a word, it is neither ſafe to vex them in the leaſt, or humour them too much; the exceſs of fondneſs, as well as the defect of natural love, may equally undo us; prudent generoſity is the only method of making ourſelves happy in the enjoyment of this ſex.

Dear Peſteli, let us reverence ourſelves, and then we cannot fail of due reſpect from our wives and concubines; for they love a man that is truly maſculine and brave.

Paris, 15th of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1667.

XIV.—*To the ſame.*

Just as I had finiſhed the other letter, I was alarmed afreſh with new diſcoveries of Solyman's treachery. That barbarous dog is certainly an imp of hell, a devil in human fleſh, an adventitious plant, plucked from the dreary banks of Phlegethon, or Cocytus, and ingrafted in our noble ſtock on purpoſe to ruin and deſtroy us. The whole tribe is bound to curſe him with immortal execrations: He induſtriouſly ſeeks and ſtudies all occaſions to do miſchief; his veins ſure ſtream with fierceſt venoms, rather than with human blood; the poiſon of dragons and aſps is under his tongue, and the gall of crocodiles within his lips; his lungs breathe nothing but infernal ſmokes; the ſpirit Negidher times the ſyſtole and diaſtole of his heart; and his whole body is a den of fiends, as foul

and black as thoſe which guard the throne of the great prince of darkneſs.

I could have eaſily forgiven his ſly malicious attempts upon my life and honour, his interloping tricks and plots, his calumnies and ſlanders, with all the train of his perfidious actions; but that he ſhould abuſe the virtuous Fatima, daughter to our uncle Uſeph, is an injury I cannot put up or pardon. That innocent lady never deſerved ſuch cruel unmanly uſage at his hands. The dregs of a thouſand bitter curſes be his potion to drink in hell, unleſs he repent of this prodigious baſeneſs, and make honourable ſatisfaction.

Thou wilt wonder, perhaps, what is Solyman's crime, that fills me with ſuch implacable reſentments. Know then, that Fatima's huſband being called to the Grand Signior's ſervice in the wars of Dalmatia, and for that reaſon forced to tarry from her above theſe fourteen moons, ſhe entruſted Solyman with an affair of grand importance, a matter which concerned her life, honour, and welfare in the world. It ſeems ſhe had a quarrel with an old Grecian hag, who ſought to proſtitute her to the Great Cadi of Smyrna, where ſhe lives. This grandee had by a ſtrange accident ſeen Fatima in a bath, frequented only by women of quality. However, through ſome neglect of the ſervants, he was not ſpied himſelf, but went away deeply in love. That paſſion, thou knoweſt, makes every body reſtleſs that is tormented with it. He knew not how to eaſe himſelf, but by communicating his thoughts to the forementioned Grecian widow, whom he had often made the confidant of his amours. The thoroughpaced bawd ſoon promiſed him relief, and that ſhe would accompliſh his deſires; however, ſhe failed, and found herſelf miſtaken, when ſhe came to tempt the inviolate chaſtity of Fatima; for all her glittering pro-

miſes, her ſofteſt rhetoric, could never corrupt a heart eſtabliſhed firm in virtue.

Mad at her repulſe, ſhe ſtudies how to be revenged, conceiving it not impoſſible to bring her deſigns about by violence, ſince fair perſuaſions would not do. She frames a formal accuſation againſt Fatima before the cadi, taxing her with witchcraft and other crimes upon oath. The cadi having learned his leſſon, would not hear the cauſe in open divan, but pretending indiſpoſition of body, cauſed her to be brought before him in his private bed-chamber. The Greek had ready by her ſeveral ſuborned witneſſes, to depoſe moſt horrid things againſt the innocent woman; when the cadi, profeſſing an entire reſpect to Fatima's huſband, ſeemed to take pity on her circumſtances, and waved the farther proſecution of the cauſe till another time, keeping Fatima priſoner in the mean while in his own palace.

All this was managed ſo privately, that nobody in the town took notice of it, ſave an acquaintance or two of the Grecian widow, and Solyman our worthy couſin, who happened to be at Smyrna in this very juncture among his other rambles.

Perſons in trouble are willing to fly for refuge to any friend, deſiring their aſſiſtance. Fatima, all in tears at ſuch an unexpected change of her condition, had leiſure and opportunity to ſpeak to Solyman, conjuring him to go to certain intimate friends of our family, living in Aleppo, and tell them her circumſtances; inſtead of this, the faithleſs villain goes to her huſband's friends at Tripoli, telling them the utmoſt ſhameful and ſcandalous things of Fatima his malice could invent, and that by her lewd courſes ſhe had well-nigh ruined her huſband, producing at the ſame time forged bills and letters as from him, whereby he raiſed a thouſand ſequins, with which

the perjured villain is gone, nobody knows whither, to make his broken fortunes once again, and lay a foundation for new cheats; whilſt the poor injured Fatima is forced to bear the reproach and infamy of things whereof ſhe never was guilty. But time, I hope, will clear her innocence, and bring that curſed vagabond to ſhame.

I counſelled him indeed long ago to travel, and ſee the various regions of the earth; but I never adviſed him to load his ſoul in ſuch long voyages with the guilt of baſe ingratitude, barbarous malice, perfidy, and other vices of the blackeſt hue. The ſmaller frailties, ſtains, and blemiſhes of human life, are too great a burden for a generous heart to bear without complaints and ſighs. He that has but a ſpark of virtue in him bluſhes for every peccadillo he commits; if tempted by good company, or in hopes to baniſh melancholy thoughts, he indulge himſelf a larger draught of wine than what is ordinary, and ſo inſenſibly boil up his blood to irregular heights and ſuperfluities, he is all this while nobody's foe but his own; he plots no miſchief againſt his friend, relation, harmleſs neighbour, or acquaintance; all the enmity he ſhows is to himſelf, and in his cups he is not aware of that; for which reaſon afterwards, to expiate the criminal advances he made to ſelf-murder, he willingly ſcums off the groſſer ebullition of its heated veins in penitent weeping; a flood of tears runs from his eyes, like generous libations at the foot of the altar, to pacify the wrath of God, whilſt the lighter part evaporates in pious ſighs and vows. Thus this pollution vaniſhes like ſmoke, and he is ſoon made clean again. And ſo in other vices it is the ſame with men diſpoſed to virtue; they endeavour to root out the evil habits they are accuſtomed to; they try all ways and ſtratagems to reform themſelves: But wicked men, by inclination, ſin on without remorſe; they never ſtudy to

retrench the evils they commit; ever propenſe to vice, they chooſe its ways, and court the opportunities of doing impious things; they are natively unjuſt, and cannot live at eaſe without premeditated crimes; it is their element to be projecting miſchief; and ſuch a one is Soliman our couſin.

God inſpire him with more grateful ſentiments towards his friends, more natural and affectionate to thoſe of his blood, and a more juſt deportment to all men; or elſe may he be like Cain, who for murdering his brother was condemned to be a vagabond on earth; and like Zeuli Bazar the Perſian, who falſely accuſed Hoſain the prophet, and for that reaſon was troubled with a palſy in his head as long as he lived.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1667.

XV.—*To the* Mufti's Vicar.

I sent an account to the Porte of the death of the late Rumbeg, or Pope, who is the great patriarch of the Nazarenes. Now the cardinals have choſen another to ſucceed him, whom they call Clement IX. a man of a great character for learning and piety, and one from whom the Franks expect glorious things to be done for the public good of Chriſtendom.

Theſe popes ſeem to inherit the authority and honour of the ancient pontifex maximus, or high prieſt of the Romans in the time of paganiſm; nay, they aſſume a far more ample and uncontroulable power; for thoſe Gentile prelates always ſubmitted to the imperial authority, from which they received protection and maintenance; but theſe Chriſtian fathers acknowledge no ſuperior on earth; kings and emperors do homage to them, and perform the

meaneſt ſervices; as to hold the baſon whilſt the pope waſhes his hands, to hold the ſtirrup whilſt he mounts or alights from off his mule; ſometimes great princes lead his horſe by the bridle, whilſt at another ſeaſon they carry him on their ſhoulders. It is recorded that Eumenes, King of Pergamus, came to Rome, and pulling off his turban, humbly laid it on the ground before the ſenate, confeſſing he received his liberty from them; and Pruſias, king of Bithynia, uſed to ſtyle himſelf the Roman ſenate's ſlave, and bow down to the earth before them; but this is nothing to the reverence which greateſt monarchs pay the pope, when crawling on their hands and knees they kiſs the ſandal on his foot.

He can make and depoſe kings at pleaſure, abſolve ſubjects from their allegiance, bind and remit ſins, open and ſhut the gates of paradiſe, purgatory, and hell, or at leaſt he endeavours to make the world believe ſo.

He has ſeventy cardinals for his aſſiſtants and counſellors, all equal to princes; an hundred and thirty archbiſhops under his obedience; a thouſand and ſeventeen biſhops; an hundred and forty-four thouſand monaſteries and religious houſes; three hundred thouſand pariſhes obeying his will, and yielding homage to him; ſo that if he were reſolved to carry on ſome laſting war, he need only lay an impoſt of ſix crowns a-year on every monaſtery, and fifty-two on every pariſh, and it would amount to ſixteen millions of crowns yearly income; and if out of every monaſtery he choſe ten men, he would have an army of fourteen hundred and forty thouſand men, which is more than any potentate in the world can do beſide.

Thou wilt ſay it is a wonder then he does not put this in practice, and ſo wage war with the Grand Signior,

who has fleeced him of ſo many flouriſhing countries formerly under his obedience.

O ſacred oracle of the muſſulmans, God has tied up his hand; he cannot do it; theſe are but empty ſpeculations, impracticable projects, fantaſtic chimeras. The mighty train of his archbiſhops, biſhops, pariſh prieſts, with jeſuits, monks, and friars, though never ſo willing to obey his orders in ſuch a caſe, yet cannot ſtir a foot without the leave of their reſpective ſovereigns; for they are diſperſed through divers kingdoms, ſtates, and principalities, where they are ſubject to the laws and government in force; ſo that unleſs he could unite the hearts of all the Chriſtian princes one with another, and with his own, to undertake ſo grand an expedition, it is impoſſible ever to effect his will. Each nation has an intereſt of its own to purſue, which makes them deaf to ſuch propoſals as may embarraſs, if not ruin them. No Peter of the Deſart, rambling up and down from court to court, with his religious harangue, will ever again prevail to raiſe another cruſade; that zeal is out of faſhion now in Chriſtendom; kings in theſe later ages have not half the attach and veneration for the pope they had in former times. When Pope Boniface VIII. claimed a temporal juriſdiction in France, Philip the Fair, being then king, ſent him this ſhort anſwer: "Let thy great ſottiſhneſs know, that in temporals we are ſubject to none but God alone." And a French ambaſſador at Rome, ſpeaking ſomething boldly to the pope, the prelate reproached him, "That his father was burnt for a heretic;" whereupon the ambaſſador gave him ſuch a box on the ear, that he fell down as dead. But it was a tart meſſage indeed, which the eaſtern biſhops ſent to Pope John III. who claimed an univerſal authority over all the churches in the world. For, ſaid they, "We firmly believe thy abſolute authority o-

ver thy own ſubjects, but we who are not ſubject to thee, cannot bear thy pride, nor are we able to ſatiate thy avarice. The devil be with thee, and God with us."

In a word, all Denmark, Swedeland, Norway, Holland, England, Scotland, Geneva, Ireland, half the empire, and half Swiſſerland, are fallen off from their obedience to the pope within theſe two hundred years; and thoſe kingdoms and ſtates which yet continue under the yoke, are ready to ſhake it off at every turn, when they are never ſo little galled and vexed. France, Spain, and Venice often huff the pope into compliance with their demands; nor dares he to reſiſt, but winks and puts up all, like an old decreped father, for whom his ſons are grown too ſtrong.

Holy ſucceſſor of the prophet and meſſenger of God! thou art the infallible interpreter of the law, and judge of equity, yet doſt not arrogate a power above thy commiſſion. The Grand Signior honours thy wiſdom and ſanctity, and thou obeyeſt with humble ſubmiſſion the imperial edicts. He is thy lord, and thou his guide and tutor in the way to paradiſe. May God increaſe thy illuminations with thy years, and inſpire me and all the true faithful with ſincere loyalty to our ſovereign, and devout obedience to thee, without the leaſt alloy of treachery or ſuperſtition.

Paris, 2d of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1667.

XVI.—*To* Nathan Ben Saddi, *a Jew at Vienna.*

Now thou ſeeſt I am a truer prophet than thy new Meſſias, that impoſtor Sabbati Sevi; and yet, though I am ſo in effect, I do not aſpire at the title; I claim no character above that of a mortal, who has not quite for-

feited his ſenſe and reaſon. However, if thou wilt yet retain ſome veneration for his perſon, ſhow it by imitating his example, and embrace the muſſulman faith as he has done; at leaſt he outwardly profeſſes it, and had the honour to do ſo firſt in preſence of the ſultan. I know not whether thou haſt heard of this or no; thy brethren, perhaps, may be unwilling to diſperſe the news of a converſion bringing ſo much infamy to all your race. It is poſſible they are aſhamed to own or publiſh to the world the tidings of their own egregious folly, in giving up their faith to ſuch a cheat as this; a cheat, as one would think, grown ſtale and fœtid enough, to make a man that had the ſmalleſt grain of ſenſe recoil, conſidering how oft your fathers have been bubbled before by ſuch upſtart Meſſiaſſes, ſuch ſpurious prophets as this.

I commend the wit of Sabbati Sevi, in that he would not ſtand the brunt of the Grand Signior's archers, or by a vain preſumption hope for miracles from Heaven to ſcreen his naked body from a ſhower of fatal ſhafts: Had he been ſo raſh, I ſhould eſteem him the greateſt miracle of ſtupidity that ever was extant on the earth. If thou haſt not been yet informed of theſe paſſages, fame will quickly bring them to thy ears, and then my letter will not ſeem obſcure. In the mean time, aſſure thyſelf he denied his apoſtleſhip to ſave his life, and this before the Grand Signior, with the chief grandees of the court, where, at the ſame time, he confeſſed one God, and Mahomet his meſſenger. If thou art his diſciple, therefore, thou oughteſt to be ſtedfaſt, and tread in his ſteps, giving glory to the Eternal One, who has ſent prophets into all nations to lead men in the right way, as he ſent Moſes to the houſe of Iſrael.

Nathan, ſuffer no narrow principles, no partial prejudices to ſhut up thy ſoul from the bright ſplendours of im-

mortal truth which ſhine on every man. The light of Heaven is not confined to one particular lineage; it is copious, large, and infinite, ſpreading abroad its univerſal rays, enlightening all the families and nations on earth.

It is true, I grant, the Omnipotent firſt ſent Moſes with the written law to the poſterity of Iſaac; had they obeyed the ſacred inſtitution, it is poſſible your race had now been bleſſed above the reſt of men; perhaps your fathers would have ſtretched their conqueſts far and wide to the utmoſt limbs of the land, from India to the weſtern ſhores of Afric, and from the remote borders of the ſouth to Nova Zembla in the arctic circle; then devout princes would have travelled from the four angles of the world, and made long pilgrimages to Jeruſalem, there to perform their vows, and offer ſacrifices to the King of Heaven.

But alas! your anceſtors turned infidels and idolaters even at the very foot of Mount Sinai, whilſt the tremendous echoes of the thunders yet were in their ears; they made themſelves a calf of gold, and adored the idol of their own workmanſhip; ſo did their children worſhip Adonis, Venus, Diana, and almoſt all the rabble of the Gentile gods and goddeſſes; for which reaſon the wrath of Heaven was kindled againſt that generation; God rouſed the mighty monarchs of the Eaſt to take up arms, and puniſh ſuch a wicked race of men. How often was fair Jeruſalem ſacked, and all the Jews deſtroyed or carried away captives by Perſians, Medes, Aſſyrians, or the kings of Babylon? How many prophets were ſent to tell them of their errors, and reclaim them? But the obdurate ſons of Jacob ſtopped their ears, being reſolutely bent on wickedneſs, the meaſure of which being once complete, fate ſigned the edict of your utter ruin: For then came Jeſus, the Son of Mary, the true Meſſias, who

foretold the irrevocable cataſtrophe of Jeruſalem, which came to paſs accordingly in that very age, when the victorious Roman army laid it all in aſhes, not ſo much as ſparing the glorious temple of Solomon; ever ſince which the Jews have been diſperſed abroad through all the earth; each nation, city, or province where ye live, account ye execrable fugitives and vagabonds.

In the mean while, the fame of Jeſus ſpread abroad; his heavenly doctrine, perfect life, and mighty miracles, ſubdued the hearts of men; Chriſtianity took root in the world; it grew and branched itſelf throughout the continent; the Roman and Grecian empires tamely ſat down under the church's ſhade, within three hundred years, and quickly after other nations fled unto the ſacred ſhelter; but, in proceſs of time, this religion alſo, like to yours, degenerated into error, ſuperſtition, and idolatry, and then God raiſed up Mahomet, our holy lawgiver; He ſent him down the book of glory by the hand of Gabriel, and commanded him to teach it to the houſe of Iſrael firſt, and then to all men that were willing to embrace the undefiled faith; but to chaſtiſe with fire and ſword the infidels who ſhould oppoſe his miſſion, and reſiſt the truth.

How ſoon the muſſulman law took place, and gained ground in Arabia, Perſia, Syria, and the adjacent regions of the Eaſt! Nothing was able to ſtand before the warlike troops of true believers. How bold and matchleſs were the actions of the valiant Hali! how wiſe the counſels of ſage Omar and Abu Becre! how eloquent and forcible the words of the chaſte and generous Oſman! The prophet was happy in the company of all the holy caliphs; they fought and conquered all before them.

Whenever the heavenly banner was diſplayed, trembling and horror ſeized the infidels; ſhowers of ſucceſsful arrows ſtraight were ſent, againſt which the uncircumcif-

ed could not ſtand; much leſs could they ſuſtain the near approach and dreadful ſhock of our invincible cavalry; their faint battalions quickly ſhrunk, and poſted from the field; whilſt ours, unmindful of the ſpoil, purſued the chace, and ſtrewed the ground with ſlaughtered carcaſes of flying miſcreants; conqueſt attended the true faithful, whenever they drew their ſwords. Thus, for above theſe thouſand years, has our religion made its fortunate advances on the earth; and if another law ſhould be revealed, and ſome new prophet riſe to check the farther growth of muſſulman faith, and undermine the empire of the faithful, we ought not to reflect on Mahomet for this, as though he were an impious ſeducer, any more than we do on Moſes for your calamities, or on Jeſus the Son of Mary, for the declining ſtate of Chriſtendom.

It is not impoſſible but that the Omnipotent may have hidden reſerves of precepts yet to be divulged; he has had his various methods and diſpenſations in all ages and parts of the world; neither is it fit for mortal man to limit the Eternal One, or ſet him rules; his methods are to us incomprehenſible; he ſent Moſes, a man bred up in all the ſciences and wiſdom of the Egyptians; to Jeſus he committed his hidden power and knowledge, and the apoſtles ſpake all languages; but Mahomet could neither write nor read, and yet thou ſeeſt his law has proſelyted many mighty kingdoms, ſtates, and empires. Who knows but that in future times he will convert the apoſtate world by ſome dumb perſon, who can neither hear nor ſpeak? or by ſome blind man, who could never ſee? Or it is not impoſſible but that he may employ ſome maid of admirable beauty, gifts, and learning, in the myſterious work: So were the Sibyls of old inſpired with ſacred wiſdom and foreknowledge of things to come; all filled with inward blaſts of ſome immortal wind, the

pregnant virgins ſoon conceived deep myſteries of fate, which they wrote down on leaves of trees; for they were eremites, and twelve in number, as ancient records ſay; one of them lived at Cuma in Italy, where her cave is ſhown to travellers at this day. They foretold what ſhould happen in after times, particularly the birth of Jeſus the Son of Mary; but they never ſaid a word of Sabbati Sevi, or of any other Meſſias to come after the firſt. Theſe holy maids were had in great veneration by the Gentiles, who gathered up the ſcattered leaves whereon they wrote their prophecies, and tranſcribed them carefully on paper, that ſo the ſacred memoirs might be delivered ſafe down to poſterity.

By what I have ſaid, Nathan, thou mayeſt perceive that I aim at nothing elſe but to wean thee from the ſuperſtitious fond conceit of your nation, and to make thee ſenſible, that though God once favoured the Jews with oracles of light and reaſon, yet they have for many ages forfeited this privilege; ſince which, he gave the goſpel to Jeſus the Son of Mary, the alcoran to Mahomet, and at all times has ſent meſſengers and prophets to every nation and people on earth.

There are no partial biaſſes in the divinity which made the worlds; he is an inexhauſtible abyſs of love, of light, and life, where every creature drinks its fill of natural happineſs, according to the different ranks, capacities, and deſires of things; he veſts the ſun with an immortal robe of light, the train of which is borne up by the moon and ſtars.

When Phœbus is upon the wing by day, his garment covers all the ſky; the golden fringes of it dangle to the globe, and trail along in the miry ſoil, yet never gather the leaſt ſpeck of dirt; they are dipped and plunged in rivers, lakes, and ſeas, without being wet, and yet they

drink up all the ocean by ſucceſſive draughts; this lower world rejoices in the glittering ſhow; the elements, with every being compounded of them, baſk in the welcome rays; ſo do the planets above, who take a ſingular pleaſure to fold ſome part of the illuſtrious dreſs about them; they wrap themſelves half up in borrowed light, and then, like weſtern Franks, they foot it to and fro in their beloved walks above, giving the neceſſary ſalutes and conges to each other *en paſſant*, and to the ſedentary ſigns and fixed ſtars, to ſee if any of them mind their courtly garb and mien; for they are the ſun's domeſtic pages, the favourites of his ſeraglio; at other ſeaſons they ſtand ſtill, perhaps to gaze upon themſelves, in contemplation of the majeſtic figure they make.

So have I ſeen a proud conceited Spaniſh trumpeter, after he had blown a levet pretty well, lay down the ſilver inſtrument with a diſdainful gravity; his cheeks all ſwoln with incloſed air, and ſoul puffed up with arrogance, he ſtruts and curls his black muſtachs; then with big looks, ſurveys himſelf from head to foot, caſting an eye of ſcorn upon the ſilent tube, conſcious that he alone can make it ſound ſo well.

Thou wilt ſay I wander in my diſcourſe as much as thoſe heavenly bodies I am ſpeaking of; it is true, Nathan, our thoughts are free, and not confined to rules and forms; we eaſily ſlip from one imagination to another. And ſince I have made this planetary digreſſion, ſuffer me now, like them, to run retrograde, and come to the point from which I roved.

Doubtleſs, each individual being is filled with its eſſential bliſs; the fire has its ſpecific happineſs; ſo has the air, the water, and the earth, with all the living generations on it; and when the Moſt High diſtributed the ſons of human race through all the various climates,

zones, and provinces, he furniſhed every region of the globe with gifts and products, riches and delights, agreeable to the inhabitants, with this proviſio, that they ſhould live in innocence, juſtice, and according to reaſon; from which eternal law, if any people ſwerved, they ſhould forfeit their privileges, and be ſubdued, if not extirpated, by ſome more virtuous nation.

From hence ſprung all the revolutions of mighty kingdoms and empires, one ſucceſſively ſupplanting another to this day; and the ſins of your nation being greater, it ſeems, than thoſe of any other, God has diſperſed you over all the earth, without ſuffering you to inherit or poſſeſs a foot of ground.

If ever therefore fate deſigns to reſtore the Jews again to the holy land, wherein their fathers lived, never expect it, till your erroneous minds and vicious manners are reformed; for Paleſtine was never ſeated ſo deliciouſly for bloody zealots, hypocrites, and cruel uſurers to enjoy.

Paris, 2d of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1667.

XVII.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

Daria is a quean, a jilt, and I am once more cured of my dotage: There is no truſt in woman's beauty, faith, or wit; they are deceitful as the fruit of aſphaltites; they are perfect riddles and paradoxes, and have more unlucky tricks than croſs-grained elves or fairies. When a man, overheated by his amorous paſſion, thinks to embrace a goddeſs, he meets with Ixion's fate, and only hugs a gaudy cloud or meteor.

I will not make thee ſick with a particular rehearſal of my ſecond folly, in being ſo fond of one who had betrayed me formerly; I will not repeat the vain addreſſes

I made, the kind obliging things I ſpoke, nor her deceitful anſwers; I will not tell thee how ſhe drilled me on into her ſnares, and led me captive in an amorous circle; content thyſelf to know, that I have been twice her cully, and if ever I am the third time, it will be my own fault, as the Italian ſays. No, my Dgnet, I have done with that falſe ſex; henceforth for ever I abjure all amorous regards of woman; I will ſhun them as I would a peſtilence; I will either ſhut my eyes, or turn them another way at leaſt, whenever I meet a female; I will not think of them but with diſdain and hatred; finally, I am off from them to all intents and purpoſes.

However, as the Arabian proverb ſays, "That wind blows from an unlucky point of the compaſs, which wafts no good to ſomebody;" ſo from Daria's falſe and feigned ſmiles I reap ſome benefit; I have learned a ſecret which has rid my ſpirit of a thouſand cares, diſquiets, and agonies.

In the year 1664 of the Chriſtians hegira, I ſent a letter to the noble Kerker Haſſan Baſſa, our countryman, wherein I informed him of an aſſaſſination made upon me in the dark, as I was going to my lodgings, and how I killed the ruffian that attempted on my life; I told that generous grandee all my jealouſies and conjectures on that ſubject; how I ſuſpected ſome of my enemies at the Porte to have a hand in the deſign, or elſe that my Sicilian maſter was concerned in it; I knew not well what to conclude; but now I am ſatisfied it was Daria's huſband, who, reſenting deeply my former amour with her, which ſhe diſcovered to him at large, could never be at reſt till he ſaw Paris, where he deſigned to be the executioner of his own revenge, and lay in wait accordingly for my late returning home; for he was not ignorant of my lodging. His wife knew nothing of his deſign, he having pretend-

ed other buſineſs at the city; and it was from accidental words in her diſcourſe that I collected this great ſecret; for when I aſked her of her huſband's health, ſhe told me he was killed at ſuch a time by night, in an alley of Paris, by whom ſhe never yet could learn: But I ſtraight bluſhed with conſciouſneſs and took the hint; I dropped ſome neceſſary careleſs queries by degrees, and all her anſwers ſtill confirmed me as to time and place, with other circumſtances, that he muſt be the man I murdered in my own defence ſo long ago.

I kept this ſecret locked up in my breaſt, nor could my doating fondneſs melt me into ſuch a ſoft and eaſy temper, as to betray myſelf to her; but I took inward pleaſure at the thoughts of my deliverance from that ſudden violent death, and from my after cares and fears by this diſcovery. Henceforward I will ſuſpect no muſſulman, though my enemy, nor ſhall I be ſo fearful of my Sicilian maſter; no panic terrors ſhall confine me to my chamber, and make me ſpend my days in fretting and conſuming melancholy; I will not be ſurpriſed when ſtrangers knock at the gate, or when I hear the bluſtering voices of the pariſh officers below, or the collectors of the king's revenues; yet theſe before were dreadful as the ſultan's atteſcheriff, or fatal warrant, when he demands a baſſa's head; ſo forcible is jealouſy and ſuſpended thoughtfulneſs, ſo black the influence even of miſgrounded apprehenſion and miſtaken guilt.

My Dgnet, this mortal life is a dark labyrinth of croſs events; bewildered man gropes up and down; he often trips and ſtumbles at contingencies; he ſtrays about in thorny rugged paths, not knowing where he is, or which way to turn himſelf; ſometimes an *ignis fatuus*, with its deceitful light, miſguides him in miry places, fens, and bogs, where he is in danger of being ſwallowed up, or

leads him to the brink of an high precipice, where if he advance but one ſtep more, he is gone beyond recovery; he falls and daſhes himſelf to pieces on under growing rocks.

Reaſon is the only clue that can conduct us ſafe through all the windings of the perilous maze. Heaven grant that thou and I may never let go our hold of this ſo neceſſary faculty, until it has conducted us to paradiſe.

Paris, 15th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1667.

XVIII.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

LAST year I gave thee an account of the birth of a young princeſs of France; now I ſhall inform thee, that ſhe was baptiſed on the 21ſt of this moon. Baptiſm with the Nazarenes is equivalent to our circumciſion; nay, it is ſomething more divine, if we may believe them; they call it the ſacrament of initiation, the firſt myſtery of Chriſtian faith; but when it is applied to children of royal extraction, the ſons or daughters of kings, it looks more like a ceremony of ſtate than a myſtery of religion. However, be it what it will, it is performed with abundance of pomp and magnificence; and at this ceremony it is that every Chriſtian receives his name, which is given by the godfathers and godmothers, that is, perſons who ſtand ſureties for the child's education in the Chriſtian religion. This princeſs was named Maria Thereſa by the Dutcheſs Dowager of Orleans, and by the Duke of Enguien.

On the ſame day the Cardinal Duke of Vendoſme had audience of the king and queen, in quality of legate *de latere* from the pope. It ſeems the King of France had deſired the pope to ſtand godfather to the dauphin, which the good prelate accepting, ſent this cardinal as his de-

puty and repreſentative to perform the charge. He is to give the dauphin his name. In the mean while, he ſtands much upon punctilios, requires vaſt reſpects and ſubmiſſions from the French biſhops, and carries himſelf with as much ſtate as if he were a god or an angel, looking as big as if he were the emperor of the univerſe; and well he may, ſince during his legation he has as much power as the pope himſelf, that ſovereign prelate having inveſted him with all his own paternal full authority, which he would make the world believe is greater than that of earthly kings and emperors: And yet he ſtyles himſelf the ſervant of the ſervants of God; a fine piece of eccleſiaſtic hypocriſy! The ways of theſe infidels are double; their practice runs counter to their profeſſion; they would fain appear as ſaints, when in effect they are little better than devils.

There has been a great alteration lately made in Portugal, the eſtates of that nation having compelled their king to renounce his government, and confer it on Don Pedro his brother. The Spaniard laughs at this privately, hoping from their inteſtine animoſities to draw occaſions of advancing his own intereſt, and of recovering that crown again.

Accompliſhed miniſter, there is nothing new under the moon, but a perpetual circle of the ſame events. What we admire in this age as a novelty, has been acted over and over in former times. Peace follows war, and war treads cloſe upon the heels of peace. Faith, perfidy, ſedition, obedience, virtue, and vice, are the reciprocal offſpring of each other. There is nothing fixed or ſtable, but the world turns round upon eternal viciſſitudes.

Paris, 30th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1668.

XIX.—*To* ABDEL MELEC MULI OMAR, *Preſident of the College of Sciences at Fez.*

I RECEIVED thy invaluable diſpatch, containing marvellous things, revelations of a ſublime rank, myſteries heretofore undiſcovered; yet I was not much ſurpriſed, having all along preſaged ſome vaſt improvement of learning from thy accompliſhed ſpirit, O thou terreſtrial ſtar of the firſt magnitude, chief in the conſtellations of the ſouth.

Glory be to God, who from infinite darkneſs ſtarted the eternal bright ideas of the univerſe, and on the womb of everlaſting ſilence begat the Word by which he formed all things. Doubtleſs there is no blemiſh in his works, no botches, knobs, or diſproportionable unevenneſſes; the world is a perfect beauty.

Were Ptolemy alive, thy ſyſtem of the heavens would put him to the bluſh; and Tycho Brache would ſneak out of his planetary frame, by ſome wild and more than eccentric motion, aſhamed that he had been ſuch a botcher in aſtronomy; Copernicus himſelf would ſink under the burden of the moon, which the overloaded earth would in revenge let fall upon him, for his unnatural cruelty to his aged mother, in burdening her ſo long; and all the world would celebrate thy praiſe, who haſt thus happily reſcued heaven and earth from their embarraſſments.

Thy thoughts are high and elevated to the heaven of heavens, yet thy humility ſtoops to the centre of the earth; but all mankind would be obliged to thee afreſh, if thou wouldſt vouchſafe to take the middle path, and ſurvey, with thy accuſtomed accuracy, the ſurface of this globe, whereon we mortals tread: Geography being already ſenſible of her elder ſiſter's happineſs in thy correction and amendments of the former aſtronomic ſchemes,

languiſhes alſo for thy ſuperviſal of her own defects and blemiſhes.

Thoſe that have meaſured the earth cannot agree in ſtating her circumference; and there were few in former times who did believe the antipodes. The muſſulmans of India do aſſert that the earth is ſupported by eight mighty elephants, and thoſe of Turkey ſay it reſts upon the horns of a great bull: If either of theſe opinions were to be taken in the literal ſenſe, it would put the dulleſt philoſopher to ſubſannation, or at leaſt a fit of laughter; but doubtleſs they are allegories, under which are veiled ſome true and natural ſecrets.

However, let the globe reſt where it will, on bulls, or bears, or elephants, or camels, dromedaries, horſes, or the back of Atlas, as the gentiles did affirm, I would fain know, methinks, how large a ſpace of land we have to tread upon, and what proportion is allotted to the ſea.

It is true we have a common notion of four quarters of dry land, Aſia, Africa, Europe, and America. Yet this is quarrelled at by thoſe of later times, who add a fifth, which they call Magellanica, or the Southern Unknown Earth. From immemorial times our fathers were acquainted with the three firſt diviſions or precincts of the globe; but the two laſt were but of late diſcovered, ſince the improvement of navigation, and the invention of the compaſs.

There is a vulgar tradition every where in vogue, that after Noah's flood Aſia fell to the ſhare of Shem and his poſterity, Afric to Cham, and Europe to Japhet: Whether this be true or no cannot be proved, but is wholly owing to conjecture; however, this is certain, that if it were ſo, there have been mighty changes in the inheritances of Noah's offſpring, and alterations of their ſeveral limits; inſomuch as now they ſeem to be in part blended

and mixed together, or at leaſt ſhuffled from one to another.

Thoſe who lived in the middle ages made but two diviſions of the globe, viz. Aſia and Europe; and in this they alſo differed; for ſome made Afric only a province or part of the former, perſuading themſelves that they were anciently joined together, though afterwards ſeparated by a violent irruption of the Atlantic ſea by the ſtraits of Gibraltar, which before was a narrow iſthmus or neck of land; but from the time that bank was waſhed away, the Mediterranean ſea derived its origin. Others made Afric a part of Aſia, they not being abſolutely parted by any ſea, though ſome Egyptian kings and Roman emperors attempted to make a canal between the Mediterranean and Red Sea.

A third ſort divided the known part of the world into Aſia, Europe, Afric and Egypt; whilſt a fourth placed Egypt to the account of Aſia, making the river Nile the boundary between it and Afric; but this was incommodious, in regard it left that part of Egypt on the weſt of the Nile to Afric. Such was the confuſion of the ancient Greek and Roman geographers.

As for America, it takes its name from Americus Veſputius a Florentine, who made the ſecond voyage to diſcover it; for it was firſt deſcried by Chriſtopher Columbus a Genoeſe, in the year of the Chriſtians hegira 1442, by the order and at the charge of Ferdinand, king of Arragon and Caſtile. This part of the world is divided into two mighty empires; the northern, or that of Mexico, and the ſouthern, or that of Peru.

Magellanica, or the ſouthern unknown land, derives its name from Ferdinand Magellan, the firſt that ever diſcovered it, in the year 1520, when he ſailed quite round the globe. About five-and forty years afterwards, Francis

Drake, an Engliſhman, touched upon the ſame coaſts; and twelve years after him, Thomas Candiſh, one of his countrymen; likewiſe Oliver Van Noord, a Hollander, undertook the ſame voyage; but none made ſuch advances in this new diſcovery, as a certain Spaniard called Ferdinand de Quier.

God knows what ſtrange and unexpected novelties this country might afford, if men were once acquainted with it. This may be the ſanctuary of the ten tribes of Iſraelites which were led away captives by Salmanaſſer king of Aſſyria; or perhaps the inhabitants of this country are of another race than that of Noah and Adam. We may from them, it is poſſible, derive new lights as to the pre-exiſtence of human ſouls. Who knows but they have records more exact and ancient than the Indians and Chineſe? Be it how it will, I am clear for new diſcoveries. There is a certain ſpecific boldneſs in my ſpirit, which prompts me to invade the pretended modeſty of nature; I long to furl the veil which hides ſo many ſecrets, and with a philoſophic confidence, were I in power, I would rumple up the envious coverings of ſuch deſirable wonders.

Oh that ſome godlike monarch in this age would in royal bounty equip a navy, and man them with the moſt expert and reſolute mariners on earth, with veſſels to tranſport an army of land ſoldiers, with tenders to carry meat, drink, apparel, and other neceſſaries for ſo vaſt an expedition! Surely the event would anſwer expectation, the gains would far tranſcend the coſt, the honour infinitely ſurpaſs the peril; and all our known familiar world would be obliged by ſuch a fortunate undertaking.

Sage Omar, it depends on thee to bring this thing to paſs; ſtart but the propoſal to ſome mighty ſovereign, thy recommendation will be of force; thou wilt be more than a Columbus, Magellan, or Pizarro; in fine, thou

wilt wind up the ſearches of this inquiſitive age, and put a ſtop to future ſcrutinies.

I only hint the thing; do thou purſue it, and all generations ſhall celebrate thy fame. God inſpire thee with freſh ardours.

Paris, 7th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1668.

XX.—*To* Osman Adrooneth, *Aſtrologer to the Sultan at Adrianople.*

Old Ptolemy was much out of his bias; his wild irregular fancy, drunk with the lees of Ariſtotle's dark opinion and conceit, ſtumbled and fell aſleep upon the thought of the earth's being centre to the univerſe, and then the reſt of the world ſeemed to run round his giddy head; he often ſtrove to lift his heavy noddle up, to ſee whether it were ſo or not; but the beſotting load of prepoſſeſſion weighed him down again; he ſlumbered, dreamed, and ſnored aloud, ſtretched out at large upon the fair chimera.

The ſtudious candidates of truth and ſcience, by his example, fell to the ſame riot in philoſophy, and continued the debauch for many ages; till, too much ſurfeited and cloyed with ſuch a fulſome entertainment, bold Tycho Brache rubs up his eyes, and wakes the company with a new ſyſtem of the mighty frame. Then all began to ſtart and rouſe, as at ſome prodigy; his heavenly gimcracks pleaſed the palate of the age; his epicycles, eccentrics, perigees, and apogees, with all the reſt of his gay whim-whams, were received with general applauſe, till the more excellent Copernicus appeared with ſomething newer ſtill; and then the blundering Dane, abaſhed, ſlipped off the ſtage, without ſo much as taking his leave.

The aſtronomers ſoon fell in love, and paid implicit a-

doration to the idol which Copernicus ſet up; and it was but reaſon, ſince they had never ſeen a fairer or a juſter ſcheme of the world before.

Yet every age improves itſelf in knowledge on the ruins of the former; and thus, what Ptolemy never found out, nor Tycho Brache or Copernicus could mend or match, if now they were alive, is very lately diſcovered by the incomparable Abdel Melec Muli Omar, preſident of the College of Sciences at Fez.

The happy Muſa Abu'l Yatuſtan, profeſſor of philoſophy there, firſt ſtarted the propoſal of a mathematical experiment; and laying heads together, the primate of Moreſco doctors, father of the African alfaquis living, found a true demonſtration in it.

I have lately received a diſpatch from that renowned prelate, with an incloſed model of this planetary machine; a copy of which I ſend thee, drawn by my own hand: It repreſents the original to a point. Examine it well, and thou wilt find it is much more regular and exact than any of thoſe antiquated ſchemes, and anſwers all the queſtions of aſtronomy without the leaſt apparent blunder: Beſides, it has a perfect ſymmetry and proportion in every part; it makes the world appear a complete beauty; whereas the frame which Tycho Brache made was all deformed with wild unevenneſſes; nor was the ſyſtem of Copernicus without a manifeſt botch, in making the ſmall orb of the moon alone to interfere with that of the earth, whilſt all the other planets circulate in their own entire and ſolitary ſpheres, without an interloper to diſturb them.

Beſides, he makes the earth an atlas to the moon, whilſt this poor weary globe is forced, in his opinion, to drudge yearly round the zodiac with the vaſt burden of Diana on its ſhoulders.

If it be ſo, it is no wonder that the earth ſo often faints and trembles under the mighty load; henceforth we need not lay the blame of earthquakes to Enceladus, as if the drowſy ſnoring giant, turning his monſtrous bulky corpſe from one ſide to the other, were the ſole cauſe of theſe convulſions, when mortals reel and ſtagger as they walk upon the ſurface, when trees and mountains rock as in a cradle, and whole cities are ſometimes ſwallowed up.

No; let poor Enceladus ſleep on, and take what reſt he can in his infernal priſon. There was no danger of his ever ſtirring again after he had been once thoroughly ſouced in Lethe's all-benumbing ſtreams. Copernicus is only in the fault; whenever we feel theſe fatal heavings of the globe; it was too unmerciful a taſk he impoſed upon it, eſpecially in its old age.

It would have grumbled in its early days, and ſturdy youth, had it been thus ſeverely uſed by Orpheus, Homer, Hermes Triſmegiſtus, or any other of the primitive ſages; but now to be thus roughly handled by an upſtart infidel in its declining years, when three parts of its marrow is decayed, and its once potent nerves and ſinews are ſhrunk, its liver waſted, and every vital winding away, almoſt broke its heart.

Therefore theſe African ſages, in duty to their aged mother the earth, have found a way to free her from the burden of the moon in her decrepid ſtate, and yet to make the ſun the centre of the world; adjuſting, at the ſame time, with accurate laws, and an unblemiſhed order, the motions, ſtations, and various poſtures of the planets.

This happy revelation in aſtronomy is not to be divulged in public writings, leſt ſome inquiſitive curious traveller, ambitious Nazarene, or envious Jew, ſhould chance

to light upon the ſacred ſcheme, and boaſt himſelf the inventor of it.

Let it be only communicated to learned faithful muſſulmans of the firſt rank; for ſuch celeſtial myſteries ought not to be proſtituted to the vulgar. Tell not the little Jaſmir Sgire Rugiel of it; for if thou doſt, all the Frank merchants at Aleppo ſoon ſhall be made privy to the matchleſs ſecret. Be it a perpetual arcanum in the breaſts of ſublime men, exalted ſouls, friends of God, and little leſs than prophets; and be it ſo, till all the ſages of the Eaſt and South are firſt made ſenſible of it, and able to defend it againſt the vain attempts of the uncircumciſed nations; then let it be promulgated in Alla's name throughout the globe, to the eternal honour of God, and glory of his prophet, who could neither write nor read, yet has diſciples to whom alone the pureſt reformation of the univerſe is owing.

Do but ſurvey with an indifferent look the laſt and loveliеſt portraiture of the world that ever was made by man; fix thine admiring eyes on the magnific ſeat and palace of the ſun; conſider, at the ſame time, the true and equal forms, dimenſions, diſtances, and mutual interſections of the ambient orbs, without the ſmalleſt blur or blot in all the eternal frame; then tell me thy opinion, whether thou canſt not calculate nativities, erect all manner of ſchemes, make almanacks, tell credulous men their future fortunes, appoint the eclipſes of the ſun and moon, ſet Venus and Mercury together by the ears, or ſtir up furious Mars to make a hurly-burly in the heavens and elements; or, if thou canſt not wheedle the four curmudgeon Saturn into a ſoft obliging humour, or fret the noble Jupiter to madneſs, by a damned conjunction with his mortal enemy; and a thouſand more aſtrological enterpriſes; tell me, I ſay, whether thou canſt not per-

form all this and more, as well by the incloſed effigies of the world, as by the old thread-bare, weather-beaten, worm-eaten Italian clockwork of Ptolemy, or the later inventions of Tycho Brache and Copernicus.

It will now no longer be a ſecret how thoſe birds diſpoſe themſelves, which at a certain time of the year are ſeen to gather in mighty troops, and fly directly upward out of human ſight, not one of the whole ſpecies being left behind, or found on any part of the earth, until the moon has rolled full ſix times round the zodiac; when they return again in equal companies into this globe, each ſpecies to its native region; for the intelligent fowls exactly know the hour in which the earth does in its yearly circulation interſect the neighbouring orb of the moon, and then they ſnatch the opportunity to quit the attractive atmoſphere, and take the air of that adjacent planet.

I have a great deal more to ſay on this ſubject, which I will reſerve for another letter. In the mean time, thou venerable ſtar-gazer, adieu, and remember to be private.

Paris, 7th of the 3d Moon, of the year 1668.

XXI.—*To the Venerable* MUFTI, *Principal Support of Learning and true Science.*

THE orders of thy ſanctity came like a meſſage from heaven, ſurpriſing me at once with equal pleaſure and aſtoniſhment. Every line increaſed my rapture. And now I thought I had no more to wiſh for in the world, ſince the great patriarch of the faithful has condeſcended to embrace the advice of ſo mean a ſlave as Mahmut. It has been my paſſionate deſire to ſee knowledge flouriſh in

the renowned Ottoman empire, that the infidels may no longer reproach us with ignorance and barbariſm. This was the reaſon that I ſo often importuned thy predeceſſor to encourage the tranſlation of hiſtories into the Turkiſh language. Now thou art pleaſed to begin this glorious work, and to honour me, by requiring my inſtructions in the management of it; nay, thou haſt commanded me to lay the foundation of ſo illuſtrious an enterpriſe, in preſenting thee a pattern or model of this great work, containing an hiſtorical epitome of the four great monarchies, with a brief ſeries of the moſt remarkable and famous tranſlations, changes, and other events in the world, with reference to the nation and age wherein they happened.

As to the advice thou demandeſt of me, I think it would be for the honour and benefit of the muſſulmans, that a complete hiſtory of the world ſhould be collected out of the moſt ancient and ſincere writers, and digeſted into annals, from the very beginning of time, down to the reign of our preſent emperor, the auguſt ſovereign of the whole earth; that ſo whatſoever has been done on earth worthy of memory may be ranked in its proper time and place, and we may not grope any longer in the dark when we would know in what year or age any famous warrior or monarch lived or died, or when any renowned city was built, beſieged, taken, and deſtroyed, and by whom all theſe things were done; with many other uſeful memoirs, in which the Ottomans are now wanting.

In the beginning of this work, it will be abſolutely neceſſary to have recourſe to the chronicles of the Indians, Perſians, and Egyptians, and to the writings of Orpheus, Homer, Thales, Zeno, and others of Greece, Phœnicia, and Thrace; for, though the Nazarenes of the Weſt deſpiſe the authority of theſe authors, and calumniate all

for fables and romances which was delivered before the firſt olympiad, yet the more impartial inhabitants of the Eaſt, whether Chriſtians or Muſſulmans, reject nothing which has the undoubted ſtamp of antiquity, but rather ſeek to unriddle the myſterious expreſſions of the poets and philoſophers, who ſtrove induſtriouſly to cover all their knowledge and traditions under dark enigmas, figures, and parables, that ſo the divine ſecrets of antiquity might not be profaned by the rude and unpoliſhed vulgar.

It was ever the maxim of ſome ancient ſages and politicians thus to keep the people in ignorance of paſt times, the better to aſſure their dominion and authority over them; they only revealed what was obvious to every man's ſenſe, the manifeſt and viſible influences of the heavenly bodies of the ſun, moon, and ſtars, the natures of plants and animals, with whatſoever elſe was liable to any man's eye and apprehenſion; but as to the more abſtruſe and leſs conſpicuous works of nature, they were like the ſecrets of ſtate kept under a veil.

Yet there wanted not men of wiſdom in other parts of the world who ſtrove to unfold all things, and render mankind familiar with whatſoever fell under human intellect. Among theſe, the Indians and Chineſe deſerve the firſt place, who were never covetous of the gifts of nature, but fought to improve all thoſe of their nations in the knowledge of the arts and ſciences, and eſpecially in the ſyſtem of ancient hiſtory. Theſe people ſhut up themſelves from the reſt of the world for many ages, fearing leaſt commerce might corrupt the ſimplicity of their primitive laws and inſtitutions. Only Alexander the Great, and before him Semiramis Queen of the Aſſyrians, had ever acceſs to the Indies in old time; and China was never open till of late, when their too potent neigh-

bours the Tartars broke through their famous wall, and ſubdued the whole empire; and their buſineſs was not with books but with men.

For theſe reaſons we may not wonder that the Indian bramins and the bonzis of China deliver an account of the origin of the world, and the next ſucceeding ages, ſo far beyond the epochas of all other hiſtorians, eſpecially theſe in the Weſt.

For events of later date, the compilers of this work may make uſe of ſuch hiſtorians as have written the annals of ſeveral nations ſince the firſt olympiad.

If thou knoweſt not what an olympiad means, it is the form of computation uſed in the ancient Grecian hegira, every olympiad containing four years; and the firſt of theſe olympiads began in the year of the world 3228; at which time Chorebus of Elis ſignaliſed himſelf, by winning the firſt race that ever was run at the olympic games. Theſe games were celebrated every olympiad, and all the youth of Greece flocked to them, to try their ſkill in running, wreſtling, and other manly exerciſes.

About this time hiſtorians began to write partially, and the truth could hardly be diſcerned from the fabulous errors with which it was adulterated; yet this rather proceeded from a national emulation, than from a deſign to corrupt the ancient belief. However, thou mayeſt give credit to Thucydides, who in the 86th olympiad began to write his hiſtory of the war in Peloponneſus between the Lacedemonians and thoſe of Athens, which war continued one-and-twenty years, as that author teſtifies, who wrote the annals of it from the beginning to the end; and among other remarkable paſſages, which he is very exact in recounting, he mentions a famous eclipſe of the ſun that happened in the firſt year of that war, and was ſo great that the ſtars appeared at noon-day in the ſky.

Plutarch alſo ſpeaks of this eclipſe, telling us, that Pericles, prince of the Athenians, being at ſea when the ſun was thus darkened, and perceiving the maſter of the veſſel in a great fright, as at ſome prodigy, he threw his cloak over the man's face, and aſked him, "If he was afraid of that, or looked upon it as a bad omen?" and when the maſter anſwered, "No," Pericles replied, "What difference is there between this eclipſe of the ſun and that, ſince both are cauſed by the interpoſition of a veil between the ſun and thine eyes; only that veil is larger than my cloak, it being the moon which covers that glorious lamp from our ſight."

Much about the ſame time lived Herodotus and Hellanicus, two famous hiſtorians, men of integrity and credit, and Hippocrates the renowned phyſician of Athens. Theſe are worthy to be tranſlated into the Turkiſh language, as are alſo Xenophon and Polybius, who wrote after them. They all, except the laſt, lived in the time of the Perſian monarchy, and therefore are moſt likely to deliver down a true account of the memorable events that happened during that formidable empire.

As for the Macedonian monarchy, the moſt eminent writers were Curtius, Arrianus, and Diodorus Siculus; but this laſt is frequently miſtaken in his chronology, and therefore ought to be corrected by the others. Plutarch alſo muſt be conſulted, and Joſephus the Jew, with Strabo, Appian, Livy, Juſtin, and Pauſanias; for they either ſerve to illuſtrate one another, where they treat of the ſame matters, or elſe the one carries on the thread of hiſtory where the other left off; and therefore thou needeſt not wonder that I name ſo many authors, ſince they are worthy of credit, and abſolutely neceſſary to the completing an entire hiſtory of the world; whereas there are a rabble of other writers who are ſcarce worth the

naming, much leſs their authority to be truſted to, in compiling an univerſal hiſtory, which is to give a new luſtre to the Ottoman empire, and raiſe its credit in the learned world.

As for the Roman empire, it will be neceſſary to make uſe of Joſephus, Tacitus, Suetonius, Philo, Xiphilinus, Zonaras, Ammianus Marcellinus, Velleius Paterculus, Seneca, Florus, Livy, and Suidas.

Theſe will be ſufficient materials with which the tranſlators, ſcribes, and compilers may accompliſh the illuſtrious undertaking; the encouragement whereof I again earneſtly recommend to thy liberality and munificence.

What concerns the injunction thou haſt laid on me to draw a pattern or model of this great work, in preſenting thee with a brief abſtract of the riſe and fall of the four monarchies, with ſuch memorable events as will be proper to direct the undertakers in the method of digeſting this univerſal hiſtory, I will reſerve it for another letter, not having thoſe books by me which are requiſite to aſſiſt me in this affair.

In the mean time, I pray Heaven proſper this noble enterpriſe, and grant that thou mayeſt live the ſpace of many olympiads, to ſee the effect of thy bounty, when this univerſal hiſtory being finiſhed, ſhall inſtruct the muſſulmans, and defeat the calumnies of the uncircumciſed.

Paris, 2d of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1668.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.—*To* MEHEMET, *an exiled Eunuch at Alcair in Egypt.*

Thy ſufferings pierce my heart; I owe thee pity on the ſcore of human nature, and more compaſſion as thou art

a muſſulman; but where is the tongue or pen that can deſcribe the ſympathy of friends? Canſt thou in a deſponding manner caſt thyſelf upon thy bed, there to exhale, in melancholy ſighs, that pungent ſorrow, which can find no other vent, unleſs thoſe vapours of the ſpleen condenſe to ſhowers of tears? Canſt thou do this, and I remain inſenſible all the while? No; I am a perfect echo to thy ſaddeſt groans; and when thou weepeſt, my heart is not a ſtone that ſpatters back again the drops that fall on it, but it is like clay that ſoftens with the gentle ſolemn diſtillation. Believe that I ſweat blood when thou diſſolveſt in tears; I am not capable of moderation toward my friend; my love, my joy, my grief and anger, are all exceſſive, when ſuch an one as thou occaſioneſt them. It is equal pleaſure to live or die in this magnetic point; for ſouls of friends are perfect uniſons. Then, if thou haſt a ſpark of love for Mahmut, do not kill me with thy ſad complaints; for whilſt I hear that thou art thus abandoned to misfortune and deſpair, how can I live without perpetual deaths, more terrible than what we all muſt undergo by the courſe of nature? Doſt thou delight to make a conſtant martyr of me?

Thou art bred a courtier, and ſo was I; our infant blood was ſeaſoned with the Grand Signior's bread and ſalt; we equally imbibed the manners, habits, cuſtoms, maxims, and the pride of the ſeraglio, with the pilaw, the milk, ſorbets, and other nouriſhment of our early years; ſince which we have ſeen the various revolutions of mighty kingdoms, ſtates, and empires; we have beheld the invincible Emperor of China fall a victim to the perfidy of his ſlaves, and to the more propitious fortune of the Tartars; after another manner was the glory of the Britiſh monarchy eclipſed; but no foreign ſtory can match the barbarous maſſacres of our majeſtic ſultans,

Muſtapha, Oſman, and Ibrahim, all within our memory.

Oh Mehemet! we have lived too long after theſe ſpoils of royal blood. How can we repine at our own private loſſes and afflictions, whilſt we do but ſip the flat inſipid relics of thoſe tragical ſprightly potions, brewed for all the palates of the greateſt princes! Henceforth let us live as if we were among the dead; let us hear and ſee, feel, taſte, and ſmell theſe outward objects *en paſſant*, without being ſenſible what we do or ſuffer; let us anticipate, by a wiſe prevention, the laſt ſtroke of death, by dying every moment.

Go to the pyramids, my Mehemet, or would to God I could go thither for thee, there to contemplate the fate of human glory, the mock grandeur of this world; conſider all the race of the Egyptian kings who built theſe coſtly and magnificent ſtructures, or their fathers for them, who filled the hollow piles with ſilver, gold, and precious ſtones, whilſt, with their magic laws, they liſted legions of ſpirits, dwelling in the air, fire, earth, and water, obliging them to guard the wealthy ſepulchres; and tell me then what thou canſt find in thoſe ſuperannuated vaults? nothing but ſtench and darkneſs. Old Time has filched away the ſlighter glories of the place, and his younger brother Avarice has plundered all the reſt, which was the more ſubſtantial part; he could have done no leſs in common good manners than take the leavings of the heir, the elder of the two. The great Al-maimun thought to have the gleanings of their harveſt, but he found the gain would never exceed the coſt.

But what is become of all the founders of theſe aſtoniſhing fabrics? Look in the tomb of Cheops, who is ſuppoſed to build the greateſt of the pyramids, and thou wilt find not the leaſt relic of his aſhes, or if thou ſhould-

eſt, it will be impoſſible to diſtinguiſh them from the common duſt of other mortals, though his meaneſt ſlaves; ſo mutable is human glory, ſo inconſtant all the ſmiles of fortune.

Do but reflect on all the glorious conqueſts of Alexander the Great, and on the triumphant entry he made in Babylon, when the chariot which carried him was an epitome of all the riches which the Indies could afford, and yet that chariot ought to be eſteemed but one degree before his hearſe, which in a very few days, with an obſcurity beneath the merits of ſo great a victor, conveyed him to his grave.

Conſider Cæſar, who after four-and-twenty battles, wherein he always got the day, was drawn in a triumphant chariot to the Capitol by forty elephants, yet now his name is hardly thought of.

So Epaminondas thought to outvie the world in his magnificent inſults, yet all this glorious pageantry ended in duſt and aſhes. Aurelian led the graces captive with Zenobia, yet he himſelf at laſt became the priſoner of death. The pompous galley of Cleopatra, when ſhe celebrated the Sicilian triumph, ſerved but to mend the poop of Charon's boat, when ſhe was to be ferried to Elyſium. So the proud Seſoſtris, whoſe coach was drawn by four vanquiſhed kings, at laſt was fain to owe his uncouth funeral to four fordid ſlaves, who ſtole his naked corpſe away from the deſigned revenge of factious eunuchs, and buried it in a heap of camels dung.

But where is the pen or pencil that will to the life deſcribe the unmatched cavalcade of Pompey, when by a proſperous chemiſtry he had extracted all the richeſt ſpirits and eſſences of eaſtern wealth to grace his entry into Rome?

The front of the proceſſion dazzled every eye with the

ſtrange luſtre of diamonds and carbuncles mixed in chequer-wiſe; an oriental figure, or rather the ſubſtance of all Aſia in epitome: Then followed the image of the creſcent moon in maſſy gold, with a train of mountains of the ſame metal, whereon were woods of jet, vines whoſe grapes were entire ſapphires, and animals all of porphyry, grazing on fields of verdant amethyſts.

To ſanctify this glorious ſhow, the golden images of Jupiter, Mars, and Pallas came next in ſight, with thirty crowns of gold, borne up by the chief captains of his army, as if ſo many kingdoms were deſigned for their rewards; and becauſe gods and goddeſſes ſhould not want a temple, five hundred ſlaves bore up a fane, built all of maſſy ſilver, waſhed with gold; and at the back of this appeared the ſtatue of the conqueror, on which no eye could fix, being cruſted over with hyacinths and pearls.

Behold, my Mehemet, an exuberance of human glory; yet wonder not to ſee a man come after all, a mortal man, I ſay, made radiant as the ſun with borrowed jewels; and to complete this fading triumph, read theſe letters, all pure jaſpers, on his chariot-wheels, "Armenia, Cappadocia, Paphlagonia, Media, Colchis, Syria, Cilicia, Meſopotamia, Phœnicia, Paleſtine, Judia, and the Deſarts of Arabia." All theſe were the conqueſts of this triumphant warrior, and yet his deſtiny inſulted over him. Poor Pompey! thou art gone, and all thy mighty territories in the Eaſt are now poſſeſſed by Sultan Mahomet, our glorious ſovereign.

And what need thou and I repine, after we have ſeen all this? Let Aſdrubal aſtoniſh Carthage with the glory of four public triumphs, yet that theatre of his honour quickly proves the ſtage whereon he was degraded, ſtripped ſtark naked, and in triumph led away by death. So Marius, after he had been exalted to the top of human

felicity on earth, was ſeen all naked lying in a ſtinking ditch.

What is become of Nero's ſilver gallery in the Capitol? or the pendant gardens of Semiramis, which coſt no leſs than twenty millions of gold? Where is now the glittering hall of Atabalipa, King of Peru, whoſe pavement was of ſapphires? or the gardens of Cyrus, fenced round with pales of gold? or Cæſar's fountains garniſhed with dryads of the ſame metal? Where is the ivory palace of Menelaus, or the cryſtal louvre of Druſus? All theſe things are vaniſhed with their founders.

How wiſe and happy then was Saladine, the great and moſt invincible conqueror of Aſia, who triumphed over himſelf, and in his victorious return cauſed a ſhirt to be carried before him on the point of a ſpear, with this proclamation, "That after all his glories, he ſhould carry nothing to the grave but that poor ſhirt!" So Adrian, a Roman emperor, to qualify the exceſſive joys of his high fortune, celebrated his own funeral, and cauſed his coffin to be borne before him when he was to make a public cavalcade through Rome: This was a ſacred triumph, an heroic inſult over himſelf and death.

Let thou and I, my friend, imitate theſe ſage examples, and ever have the image of death before our eyes; then we ſhall never mourn for the vain trifles we have loſt, or covet what we never enjoyed; but being ever content with what our deſtiny allots us, ſhall paſs our time away in a divine tranquillity.

Mehemet, thou wilt find this to be a profitable and true experiment; try it, and the iſſue will convince thee more than a thouſand counſellors.

Paris, 12th of the 5th moon, of the year 1668.

II.—*To* MOHAMMED, *the illuſtrious Eremit of Mount Uriel in Arabia the Happy.*

I LODGE in a houſe near the wall of Paris, which gives me a daily opportunity of ſurveying out of my window the adjacent fields; theſe extend themſelves in a plain for the ſpace of a league or thereabouts, and then the eye is arreſted by a long ridge of riſing ground, a row of hills or hillocks, not meriting the lofty name of mountains, yet high enough to put a valley out of ſhape, and make the horizon crump-backed.

Theſe hills are covered thick with woods and groves, among whoſe verdant ſhady tops ſome ſtately palaces lift up their glittering creſts, and make a ſociable pleaſant figure in thoſe ſolitudes.

This proſpect repreſents ſo much to the life the valley of Admōim in Arabia, the place of my nativity, that I could as well graſp coals of fire with naked hands, and not be burnt, as caſt my eye out of my window on this lovely landſcape, and not be inflamed with ſecret paſſions for my native ſoil, the place where I firſt drew the vital air. It is a perfect magnet to my ſpirit, whereſoever I am, attracting all my wiſhes, inclinations, and deſires. Methinks the eaſtern winds at certain hours waft to my raviſhed ears the whiſpers of my countrymen; methinks ſometimes I ſee the faces of my kindred and their rural train; I hear their voices, and converſe familiarly with them, as though they were preſent: Such is the magic of ſtrong deſire and ſympathy; it ſteals the ſoul away from itſelf, and with ſweet violence unites it to the beloved object, though at never ſo great a diſtance. Thus when my wandering thoughts have taken up their reſidence for a while in that delicious vale where I was born, a far more powerful magnet draws them to thy cave, my-

ſterious ſolitary, mirror of virtues, exemplary guide of ſuch as conſecrate themſelves to God.

Glory to him that was before all time, the Father of eternal ages; he changes not, yet is the ſource of indefatigable and unwearied revolutions; he is the only independent, true, and ſelf-exiſtent being; the uncreated Eſſence from whom all other beings derive their origin and conſervation; he is the prop and baſis of the univerſe; he is but one, the primitive unity, and cannot be divided into fractions; yet every ſpecies and individual being in the world participates a ſhare of his divinity. Immortal praiſes exhale from all creatures, and aſcend like clouds of incenſe before the throne of his adorable majeſty, or like vapours which the grateful earth returns in a hot ſummer's day, by way of acknowledgment for the benefits perpetually flowing on her from the ſun. So all the elements reſpire their thanks to him that made them; the firmament expands itſelf, and bows down to the brims of this low globe; ſun, moon, and ſtars do ſtoop and kiſs the floor of the earth, in token of profound humility and devotion to the immortal Source of Light; only ungrateful man repays the bounty of the Omnipotent with neglects, contempts, affronts, and blaſphemies; I mean the general part of human race, excepting always from this charge the juſt, the innocent, and pious. Were it not for ſuch as theſe, the divine patience would be tired with the continual profanations of vain mortals.

Oh venerable ſylvan! thou art the only pacific victim of this ſinful age; thy conſtant ſelf-denials, mortifications, abſtinences, and the whole ſyſtem of thy accompliſhed ſanctity, ſtop the wrath of Heaven from falling in large cataracts on mankind; when the Eternal Eye beholds thy virtues, it drops down tears of love and mercy on the earth, glad that a ſon of Adam yet ſurvives not ſtained

with vice. Thou art the effectual propitiation for the ſinful world; when ſtorms and tempeſts of impetuous winds, when lightning, thunder, hail, or rain diſturb the air, or earthquakes menace more effectual tragedies to the earth, I think of thee, the favourite of Heaven, and then repoſe in full ſecurity; thy very idea is my ſhelter from all evils; I ſhroud myſelf under the ſhade of thy inviolated beard, over which the razor never paſſed; I take ſanctuary in the umbrella of thy arms, when ſtretched in fervent oriſons; thy remembrance is my certain refuge in calamity.

I am impregnated with ſacred emulations of thy virtue; I burn with fervent paſſionate deſires to become thy diſciple; I languiſh to withdraw myſelf from this vain world, and from the contagious ſociety of mortals. How happy is the life that is led in quiet ſolitude! where the ſoul can feel herſelf, and being awakened to a ſenſe of her immortal ſtrength, rouſes and vigorouſly ſhakes off the heavy clogs of ſleep and death; whilſt the divine afflatus gently breathing on the intellect, and fanning the oppreſſed ſparks of reaſon, which lay ſmothering under a heap of errors, luſts, affections, and unlimited deſires, kindles the mind into a perfect flame of light, which ſoon conſumes the rubbiſh of bodily pleaſures, diſſipates the ſmoke and miſts of pampered fleſh and blood, and then a man becomes all radiant within, ſhining with unclouded ſplendours.

We mortals ſeem to be ranked in a middle ſtate, between the ſeparate ſpirits and beaſts; our virtues make us like the former, our vices like the latter; for when a man has quite ſubdued his appetites, and reaſon ſits triumphant in her throne, he is like an angel, living above the race of his mortality; he does not, with the Stagyrite, place virtue in a medium, or rank the exceſs of good-

neſs in the predicament of vice, but makes direct and ſwift advances to the zenith of heroic generoſity, ſcorning to halt or make lame mongrel capitulations with himſelf, as if he were afraid of being too good.

I would aſk a peripatetic, whether it be a virtue or a vice in him that, ſtomaching the enormous villanies of wicked men, boils up with an exceſſive vehement anger? or whether a man can err in loving God too much, or in conceiving too violent a ſorrow for his paſt offences, or who can be too thankful for the favours of Heaven? No; the farther diſtance virtue keeps from this cold earthly mediocrity, the brighter is its ſplendour. And ſo on the other ſide, the greater is the barbariſm, brutality, and infernal ſtamp of vice, by how much more remote it is from this indifference. In a word, virtue and vice are two contrary extremes; ſo piety is diametrically oppoſite to profaneneſs, intemperance to ſobriety, fortitude to cowardice, incontinence to chaſtity, avarice to bounty, modeſty to impudence, pride to humility, enmity to friendſhip, &c.

Now the mediums between theſe extremes are, hypocriſy between virtue and vice, ſuperſtition between piety and profaneneſs, baſhfulneſs between modeſty and impudence, and ſo of the reſt.

Yet after all it is neceſſary to obſerve a medium in thoſe things which pertain to mortal life, and to the perpetuation of mankind; ſuch are meats, drinks, natural paſſions of the body and mind, proceeding from the alternate ſenſe of pleaſure and pain; ſo when we are preſſed with hunger and thirſt, we ought not preſently to covet the plentiful tables and ſuperfluous banquets of the great, but rather ſuch a diet, as being eaſily prepared, may ſatisfy the cravings of our nature, without nauſeating and giving us a ſurfeit. To this end, the divine providence has ſcattered up and down the ſurface of this globe an in-

finite variety of roots, herbs, fruits, seeds, with all sorts of corn and pulse; the cattle afford us plenty of milk, the bees are no niggards of their honey, the fountains, rivers and lakes abound with ever-springing fresh supplies of sweet refreshing water; we also have the use of salt, oil, wine, and other exhilarating beverages; that being content with so many benefits and enjoyments, we might prolong our lives in this world by sobriety, as in a most pleasant garden or paradise of health.

But alas! instead of gratefully acknowledging the bounty of Heaven, and pregnant fertility of the earth, instead of sitting mannerly down at the table, which God has spread and covered for us with such a train of festival dainties, we break the rules of hospitality, and rushing violently on the creatures under his protection, we kill and slay at pleasure, turning the banquet to a cruel massacre; being transformed into a temper wholly brutal and voracious, we glut ourselves with flesh and blood of slaughtered animals. Oh! happy he that can content himself with herbs and other genuine products of the earth, that sleeps as well in a solitary cave, upon a bed of moss or leaves, as in a palace on a couch of down! he never wants, because he never desires what is not in his power; he is not burdened with a crowd of servants and flattering retainers, nor his repose disturbed with early and late addresses of pretended friends, officious sycophants, importunate petitioners, and other fretting business of the world.

Why should I longer then demur or hesitate? What hinders me from presently embracing a course of life that promises so much happiness? a discipline that will at once free me from a thousand tyrannies of imperious lusts and hostile passions? I shall then have no need of money,

or the help of croſs grained ſervants; I ſhall not want a multitude of goods, the needleſs pageantry of ſuperfluous ornaments, to make a dazzling figure, and draw the eyes of people to a reverend admiration; I ſhall be free from ſottiſh drowſineſs and turbulent dreams; my lungs will in my ſleep reſpire the air with eaſe, whilſt gentle ſlumbers, mixed with happy viſions, ſhall tranſport my ſoul to unknown worlds; no fevers, gouts, or dyſenteries ſhall invade my health, nor magiſterial menaces of empirics beſpeak my certain death, unleſs I will patiently ſubmit to all the needleſs tortures they are contriving for me, and tamely ſwallow down their new-invented poiſons, and be racked to death in hopes of eaſe and life; from all which horrid circumſtances, a ſlender innocent diet, not ſtained with blood of any animal, will ſet me free.

Holy eremit, the idea I have of this manner of life makes a profound and durable impreſſion on my ſoul; I am raviſhed with the ſentiments of Plato and Pythagoras, and reſolutely bent to undergo the diſcipline of their philoſophy; I will firſt endeavour to rid myſelf of vain affections, habits, and profane negotiations of the earth; I will gradually die to all concupiſcence and bodily pleaſure, that ſo I may by equal ſteps revive to the contemplation of celeſtial things; then being free from every ſpot and ſtain contracted in the days of my ſecurity and careleſſneſs, my thoughts and works will be acceptable to God, who in return will certainly infuſe into my defecate mind a ſecret virtue, the magic of this viſible world, which purifying my ſoul yet farther, will prepare it for the laſt and higheſt gift of the eternal bounty to our race whilſt in this life, to wit, a power of doing ſupernatural things, and of foretelling events to come.

Do thou but pray it may be ſo, and all the powers of

hell can never prevail againſt me; for thou haſt the ear of the Omnipotent.

Paris, 3d of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1668.

III.—*To* Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

In this time of wars with Nazarenes, when the Ottoman fury is rouſed and provoked by infidels, it will not be amiſs to expoſe the nakedneſs of Europe to the ſupreme divan, which is on earth the cloſe committee of the court above.

I chooſe to addreſs my letter to thee, in compliance with my former orders, wherein thou ſeemedſt paſſionately deſirous to know the preſent ſtate of Chriſtendom. God give thee a perpetual ſerenity, ſcribe of the ſcribes; mayeſt thou never be troubled with a running eye, a ſhaking hand, or the toothach. As for me, I am a perfect magazine of diſeaſes, a walking hoſpital, the ſchool of Æſculapius, where the neceſſary god has ſcope to vent his ſkill on all the various kinds of maladies which afflict our mortal race; gouts, fevers, cramps, and horrid dyſenteries, are as common with me as my daily diet.

However, amidſt all theſe afflictions I ſerve the Grand Signior and my friends with a cordial alacrity, never grudging to ſacrifice my eaſe and health to the intereſt of true believers.

The face of Europe is much changed ſince the decline of the Roman empire, and the uſurpations of the popes; that once mighty monarchy is now ſhrunk into a very narrow compaſs, being ſhut up within the confines of Germany, which formerly was but a province of the ancient empire: All Italy is revolted; ſo are the Swiſſes

and the United States of the Low Countries; the Hans-Towns, which in times paſt paid homage to the emperor, have now ſhaken off the yoke, and are become independent commonwealths; Tranſylvania plays faſt and looſe with him, according as their intereſt requires; Livonia laughs at his menaces, as appears by the anſwer they ſent to Charles V. when he demanded their ſubmiſſions, and that they would return to their native allegiance, otherwiſe threatening them with fire and ſword; for all the reply they made was, that they knew the emperor's horſe would be foundered before he could reach the frontiers of their country.

It is a general obſervation, that ſince the reign of Rodolph I. above two hundred principalities and ſtates have fallen off from the empire; and thoſe that yet continue in their obedience, I mean the electoral princes, claim ſo many privileges, ſtand ſo much upon punctilios and prerogatives, that there remains now little more of the imperial majeſty and power ſave the bare title and outward pomp. It is remarkable, that within theſe three hundred years no leſs than nine German emperors have been murdered, and many more have been depoſed and baniſhed. To ſum up all in a few words; if we ſurvey the preſent ſtate of the German empire accurately, if we pry narrowly into its true circumſtances, we ſhall find, that after all the clatter of his noiſy titles, the emperor can call nothing properly his own but his hereditary eſtate in Auſtria, which is hardly equivalent to the territories of ſome lords whom he calls his vaſſals.

The Germans, in general, are a rude unpoliſhed people, greedy of novelties, inconſtant, raſh, perfidious, and very phlegmatic, much addicted to unnatural luſts, and inceſtuous copulations. It is recorded of Barbara the empreſs, wife to Sigiſmund, another Meſſalina, that af-

ter her husband's death, her confessor advising her to reform her manners, and live more chastely, like the turtle, she answered, "If I must imitate the life of birds, why not of a sparrow as well as a turtle?" Her brother Frederick was much such another; for at ninety years of age he murdered his wife for the sake of a strumpet; and being advised to repent, and think of his grave, he said, "I am now studying my epitaph, which I design shall be comprised in these words:

"This is my way to hell: I know not what I shall find there: What I have left behind me I know. I abounded in all delights, whereof I carry nothing with me; neither my dainty meats, or pleasant wines, or whatsoever my insatiable luxury exhausted."

Drunkenness is said to be the original sin of Germany, from whence it spread itself into other countries. They give this character of a German, "That he is an animal which drinks more than he can carry; a tun that contains more than he can vent, and that he understands more than he can express." They tell a story of four old Saxons, who at one sitting drank as many healths as they could make up years amongst them, which amounted to three hundred; and it is recorded of a certain German count, that he used to make his children, whilst yet infants, drink lustily, to prove whether they were of his own begetting or no; for, if they grew sick after it, he presently concluded them to be bastards; but if they could bear the debauch well, he cherished them as his own true offspring. In a word, thou mayest have the same idea of the Germans at this day as Solyman the Magnificent had in his time, who used to say, "I slight the Germans above all other people of Europe, because they are always at discord among themselves, nor can they ever be united any more than my fingers and toes;

they cannot endure labour, and are the exceſſiveſt gluttons and drunkards in the world; they always maintain a regiment of whores in their camp; their generals take more pride in their feathers than in their military arms."

In a word, the German is ſo over-run with all kinds of vice, that he wants nothing to make him a complete devil, but only a little tincture of the Italian qualities, according to the proverb, "*Tudeſco Italianato è un diabolo incarnato;*" A German Italianized is a devil incarnate.

It is certain the French have ſo weakened them on one hand, and the Swedes on the other, that, conſidering the frequent troubles they meet with from the Hungarians, Bohemians, and other tributary nations, beſides the inteſtine feuds of the electorial princes, we need not fear the blunted talons of the eagle, which are ſcarce ſtrong enough to ſupport her tottering ſtate, or prop her from falling into ruin: So far is ſhe from being able to offend her neighbours, that ſhe never makes war her choice, or takes the field but by compulſion in her own defence.

Illuſtrious Hantet, I pray God inſpire the victorious Oſmans with prophetic courage and reſolution, and the final conqueſt of Germany will ſoon be the prize of true believers.

Paris, 5th of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1668.

IV.—*To* NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a Jew at Vienna.*

THE friendſhip that has been contracted between thee and me, ever ſince it was thy fortune to ſerve the Grand Signior in that ſtation, obliges us both to mutual ſincerity; beſides, the duty and allegiance we owe our ſovereign requires plain dealing between us. We ought to

ſhun flattery as the bane of all friendly engagements, the peſt of the courts of princes, and the general contagion which infects chiefly the moſt effeminate part of mankind; ſuch as are theſe weſtern Nazarenes, who abound in a thouſand little complaiſances and falſe civilities; thus ſuffering their own integrity to be corrupted, their virtue and faſtneſs of ſpirit to be ſurpriſed and debauched, whilſt their friends, by theſe means, not ſeldom run on precipices, and fall into inevitable ruin. In a word, they betray one another and themſelves out of pretended good nature.

By what I have ſaid thou wilt comprehend that I do not reprove thee out of ſpite, envy, malice, or an affected gravity, when I tell thee that you took wrong meaſures in endeavouring to ſet the emperor's palace on fire, or to poiſon him at his dinner. I told thee once before that theſe prepoſterous methods will never take effect; beſides they will do the Grand Signior no ſervice.

Though thou art ſeemingly engaged in the cauſe of the malcontents, remember that thy buſineſs is different from theirs. What ſignifies it to thee whether the Hungarians have their liberties, rights and privileges granted them or no? or what reaſon haſt thou to eſpouſe the intereſt of the evangelics, rather than that of the catholics, any further than as an umbrage to cover the greater deſigns thou haſt in hand, as an agent incognito for the Grand Signior? Let the jeſuits purſue their own game, and the proteſtants theirs; ſtand thou neuter in the main, and rather endeavour to keep both parties in a counterpoiſe than to turn the ſcales for either; for the Sultan will gain by the diviſions of the Nazarenes, let the caſe go how it will between themſelves. Beſides, there are catholics engaged in the faction as well as proteſtants. It is rather a civil quarrel than a religious one.

The nobles and gentry of Hungaria and Tranſylvania are concerned for their eſtates more than for their churches; they ſee the imperial court wants money, and it is a crime for an Hungarian to be rich. Thoſe that have the ſupreme power in theſe caſes will find reaſon enough to condemn a wealthy lord, whether he be guilty or not.

It is this puts them upon caballing and entering into confederacies, that ſo they may conſult the means of their own ſafety, and be in a poſture to defend themſelves.

I perceive the Count de Serini has made another addreſs for the government of Carolſtadt, and been repulſed; Joſeph Earl of Haberſtein, and Knight of Malta, being appointed to ſucceed the Count d'Averſperg in that honour, which is an evident ſign that the emperor has no good opinion of Serini, notwithſtanding all his former good ſervices; and this is enough to alienate a man of his great courage and merit.

Count Frangipani alſo has his particular diſcontents; ſo has Tatembach, with many other potent lords of Hungary and Croatia. Indeed, the whole body of thoſe nations are diſobliged, and almoſt wearied out with the continual oppreſſions of the Germans.

Nathan, thou wilt find it no hard matter to bring them to a neceſſity of putting themſelves under the Grand Signior's protection; it is thy part to cheriſh their diſcontents. As for the imperial court, thou mayeſt perceive they are reſolved to mortify theſe people, and to take from them all opportunities, and the very capacity of rebelling, by not ſuffering the natives of Hungary and Croatia to poſſeſs any office of command.

Every party purſues its own intereſts, and ſo muſt we ours; ſelf-preſervation is the root of all mutual ſociety

and juſtice. Take care of thyſelf, thy friends, and the cauſe thou art engaged in, and then thou needeſt not fear any qualms of conſcience. In fine, I counſel thee to put in practice the advice of one of thy own rabbis, Jeſus Ben Syrach, "Be not over juſt."

Paris, 17th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1668.

V.—*To* Pesteli Hali, *his brother, Maſter of the Grand Signior's Cuſtoms at Conſtantinople.*

Prepare thyſelf for ſurpriſing news, and receive it with a moderation becoming a man. Oucoumiche our mother is dead. One and the ſame night lodged her in the apartments of Hymen and the chambers of Death. Before the days of the nuptial ſolemnities were over, the mournful rites of her funeral commenced: She made but one remove from her marriage-bed to the grave.

If thou wondereſt that a woman of her age, being five-and-ſeventy years old, and having already had two huſbands, ſhould marry a third, know that it was not dotage, but diſcretion, which prompted her to take this courſe. The integrity, wiſdom, and prudent conduct of Eliachim the Jew, had charmed her affections long ago, and improved her acquaintance with him into a ſtrict and virtuous friendſhip. As a mother, ſhe owed him reſpect and love for his conſtant fidelity to me; and on her own account, ſhe could not but entertain ſentiments of eſteem and gratitude for a man who had been ſo nicely careful to preſerve her perſon and honour from injury and violence ever ſince ſhe came to Paris; for he alone, among the many myriads of people inhabiting this city, was the only confident both of her ſecrets and mine. In a word, theſe regards, with ſome others of piety, zeal,

and good-nature, made her willing to become his wife, who in all things had performed the part of a friend, and a perſon of honour.

Beſides all this, it was really her intereſt thus to diſpoſe of her latter days in a foreign country, where ſhe knew nobody but Eliachim and me. As for me, ſhe conſidered that my life was not only ſubject to the ſame caſualties with other mortals, and that I might be ſnatched away by a thouſand deaths, but that my ſtation here was very precarious, and I might be ſuddenly recalled by my ſuperiors to Conſtantinople, or at leaſt be removed to ſome other poſt whither ſhe could not accompany me, being incapable of bearing at theſe years the hardſhips and fatigues of travel; that after my departure ſhe ſhould be neglected, contemned, and abandoned by all, but thoſe who would deſire her death for the ſake of her money and jewels.

In theſe circumſtances, to remain a widow, profeſſing the faith of Mahomet, and believing the Alcoran, in a region and city ſwarming with infidels, would have been but an uncomfortable as well as a dangerous condition; wherefore, having had experience of Eliachim's virtue, and incorrupt manners, he alſo making addreſſes of love to her, and giving her encouragement to hope that he would become a muſſulman, ſhe yielded at laſt to the thoughts of taking him for her huſband, and they were married on the 7th of this moon, in a private ſynagogue of the Jews; for they are not allowed a public one in this city, as they are in many other cities of Europe.

My mother appeared neither too dejectedly ſad, nor profuſely merry, during the nuptial feaſt; but comporting herſelf with a cheerful reſervedneſs, ſeemed to have her thoughts rather fixed on ſomething elſe, than the vain ceremonies, noiſe, and mirth of the company. It

looks as if her prophetic ſoul was ſenſible of its approaching releaſe; for, to be brief, ſhe was found dead in her bed next morning.

Brother, ſhe is now in her ſepulchre, at reſt from all the toils of human life. Let not this news affect thee with fruitleſs melancholy, ſince death is the common fate of all mortals; rather advance the bliſs of our deceaſed parent, with devout oriſons for her ſoul, remembering that ere long we ſhall be in the ſame condition; for though man, like a moth, be paſſionately enamoured with the light of this world; though he flutter and dance about it for a while, baſking in the ſplendour and warmth of his good fortune, yet at length he is conſumed by the very flame which gave him nouriſhment, and falls a victim to his own pleaſure.

Paris, 9th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1669.

VI.—*To* HAMET, *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

I SENT thee a letter ſome days ago, wherein I expoſed the general nakedneſs, imbecility, and languiſhing ſtate of the German empire in this age. My diſpatch abounded with characters of their vices; it has deſcribed exactly the preſent eclipſe of ancient imperial majeſty, power, and ſtrength, the revolt of many principalities and ſtates, the feuds and diſcord of thoſe that yet remain in obedience, and pay a ſeeming homage to Cæſar, with many other things, which, being well conſidered, may for the future prevent, or at leaſt diminiſh that conſternation and panic terror, which uſes to ſeize the hearts of muſſulmans when we are in war with the emperor.

Now, as a farther incentive and encouragement to take

up arms againſt the infidels, as a ſpur to certain victory and conqueſt, I will unlock the treaſures of the country, without taking notice of the inhabitants; and ſince nothing more excites the reſolution and valour of military men, than the hopes of plunder, and paſſing away a campaign in plenty of all neceſſary comforts, I will give thee a true account of the natural dowery of theſe regions, the riches of the ſoil, and the wealth, which commerce with other nations, together with the ſpoils of former wars, the induſtry of the people, and the benevolence of fortune, have added to their ſtore.

Germany abounds in generous wines, and thoſe more laſting than any other in Europe; the Rheniſh wines will keep above fifty years; the wines of the Necker are wholeſome, and clear as water from the rock; thoſe of Franconia are ſtrong and operative; the Auſtrian grape is ſweet and luſcious. Several Roman emperors have preferred the fruits of the German vintage to thoſe of Italy and Greece; and ſuch is the ſuperabundant plenty of vineyards, that at a place called Stutgard, there is a proverb current, that "they have more wine than water." If our janizaries knew this, they would be for an expedition into Germany; nay, they temper their mortar with wine in ſome places, and ſlake their lime with it.

They have ſtrong beverages alſo made of barley, wheat, and other grain, which they tranſport from Brunſwick, Breſlaw, Delph, Dantzic, Lubeck, and other places, to moſt countries in the north and weſt of Europe; they likewiſe make a ſort of wine of honey, as ſtrong and ſweet as the wine of Candy.

There is abundance of frankincenſe and myrrh in Moravia, of ſaffron in Auſtria, of liquorice in Franconia, of madder for dyers in Sileſia, of amber in Thuringia.

There are innumerable orchards full of all delectable

fruits; the fields ſtand thick with corn, the paſtures are thronged with cattle, and they have a breed of the ſtouteſt horſes in the world. They have timber enough to ſerve all the nations in the world for ſhipping; but that which is moſt inviting is the variety of mines of gold, ſilver, copper, lead, tin, and iron. Before America was diſcovered, Germany was the Peru and Potoſi of all Europe. They have alſo plenty of marble as bright as cryſtal.

Beſides their native and domeſtic riches, they have mightily improved their ſtock by foreign commerce, exchanging their ſuperfluities for things more precious, and of greater value, which in a conſtant courſe of bartering brings into the German coffers many hundred millions of crowns in a year. In a word, their cities are ſo rich, that when they have been pillaged by an enemy, the booty of one city has been valued at two millions of crowns in ready money, beſides plate and jewels. The common ſoldiers have made hilts for their ſwords and daggers of gold and ſilver; nay, ſome would have their very helmets of the ſame metals. Public gaming tables have been ſet up in the ſtreets, and it has been common for a private trooper to win or loſe five or ten thouſand crowns at a time; this would be rare ſport for our janizaries and ſpahis.

I tell thee, ſerene miniſter, conſidering the immenſe wealth of Germany, and the degeneracy of its inhabitants, providence ſeems to invite our arms to make a conqueſt of thoſe fertile regions, and take from the uncircumciſed the goods which forfeit them; they abuſe the gifts of nature and fortune, by employing them to the ends of vice; whereas the true believers, were they once poſſeſſed of them, would turn them to virtuous purpoſes,

the public advantage, the increaſe of the empire, glory of God, and propagation of the faith undefiled.

Paris, 13th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1669.

VII.—*To* HEBATOLLA, *Mir Argun, Superior of the Convent of Derviſes at Cogni in Natolia.*

IT was with a ſpecific kind of joy not eaſy to be defined, that I received thy venerable diſpatch; I peruſed the welcome orders therein contained with a delight not in the leaſt inferior to his, who being abandoned to diſtreſs and miſerable poverty, has by good luck diſcovered a hidden wealthy treaſure; for ſo my ſpirit is raviſhed to find in this degenerate age a rich reſerve of piety and devotion to the ancient prophets of God.

I am glad to hear the character of John the Baptiſt, which I ſent thee formerly, was ſo well accepted by thee, and all the religious under thy charge, that thou vouchſafeſt only to accuſe the ſhortneſs of the relation, deſiring a more particular account of that prophet's manner of living, eſpecially of his abſtinences, and what may be the moſt proper interpretation of the Grecian word ἀκρίδας, mentioned in the hiſtory of his life.

Praiſe be to God, who has inſpired thee with this critical regard to one of his moſt holy meſſengers; I revere thy learned ſoul, and that accompliſhed intellect which is ever buſy, prying into weighty and important matters; I honour thy impartial mind, which ſcruples not to pay the attach that is due to a ſaint, though of the Chriſtian kalendar. If we ſhould reject all that the followers of Jeſus do, we ſhould neither faſt, pray, give alms, or perform any other good works; therefore in this, thou art an exemplary pattern to the rigid, ſuperſtitious ſort of

muſſulman fanatics, who bear an endleſs grudge againſt all thoſe that are not of their narrow faith and dark opinion.

Glory be to God, with whom the Word was preſent from the dawning of eternal light, before the morning of his works had peeped over the mountains of the ancient chaos, or penetrated the dark abyſs and miſty vale of nothing, and painted the tops of the creation, the higheſt ranks of beings, with ſplendours of the early day; before the ſun had drank the immortal halo in, and ſponged up all the viſible beams, to ſqueeze them out again upon the moon and ſtars and on the lower world; that Word remains for ever, and at a determined hour became incarnate, in the perſon of Jeſus the Son of Mary, as the holy Alcoran informs us.

In theſe days John the Baptiſt went into the Wilderneſs, and preached repentance to the Jews, foretelling the near approach of the Meſſias; the ſacred hero made a cave his reſidence; and at firſt, to wean his body from all ſoftneſs, he wore a veſt or ſhirt of camel's hair, which was girt about him with a belt made of that painful and religious creature's ſkin, to put him in mind that he was born for holy labours, toils, and mortifications. He had no table ſpread with far-fetched coſtly dainties, no diſhes crammed with bloody and large inventories of birds, four-footed beaſts, and fiſh; his diet was ſimple, cheap, and innocent, eaſy to be got in every wood or field, without the detriment of his fellow-animals; for he either contented himſelf with a repaſt on honey, which he found in hollow trees, or on a kind of manna, a ſweet dew falling on their leaves, and there condenſed by heavenly influence, or elſe it was a kind of luſcious moiſture, which he ſucked from certain plants, perhaps not much unlike our ſugar canes; for thus interpreters do differ about the

words το μέλι ἄγριον. Whatever it was, we may conclude it to be ſome ſlender, light, and eaſy nouriſhment; and when this diet failed him, or his ſtomach required a little more variety, he banqueted on what the Grecians called ἀκρίδες. Some will have theſe to be a kind of locuſts or graſhoppers, a meat indulged the Jews by Moſes in the law. The Syrians alſo counted them a dainty; ſo did the ancient Parthians, as Ariſtotle and Pliny tell us; and my countrymen the Arabians eat of them to this day. Others are of opinion, that theſe ἀκρίδες were a ſort of little ſhell-fiſh, ſuch as crabs, crawfiſh, or ſhrimps, which nature has generally lodged in holes along the banks of rivers; a pleaſant, temperate ſort of diet, commended for their virtues in expelling poiſon, and being remedies for the ſtrangary, and antidotes to cure the biting of mad dogs.

The divine prophet, therefore, often frequenting the waters of the river Jordan, wherein he uſed to waſh his converts and diſciples, theſe men ſuppoſe, he took occaſion to allay his hunger with theſe little ſhell-fiſh, which he might eaſily take in mighty numbers from their watery neſts; and they endeavour to ſtrengthen this opinion, by aſſerting that the food which the waters afford us is much more pure and holy than what the earth brings forth, in regard the earth lies under the malediction of God ever ſince Noah's flood, whereas the waters never were curſed. Hence, ſay they, it is very probable that the conſecrated hero would not defile his ſpotleſs life with curſed banquets from the earth, but rather choſe to appeaſe his hunger with the harmleſs, bleſſed, and wholeſome product of the waters.

If thou wilt have my opinion after all, I am apt to think theſe ἀκρίδες were nothing elſe but the tender tops of plants, ſuch as we call aſparagus, or perhaps they were

wild apples of the wood, and then we may ſuppoſe there is ſome miſtake in the Greek copy, ἀκρίδες for ἄκραδες; or it may be, the holy prophet in the proper ſeaſon of the year did uſe to crop and eat the ears of barley, and then the word ſhould be κακρίδες; for what could be more ſweet and pleaſant to an abſtemious man than to ſuſtain his life with fruits, grains, herbs, or roots? Nor did the malediction reach the vegetables, but only the animal generations, from which a perfect man abſtains.

Certainly thoſe who out of an averſion for purity, prayer, and faſting, turn themſelves from human bodies to ſwine, and from religious abſtinence to ſavage gormandiſing on fleſh, ſeem to derive their pedigree from a race of devils; eſpecially ſuch as, after the manner of ſpiders, gathering poiſon from the flowers of piety, blaſpheme this ſacred virtue of abſtinence, and call it by the infamous name of ſuperſtition.

For if the veneration we pay to God conſiſt in the knowledge, love, and fear of his divine majeſty, with adoration and praiſe of his eternal attributes, it follows, that we ought to worſhip him with the moſt fervent application of our ſpirits; but this religious ardour cannot ſubſiſt in any ſoul, whoſe body is not mortified, nor can the body be mortified without auſterity, which always is accompanied with rigorous faſting and abſtinence from fleſh; wherefore if we aſcend to God by the very ſame degrees as we fall from him, it follows that abſtinence is the firſt ſtep to immortality and ſupreme happineſs.

I do not mean by abſtinence that natural averſion which ſome men have for fleſh, who never durſt to taſte of any in their lives, compelled to this by ſome occult antipathy in their ſtomachs; for ſuch a neceſſity cannot make a virtue, it being common to men and brutes; there being many animals who faſt from all proviſion at certain ſea-

ſons of the year, and others that taſte not ſome kinds of food during their lives; ſo there are ſome men to whom wine, fleſh, cheeſe, apples, herbs, and other things, are an abomination from their cradles. There have been others, who, by a preternatural neceſſity, have lived ſome days, weeks, months, and years, without either meat or drink; ſo Plato records, that Herus Pamphilius lay ten whole days among the dead carcaſes of ſoldiers ſlain in battle, and when he was taken up to be laid on the funeral pile, they perceived him to be alive. Laertius tells us, that Pythagoras faſted forty days and forty nights from meat and drink; from whom Apollonius Tyanæus learned the art of keeping almoſt a perpetual faſt; and theſe modern times afford us the example of a Spaniard whom they call Alcantare, who every moon uſed to faſt for ſeven or eight days together. So a famous German maid was diligently obſerved and watched, whilſt ſhe paſſed away full ſeven years time without meat, drink, ſleep, or excrements; France alſo boaſts another virgin who faſted above three years together.

Such abſtinences as theſe are not to be put to the account of virtue, in regard they were not the effects of human choice, but the decrees of fate; ſo would our abſtinence be depraved, if we ſhould only practiſe it, as the old Gentiles did, who forbore to kill or eat ſome certain beaſts, becauſe they held them conſecrated to their gods; as the dog to Diana, the tyger to Bacchus, the horſe to Neptune, the wolf to Mars, the eagle to Jupiter, the peacock to Juno, the ſwan to Apollo, the dove to Venus, the owl to Minerva. Nor need we to abſtain on the account of the ſoul's tranſmigration; for ſo we ought to forbear the vegetable products of the earth, as well as animals, ſince the ſoul is indifferent to all bodies in its ſeparate ſtate.

But our reaſon in this point ought to take its riſe from the fundamental law of nature, the original juſtice of the world, which teaches us, "Not to do that to another, which we would not have another do to us." Now, ſince it is evident that no man would willingly become the food of beaſts, therefore, by the ſame rule, he ought not to prey on them. Next to this foundation of our abſtinence, we ought to build our aims at the perfection of our nature, which cannot be acquired but by degrees: We muſt endeavour to abate the aliment of our concupiſcences, by exhaling the ſuperfluous and groſſer vapours of our blood in ſacred faſts and oriſons; then we ſhould refreſh our fainting bodies with food affording little nouriſhment and pleaſure, that ſo our vain affections, appetites, and luſts, may gradually die, whilſt the pure mind revives, and being free from the groſs vapours ariſing from too much, and too fattening meats and drinks, the films which darkened her ſight fall off, and ſhe can better now diſcern the naked forms of things by her own ſimple intuition, than before ſhe could through all borrowed ſpectacles and other optics of book philoſophy; alſo, ſhe will more eaſily raiſe herſelf to the contemplation and ſcience of divine eternal things. He therefore that in earneſt will apply himſelf to the ſtudy of accompliſhed ſanctity, muſt firſt by faſting exhauſt the marrow from his bones, the fatneſs from his fleſh, the wild and rampant ſpirits from his nerves, and then he muſt purge the words and actions of his life from vice; when this is done, the ſoul becometh a pure Tabula Raſa, and is fit for the impreſſions of celeſtial virtue.

Thoſe who labour under acute diſeaſes, run great hazard of their lives, according to Hippocrates, unleſs their diet be accommodated with proportionate regard to the quality and time of the critical fit or paroxyſms; but

thoſe who are entangled with vice do labour under far more dangerous diſtempers than ſuch as afflict the body; wherefore the prophet, our holy lawgiver, like a wiſe phyſician, appointed certain ſeaſons of the year for ſacred abſtinences, faſtings, pilgrimages, vigils, and other holy exerciſes, eſpecially the mighty faſt and vigil of Ramezan, wherein, though it be not forbid to eat of fleſh after the ſtars appear at night, yet none but looſe and indevout believers take that liberty, whereas the better ſort content themſelves with an aſcetic diet. The Hebrews faſted with unleavened bread, and a little ſallad; the Chriſtians alſo taſte no fleſh on their prohibited days; and ſhall the Muſſulmans be greater libertines than theſe infidels?

O Hebatolla! how radiant is the luſtre of a lamp when ſhining through a clean and fine defecate cryſtal! So does the ſoul diſplay the rays of her immortal virtue round about, when ſhe inhabits in a well purified, chaſte, and almoſt pervious body; wherefore it is abſolutely neceſſary for him to attenuate his body with perpetual temperance and abſtinence, who conſecrates himſelf to virtue and devotion; he will not be enſnared or catched by any baits of luxury or voluptuouſneſs, nor yet affrighted from his conſtant, ſober courſe of life, by any pain or thwarting accident; no frowns or menaces ſhall divert him from his noble purpoſe; but he will ſo nouriſh his body all his life, that it ſhall never be ſurfeited or over-filled with meats. And ſuch is the magic of this ſacred virtue, that it can never be hurt, much leſs ſubverted by all the machinations of evil demons, or the malicious attempts of men; but it proceeds from ſtrength to ſtrength, and fights the combat valiantly, till having overcome at laſt, it triumphs for ever, and receives the palm, the crown and chaplet of divine reward in paradiſe.

Holy preſident, pray that I may practiſe what I ſo admire, and not be ſelf-condemned for living contrary to my knowledge; for God neither loves a double tongue or heart, neither delights he in feet or hands that are ſwift and nimble to do miſchief.

Paris, 13th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1669.

VIII.—*To* Hamet, *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

Now the Chriſtians are in a general conſternation for Candy: The pope has ſent letters to all the princes that are in his communion, inviting and preſſing them to ſuccour that diſtreſſed iſland; levies are making every where; and the King of France, who ſeeks all occaſions of glory, appears the moſt forward of any to aſſiſt the republic in this fatal juncture. The Duke of Beaufort, and Chevalier de Vendoſme, are appointed to lead the forces deſigned for that ſervice; they are gone to Toulon, in order to embark. The pope has ſent the Duke of Beaufort a breve, declaring him general of the troops eccleſiaſtic that are to ſerve in Candy; and for his greater encouragement, he has ſent him the pontifical ſtandard. In the mean while there is a triple league concluded between the Emperor, the King of Spain, the King of England, the King of Swedeland, and the States of Holland.

There is great joy in Portugal for the birth of the infanta, who is called Elizabetha-Maria-Louiſa. She was born the 6th of the firſt moon; and on the 18th the Empreſs of Germany was alſo delivered of a daughter. Theſe weſtern queens are very pregnant; not a year paſſes without the birth or baptiſm of ſome royal infant.

This is all the news at preſent; but to oblige thee, I will ſay ſomething of Italy, which is eſteemed the garden of Europe. Nay, Conſtantine Paleologus, Emperor of Greece, was wont to ſay, "Unleſs I had been aſſured by very learned and holy men that paradiſe was ſeated in Aſia, I ſhould have ſworn that Italy had been the place."

It is moſt certain Italy is a delectable country, abounding in riches and pleaſures; the eye is not ſatisfied with ſeeing the infinite variety of beauties, which grace this happy region; ſuch is the lovely intermixture of hills and valleys, groves and plains, palaces and gardens, that a traveller is raviſhed as he paſſes on the road: But this is not all; ſhe is as rich as fair. No country in the world can match Italy for the plenty and variety of excellent wines, only they are of no long continuance. Above all the reſt, travellers commend that ſort which they call Lachrymæ Chriſti, or the Tears of Chriſt, for its delicious taſte, which, when a Dutchman once taſted, he burſt forth into this exclamation, "O Chriſt, why didſt not thou weep in my country?" At Papia there are a kind of aromatic grapes which leave a fragrant odour in the mouth of him that eats them. It is recorded of a certain Roman lord, that when he was in priſon half dead with melancholy, he drank a glaſs or two of this generous wine, which ſo revived his ſpirits, that inſtead of deſpairing, as he was ready to do before, he wrote a treatiſe, intitled, De Conſolatione.

Beſides, Italy abounds in cattle, ſheep, fowls, mines, rocks of alabaſter, marble, porphyry, coral, ophirs, agates, chalcedonis, azures, and innumerable other precious ſtones; hence it comes that in this country are ſeen the moſt glorious and magnificent temples of the world.

But this ſo fair and wealthy a ſpot of ground is inhabited by a very wicked ſort of people; they are quite degenerated from the virtues of their anceſtors; theſe are a baſe, effeminate, ſly, ſodomitical race of men, covetous, revengeful, and inexorable. I have heard a ſtory of two Italian brothers that were walking one night in the fields, it being a very ſerene ſky, when one of them looking ſtedfaſtly on the heavens, wiſhed "he had as many oxen as there were ſtars." The other wiſhed "he had a field as large as the firmament." "What would you do with it?" (ſaid the firſt) "Let your oxen graze there," (replied he). But as they proceeded in this kind of fooliſh looſe diſcourſe, they kindled each other's anger, and at length falling from words to blows, killed one another on the ſpot. Behold the conſequence of their covetous deſires! They are extremely addicted to revenge, and are as dexterous at poiſoning as the Indian princes. A certain French author gives us a very compendious account of the benefits a ſtranger gets by travelling into Italy, in theſe words: "We go into Italy (ſays he) with incredible charges, only to purchaſe the mere ſhadow of civility, and we bring back from thence the whole ſyſtem of vices. The Milaneſe teach us how to cheat; from the Venetians we learn hypocriſy; Rome transforms us into perfect atheiſts and libertines; Naples turns us to ſatyrs; Florence inſtructs us in the artificial methods of poiſoning; there is not one city which does not tincture us with ſome ſpecific ill qualities."

Sage Hamet, in all my letters to thee I ſtudiouſly inſert ſome remarks on theſe weſtern nations, that ſo I may gratify thy wiſhes. Pardon the want of order; for I write things as they preſent themſelves to my memory. Accept all in good part from Mahmut, who o-

beys thy commands cheerfully, and honours thee without flattery.

Paris, 12th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1669.

IX.—*To* HAMET, *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

THOU mayeſt regiſter in the archives of the ſacred empire, that Don John of Auſtria is made perpetual governor of the Low Countries under the Spaniſh king's obedience; he is alſo viceroy, and vicar-general of Arragon, Catalonia, and Valentia; but it is fit for thee to know alſo, that this is ſo far from being eſteemed by that prince a happineſs, that he counts it his greateſt misfortune, in regard it is no better than an honourable and irrevocable baniſhment from the court of Spain, where his royal blood and merits are outmaſtered by the genius of a certain prieſt, whom they call Father Nitard. This man is very ambitious, always aiming at high matters, yet admired by nobody for his learning, beauty, or any other good qualities; only the Queen of Spain is pleaſed to make him her favourite.

He could never buckle to the humour of Don John, and hence aroſe a ſecret envy between them, which afterwards burſt forth into open animoſities, feuds, and quarrels; ſo that at laſt the favourite got the day, and Don John was forced to quit the field.

It is impoſſible to trace the ſovereigns of the earth in the footſteps of their royal conduct, or elſe one would of courſe conclude, that ſo great a prince as this, of the ſame lineage as the queen herſelf, ſhould have eaſily eclipſed the borrowed luſtre of an upſtart minion; but

monarchs have ſpecific reaſons to themſelves which others cannot penetrate.

Perhaps this cunning prieſt uſed a trick like that of a ſoldier in the army of Alexander the Great, who being of an ambitious ſpirit, and coveting to make ſome greater figure than that of a private centinel, conſidered Alexander's humour, and how to hit it. He knew that his heroic maſter took delight in any thing that was bold and brave, but how to come into his preſence he was ignorant; at length he pitched upon this method: One day, as Alexander was debauching with his beloved Parmenio, Hepheſtion, Lyſimachus, and other officers, this fellow (whoſe name was Clytus) put himſelf into a mimic dreſs of war, counterfeiting himſelf mad, and dancing the Pyrrhic meaſures, with his brandiſhed ſword killed five new liſted ſoldiers lately come from Colchis. The guards ſoon ſeized upon him, and it being a tragical novelty, the news was carried to the king, who cauſed the fellow to be brought before him; and examining him on the point, Clytus anſwered, "Great King, thoſe five men whom I have killed had conſpired to take away thy life this day, being hired thereto by the King of Colchis, and therefore ſent into thy army; their tent being next to mine, I had an accidental opportunity laſt night of overhearing their diſcourſe, when they were plotting together the time, the place, and manner of thy death; I kept a watch upon them, and obſerved their motions from that moment; for, though I knew the hour appointed by them for this execrable regicide, yet I was ſolicitous leſt ſome ill fate ſhould prompt the ruffians to antedate their own reſolves, and haſten a murder, whoſe delay might elſe diſcover their deſigns, or at leaſt prevent them; therefore I took this mad diſguiſe to execute the ſobereſt and moſt important purpoſe that ever I

framed in all my days, which was at once to save the life of the world's conqueror, and get myself immortal honour by the happy deed."

After profound deliberation of the drunken cabinet council, Alexander approved the fact, and ordered public honours to be done to his deliverer. According to the Macedonian custom, he vested him with purple robes, and gave him a chain of gold, admitting him to the latter end of the banquet, and afterwards esteeming him above his most familiar friends, till such another debauch as this, but more unfortunate to Clytus, at once deprived him of the king's favour and his own life; so inconstant is the state of human greatness.

Sage Hamet, the favour of princes is like a reed of Egypt, which either transpierces him that leans upon it, or flinches from the burden, and so gives him a fall, which most times plunges him over head and ears in the choking mire of popular hatred.

God grant thou mayest never be crushed to death from above by the weight of the Sultan's displeasure, or undermined from beneath, and swallowed up in an earthquake raised by the multitude.

Paris, 18th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1669.

X.—*To* Hebatolla *Mir Argun, Superior of the Convent of Dervises at Cogni in Natolia.*

Thou wilt not be displeased to hear of a mighty king, that laying aside his diadem and sceptre, and abandoning the height of human glory, has consecrated himself to a private religious life, vowing perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience.

Yet this is true of John Casimir, late king of Poland,

who from a ſovereign monarch is become an humble ſubject, and having forſaken the pleaſures and magnificences of his royal palace, voluntarily confines himſelf to the narrow circumſtances and auſterities of a monaſtic life.

He choſe France for the place of his retreat from his own kingdom, and the Abbey of St. Germains near Paris as his ſanctuary from all worldly affairs: He was magnificently received and entertained in every city through which he paſſed; and on the 4th of the 11th moon he made his firſt entry into the moſque or church of the convent, where he made his vows in quality of abbot or ſuperior of that houſe, for which they ſolemnly ſung their Te Deum, or a ſong of praiſe to God. And the court of France ſeems to be proud of the honour this prince has done it, in retiring hither, and making it the theatre of ſuch pious reſolves, the laſt ſtage of his pilgrimage on earth, where he will bid adieu to the vain pageantries of honour, wealth, and empire; and having ſhaken off the glittering burden of a crown, with all the other clogs of elevated mortality, he will the eaſier climb to paradiſe.

Abſtracting from the particular ſuperſtitions of the Nazarenes, I cannot but commend the ſage undertaking of King Caſimir, who in this ſeems to outgo the noiſy oſtentatious action of Adrian, one of the Roman emperors; for he only once celebrated in outward pomp his own funeral, by way of type or figure, making a ſplendid cavalcade, before which his coffin was carried in a kind of mock triumph, as if, after all his other victories, at laſt he had led death himſelf captive; whereas this hindered not but that he returned again to the vanities which in this public emblem he ſeemed to deſpiſe, and from a dramatic conqueror he became a real ſlave; his perſonated mortifications in the ſtreets ended in his ordinary paſſions at home;

and he had a ſtronger inclination to the bed of voluptuouſneſs at night, than he ſeemed to have by day to his grave.

But this heroic King of the Poles is really gone into his ſepulchre, for no better is a monaſtery in my opinion; he has tranſlated the ſeat and throne of his kingdom to a tomb, not for three or four hours, to make a ſhow, but there really to lead a dying life, or living death, and reign in funeral majeſty all the reſt of his days; for to be thus recluſe from the world is to be buried alive.

O venerable and benign derviſe, pardon the favourable opinion I have of this Chriſtian monarch. I do not patroniſe his errors in applauding his virtue; beſides, it is the general faith of Muſſulmans, that, let a man be a Chriſtian, a Jew, or Pagan, provided he lives up to the beſt light he has, he ſhall be ſaved; and the holy prophet himſelf gave us encouragement to believe ſo.

Thou wilt at leaſt conclude this king to be more pious and worthy of praiſe than one of his predeceſſors, who uſurped the Poliſh crown. This was Uladiſlaus V. who having entered into a ſolemn league with one of our former ſultans living in his time, and taken an oath thereupon, giving alſo the euchariſt (or that which they eſteem the body of Chriſt) in hoſtage, yet ſoon after broke the articles that he had ſigned and ſworn to, and for the performance of which he had pawned his God.

This ſo provoked the Grand Signior, that he had recourſe to his arms for juſtice, and invaded Poland with a mighty force; to repel which Uladiſlaus alſo levied an army, and met him in the field; but juſt as they were going to give battle, the ſultan took out of his boſom the pawned euchariſt, with the capitulations agreed upon and ſworn to between them; then holding the wafer in one hand, and the articles in the other, he cried out, in

the hearing of both armies, "O thou crucified God of the Chriſtians, behold thy perfidious adorers, who have given thee to me as a pledge of their faith and truth in what they have ſworn, yet in a moſt impious manner they have violated their oath; if thou art a God, chaſtiſe them now by my means, for their abominable perjury, and profanation of thy name." His prayer was heard of Heaven; for the victorious Oſmans gave a total overthrow to the infidels, and that blaſphemous prince was himſelf killed in the battle.

Whatever various forms of religion there be in the world, we know there is but one true God, creator of heaven and earth, conſervator and governor of men; he connives at the invincible ignorances, frailties, and infirmities of our mortal race; he accepts the good works and ſincere vows of pagans and the uncircumciſed, as well as thoſe of the true believers and followers of the prophet; but he abhors and puniſhes all injuſtice, perjury, treaſon, both in the one and the other; for he has no partial regards for this nation or perſon, more than that they are all equally the works of his hands, and his care is alike over them.

The ſun runs from the eaſt to the weſt; in his daily circuit he illuminates and warms this hemiſphere, and by night our antipodes enjoy his favours and welcome influence; at one time of the year he comforts the north, at another he revives the ſouth; there is no part of the globe which in due ſeaſon does not rejoice in his all-cheering beams.

The moon never ſlacks or deviates from her wonted courſe, but from the creſcent to the wane obſerves the laws of him that made her; ſhe is exact in timing the flux and reflux of the ſea; and ſhe guides the wandering mariners by night; the inhabitants of the arctic and ant-

arctic circles wait for her light, when the ſun abſents himſelf for half the year; as ſoon as they ſee the chariot of Diana appear on the road of their heaven, every man claps his hands for joy; they rouſe from their domeſtic dulneſs and melancholy; they come out of their dens and caves; with dances and ſongs they welcome the approach of the beautiful goddeſs, knowing that ſhe is but a ſecond remove from the Eternal Light, the mirror of the ſun, in which that glorious planet may ſee his face, in whoſe, by reflection, we ſee the face of God.

So do the ſtars keep on their various traverſes through the heavens; each conſtellation faithfully maintaining its poſt, each planet purſuing its road*; whilſt all together, at ſo vaſt a diſtance, appear a flying camp, never ſetting up their bright pavilions but by night, and in the morning taking them down again. This may be called the army of Heaven, the hoſt of God, embattelled in the firmament, to guard his friends on earth, and to chaſtiſe his enemies.

To deſcend lower yet into our ſublunary elements, we find the rain, hail, ſnow, winds, thunder, lightning, and other meteors, are impartially ſcattered up and down the climates of the earth; I do not mean by chance, but by the univerſal providence which governs all things, as the Alcoran expreſſes it: "It is he directs the ſeminal and prolific ſhowers to barren and deſart places; doubtleſs this is a ſign of his divine unity."

In fine, all provinces and corners of the earth bring forth their proper fruits in ſeaſon; and the negroes of Africa and America, though groſs idolaters, and ſome of them worſhipping infernal demons, yet enjoy God's bleſſings, and live as plentifully, with as much content and joy, as we that adore his eternal unity.

Every nation takes up their religion on the credit of

their prieſts, and ſo long as they obſerve the natural and moral law imprinted in their hearts, the indulgent Judge and Father of men will diſpenſe with thoſe that err in obedience to the poſitive laws of their nation; for ſedition is like magic, odious to God and man, and equally liable to univerſal puniſhment.

Once more, O pious father of the derviſes, I beg of thee to pardon the freedom I take in diſcourſing of religious matters in thy preſence, who art a light to the blind, a guide to thoſe that err, a reſolver of doubts, an arbitrator of difficult queſtions, the only oracle of thy province.

I endeavour not to inform thee, but to diſentangle myſelf from error, and teſtify that though I honour God and his prophet, yet I think there is no need of a falſehood to defend the truth.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1670.

XI.—*To* Useph, *Baſſa.*

Death has of late celebrated a triple triumph in the court of France, having led away captives to the inviſible world the Cardinal Duke of Vendoſme, a ducheſs of the ſame title, and Henrietta Maria, late Queen of Great Britain, being the relict of King Charles I. and youngeſt daughter to Henry IV. of France.

Thou mayeſt alſo report to the divan, that Caſimir, late King of Poland, is now at this court, having left Poland as ſoon as he ſaw Prince Wieſnowiſki elected his ſucceſſor. The Dukes of Lorrain and Newburgh had ſeverally laid claim to that crown, and levied armies apart, in order to make good their pretenſions; but the Polanders being aware of it, were reſolved not to bring themſelves

under the juriſdiction of any foreigner, ſo long as there was a prince of their own nation capable of the dignity, and one who being the ſon of King Caſimir, ſeems to have the beſt title to his father's throne, whoſe virtues he inherits.

Here is alſo arrived the Prince of Tuſcany, who has travelled through all Europe, and takes France as the laſt kingdom in his return homewards, proteſting that he does this in good manners, as preferring France to all the nations in Chriſtendom. Indeed, he could do no leſs, in good manners, than make this apology, which yet ſounds very flat to a court ſo refined as this, which might have expected his firſt viſit as a token of his regard; ſince, though in domeſtic proceſſions, entries, and cavalcades, thoſe of higheſt dignity take the laſt place, yet in foreign embaſſies and voyages, it is uſual for princes to addreſs to thoſe firſt for whom they have the greateſt eſteem.

The politicians here keep very ſecret the news that comes from Candy, which makes all men conclude it is none of the moſt proſperous. It is generally reported for a truth, that Admiral Beaufort is either killed or taken priſoner by the Ottomans, and that the French have loſt near two thouſand men in this undertaking.

I wonder why the painters always deſcribe death in the form of a naked ſkeleton, a ſtarved ſyſtem of dry bones; whereas one would think he ought to be pourtrayed as a monſter, a miracle of fatneſs, ſince he is the greateſt glutton in the world, hourly gormandiſing on all manner of fleſh, and is the very original, univerſal cannibal of nature, who from the beginning of the world has feaſted himſelf with human bodies; but perhaps he has a bad digeſtion, and none of all his raw and bloody diet will afford nutriment enough to form ſo much as a poor ſkin to

cover his nakedneſs, and therefore it is he is always drawn in this lean figure.

Courteous baſſa, ſuffer me from this vain jeſt to fall into a ſerious reflection on our mortality, and the frail eſtate of human race.

Man is but a fœtid vapour, firſt exhaled from the earth, and afterwards advancing is condenſed to a cloud, that ſo his filthineſs may be concealed under the covert of a ſkin, there in ſecret to engender a thouſand meteors of fiery paſſions, luſts, concupiſcences, and extravagant thoughts, which in time burſt forth and trouble all the world, yet end at laſt in empty ſmoke, rain, hail, or wind, and are extinct almoſt as ſoon as they were formed.

The elements of which we are compounded may ſerve as mirrors to repreſent the conſtant mutability of our nature; ſo the devouring fire, when all its fuel is ſpent, decays and dies; earth, air, and water, all are ſubject to corruption, and from thence our generation takes its riſe; likewiſe thither we return again. This is the eternal circle of natural products. The trees, the flowers, with all the vegetable race; the birds, the beaſts, and fiſhes, with every ſpecies of animals, are ſo many remembrancers of our mortality. Which way ſoever we turn our eyes, they are preſented with freſh images of human weakneſs; and the very breath which does prolong our life helps equally to ſhorten it, ſince every reſpiration carries away ſome portion of our ſubſtance; our finer particles gradually vaniſh into ſmoke and air, whilſt the more groſs remainder ſcums off in noiſome excrements; and if there appears a ſhow of any thing ſolid in us at our death, it is ſoon reduced to aſhes, dirt, or worms; our bodies, of which we make ſo great account whilſt living, are loſt in the abyſs of univerſal matter ſoon after death.

What were the greateſt prince the happier, though he poſſeſſed the whole circumference of this globe? It is but a mighty heap of dirt or dung, perpetually exhaling or crumbling away; it is one of the diſhes which compoſe the banquet of all-devouring time; and whilſt the inſulting monarchs of the earth trample on it in diſdain, ſpreading their armies far and wide, and boaſting that their empires have no bounds, each does but haſten to be ſhut up himſelf within a little, obſcure, and putrid hole, not much ſurpaſſing the limits of a mole-hill.

Great baſſa, let not the honours and dignities thou poſſeſſeſt make thee forget the miſeries to which thou art liable each hour; but remember thou art a man.

Paris, 6th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1669.

XII.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

HARIS is arrived a muta-faraca, called Solyman Iſmael, with expreſſes from the Grand Signior. It was no ſmall refreſhment to ſee his public entry, which appeared like a little epitome of the muſſulman grandeur and magnificence. The young rabble were as curious to be ſpectators of the eaſtern cavalcade, as the Romans were fond of beholding the ſcenic plays, which were exhibited but once in an age; nay, people of all ranks, ages, and qualities, filled the ſtreets, the windows, and battlements of their houſes; ſome, becauſe they never ſaw ſuch a ſight before, others deſpairing that they ſhould live long enough to be witneſſes of ſuch another.

Yet with all their curioſity, none but the miniſters of ſtate are able to dive into the leaſt ſecret of his inſtructions; theſe willingly communicate the titles which that great arbiter of the earth gives the French king, that ſo

not only his ſubjects, but neighbouring nations, may conceive the profounder veneration for him, without penetrating the meaſures he takes. This is an artifice common to all ſtates, to turn the beſt ſide outermoſt; only the Hollanders excepted, who in the days of their revolt from the King of Spain, could not ſo much as put a good face on a bad matter, but were forced to expoſe their poverty and nakedneſs, as well as ſuffer under it, addreſſing themſelves to Elizabeth, then Queen of England, in the character of the Poor Diſtreſſed States of Holland, and ſo begging her aſſiſtance.

However, Solyman has faithfully imparted to me his affairs, as I have reaſon to believe. He is too well born and bred, poſſeſſes more reaſon and wit than to amuſe the old man in the caſſock; ſo they call me here in the ſtreets, who know me not by any other character, ſo private is Mahmut in Paris at this hour, notwithſtanding all his public ſufferings.

I eſteem Iſmael as one fit to repreſent the Grand Signior's perſon among better people than infidels; yet I tell thee the French are the moſt refined of all the weſtern giafres.

Iſmael underſtands the force of the civil laws, which he learned from Juſtinian's code, and other books; for he is perfect in Greek and Latin, and has beſtowed ſome years in reading their books, both prints and manuſcripts.

He makes a very perſonable figure, being tall, full bodied, well ſhaped, and not of an ugly face, which is enough to be ſaid of a man deſigned for buſineſs, and not only for love; he is never in danger of falling under Cato's cenſure, who ſeeing two ambaſſadors ſent from Rome to a foreign ſtate, one of whom had his head ſo little that it could hardly be diſtinguiſhed from that of an owl, and the other ſuch a cripple that he could not walk without

ſilts, cried out, "Here is an embaſſy which has neither head nor tail."

And then our muta-faraca is rich; he ſupports the charges of his commiſſion with extraordinary munificence; his houſe is already become the ſanctuary of all the diſtreſſed Levantines, whether Greeks, Armenians, or followers of the prophet; and he ſpeaks French as readily as a native; yet he diſſembles his expertneſs in that language, to keep up the ſtate and reſervedneſs of the Ottoman empire, which diſdains to condeſcend to any other ſpeech than Turkiſh or Arabic; beſides, he has the advantage, by thus artificially ſhutting his ears, that he can at one time both hear and be deaf, underſtand and be ignorant of whatſoever is ſaid by the ſpies of the French king; and this is no ſmall gift in a man of his character and truſt; for he had need of an angel or a devil at his elbow that thinks to over-reach this court.

Above all, I believe our Solyman will never be guilty of the error committed by the ambaſſadors ſent from Tenedos to one of the Roman emperors; I am ſure he is not yet; for thoſe gentlemen had ſeen the death of the emperor's ſon eleven moons and fourteen days, as the ſtory ſays, before they knew it was their duty to make an addreſs of condolance, or at leaſt before they called it to mind, for they were drowned in the Roman luxury; ſo that when they came to perform that devoir, the emperor could not forbear to ſcoff at them in theſe terms; "I much lament (ſaid he) the fate of the renowned Hector, your countryman and champion, whom Achilles the Grecian killed above a thouſand years ago."

I ſpeak this in a particular regard to Solyman's deportment here; for when he firſt came to this court, he found them all in mourning for the death of the king's aunt, the late Queen of England, and of other high perſonages, parti-

cularly thoſe that were ſlain in the late action at Candia, whereof I have already given an account to the ſublime Porte in another letter. Without inſtructions, he very demurely accoſted the king, and told him, "There could be no dunalma in the Ottoman empire, for the late ſucceſs at Candia, ſo long as the French court were mourners."

This was a ſenſible touch to thoſe that underſtood it; and from that moment the grandees and miniſters of ſtate have made a difference in their entertainment of this ingenious muta-faraca, and that which they uſed to give to the chiauſes formerly ſent from the Porte.

I can aſſure thee he is at the ſame time very blunt and very elegant in his diſcourſe; there is fire in every word he utters, to warm and refreſh, if they take it at a due diſtance, but if they approach too near, he ſcorches their ſpirits, and puts them into a choler they dare not ſhow; they conſume inwardly in their own deſpite, yet cannot help themſelves.

Doubtleſs the King of France is the greateſt monarch, the moſt powerful and victorious prince in Chriſtendom, the only invincible emperor of the weſtern Franks; yet he veils to our majeſtic ſovereign, lord of the whole earth; and our eunuch will not part with a tittle of his maſter's honour, or give any advantage by an eaſineſs worthy of blame, in a caſe that may be turned to a precedent. He is very happy in his repartees, as thou wilt perceive by the anſwer he gave to a French lord yeſterday, when he aſked him, whether he thought it not a violation of the civil law for ambaſſadors to be impriſoned, as they often are at the Ottoman Porte? "No, (ſays Solyman) it is not, where the ambaſſador is guilty of treaſon, or *crimen læſæ majeſtatis*; but if it were, you Frenchmen have the leaſt reaſon to accuſe us of it, ſince we firſt learned this maxim from the backſide of your Salique law, where it is indorſed."

And then he produced twenty ſeveral inſtances of this kind in the court of France.

In a word, Solyman has hitherto acquitted himſelf with marvellous ſucceſs in every thing, though the French grandees often ſet upon him to try what metal he is made of, having generally a mean opinion of muſſulmans, becauſe learning is ſo little countenanced among us.

I have no matter of news to acquaint thee with, ſave that a violent plague broke forth not long ago at Soiſons, and a terrible earthquake in Sicily frighted the inhabitants of Catanea, and the adjacent towns, from their habitations, after one whole village had been ſwallowed up.

Thoſe who were curious to pry into the cauſe of theſe particular convulſions, and that affrighting overthrow, perceived, after diligent ſearch, that it proceeded from a new eruption or breach in mount Gibel, about two miles from Catanea, where the horrid chaſm vomited forth floods of fire, with flaming ſtones, which being carried violently through the air, for the ſpace of near a league round about, at laſt fell down in flaming ſhowers or cataracts, producing ſad and calamitous effects in the neighbouring country.

Serene miniſter, it is evident that the judgments of God are upon theſe infidels, yet they will not be converted from their errors and vices; they have felt the ſame tempeſt of fire which overwhelmed the nine cities of the lake Aſphaltites, yet they remain inſenſible and obdurate; ſurely they will be exterminated from the earth.

Paris, 4th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1669.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.—*To* MEHEMET, *an exiled Eunuch, at Alcair in Egypt.*

BE no longer melancholy, my friend, nor ſink under the burden of thy misfortunes; give not thy enemies an occaſion of double triumph, in that they have driven thee from thyſelf, as well as from the Grand Signior's happy preſence. Thou haſt money and jewels enough left to purchaſe thee a competent felicity any where; or at leaſt thou haſt virtue, which renders every place a paradiſe. Aſſociate thyſelf with the other exiles in that city, victims to a royal caprice, ſuffered with all their immenſe riches, to make a pompous and magnificent entry into that metropolis of Egypt, but ſoon after ſtripped of all their wealth, and ſacrificed to the court avarice. So were the conſecrated bulls of old, dreſſed up in ſtately equipage, their horns and hoofs all gilded over with gold, adorned with ribbons of coſtly ſilks, their bodies covered over with mantles of brocade and tiſſue, embroidered with pearls and precious ſtones, and trailing on the pavements of Apollo's temple, whilſt the prieſts ſtood ready at the altar to diſpatch whole hecatombs of theſe gay ſacrifices.

Your caſe is not ſo bad at Cairo, in that your lives are ſpared, and you at liberty to carve new fortunes to yourſelves wherever you pleaſe; you ought to aid and counſel one another in your misfortunes. It is a comfort to the miſerable to have companions in their ſad eſtate; inſinuate thyſelf into the baſſa's favour; he may do ſomething to alleviate thy grief, he will meaſure thy circumſtances by his own, conſidering that he has but three years to enjoy his preſent wealth and grandeur.

Go to the baniſhed muſti, if he be living at Cairo; deſire his ſpiritual advice; perhaps thou mayeſt receive into

the bargain ſome temporal advantage from it; he has a greater influence on ſome of the Egyptian beys than the Grand Signior has himſelf. You are all alike embarked in one affliction, whoſe eſſence does conſiſt in being degraded from your former honours, (though in different degrees) and being ſeparated from your friends, that baſk in the immediate luſtre of imperial dignity. It is your buſineſs therefore now to find out ſome new ſource of happineſs; to make new friends, ſince you have loſt the old, or at leaſt to prop up one another by a mutual friendſhip, not to be broke or diſſipated, but by a deſtiny equal to the former; and then you have no more to do but proſecute your ſeveral intereſts, and be reſigned to fate.

As for thee, I am particularly ſolicitous, being engaged together from our youth by a reciprocal participation of good offices, which was the effect of a deep-rooted and ſtrong ſympathy; the agreeableneſs of humour united firſt our ſouls, and taught us the myſterious leſſons of Platonic love; we ſaw each other, and were ſtraight inſpired with ſacred inclinations; my eye no ſooner fixed on thine, but through that perſpective I could ſee the inward virtue of thy ſoul, which immediately produced a veneration in my breaſt; and I ſoon found our hearts beat time to one another; this generous paſſion afterwards increaſed as we grew up, and what it loſt of its firſt violence, is gained by acquiring a more laſting ſtrength, more durable integrity, and conſtant faithfulneſs; our joys and griefs were ſtill the ſame; no proſperous or adverſe fortune could ever change our minds, to warp us either to flattery or contempt; but with an even mind we ſtill ſuſtained the different accidents of human life, and propped up one another with a tight affection, till it was the will of fate to ſeparate us, I being made a ſlave in Sicily, whilſt thou enjoyedſt the ſmiles and favours of thy

infant fortune, which introduced thee firſt to the ſeraglio; afterwards I gained my freedom, and returned to the imperial city, and to the palace of the ſultan, but was not ſuffered long to enjoy that happineſs, being appointed for this hazardous poſt in Paris.

I tell thee, Mehemet, I reckon my caſe far worſe than thine, in that I am forced to take my conſtant reſidence up amongſt theſe infidels. Could my propitious ſtars encourage me but with the ſmalleſt hopes to change my preſent courſe of life, I would never repine at what was paſt, but pleaſe myſelf with flattering proſpects of ſome future and unknown felicity; but to be irrevocably chained down to the oar, without a glimpſe of any ſign that I ſhall ever be relieved, is worſe than death itſelf.

Whereas, on the other ſide, thou art diſpoſed of in the happieſt region of the earth, Egypt, the mother of ſciences, the midwife of celeſtial ſecrets, the nurſe of ſages, ſaints, and prophets, the granary of the muſſulman empire, and the refuge of diſtreſſed mortals. Oh! Mehemet, prize the vaſt advantage thou haſt of me, and others of thy fellow-ſlaves; improve thy privilege and opportunity of ranging where thou liſt; go, viſit all the antiquities of Egypt, and trace her borders to the weſt and ſouth; if this will not divert thy melancholy, go farther yet, and ſearch the mighty cataracts of the Nile, which deafen mortals with their fall; go view the Mountains of the Moon in Ethiopia, or ſee the deſolation of the ſmoky vale, and of the cities whoſe inhabitants were in a minute metamorphoſed into ſtones, as a memorial of eternal vengeance againſt crying ſins.

But after all, my Mehemet, depart not from thy reaſon, loyalty, and faith; for theſe are armour-proof againſt the aſſaults of chance and deſtiny, of men and devils, of

earth and hell; and when thy travels are finiſhed here on earth, thoſe virtues will not fail to carry thee to heaven.

Paris, 5th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1670.

II.—*To the Same,*

I CANNOT forbear giving thee the trouble of another letter by this poſt, that I may yet more encourage thee to a virtuous reſignation to the will of fate, which thou knoweſt is inexorable.

There is an eternal law fixed in the univerſe, which admits of no repeal; no prayers or tears of paſſionate mortals, no vows, alms, pilgrimages, or any other ſupererogating works, can move the deſtinies; they are more inflexible than the judges of the old Athenian Areopagus; and the unchangeable edicts of the Median empire might ſooner be reverſed than the decrees of fate.

If thou couldſt make corban with an hundred thouſand ſheep, and feed the poor of all the Eaſt, according to the muſſulman practice, or ſacrifice as many bulls after the faſhion of the ancient gentiles, couldſt thou monopoliſe all the aromatics of the Orient, to compound the moſt exalted incenſe, and make a pyramid of odoriferous ſmoke aſcend high as the ſhadow of the earth at midnight, whereby the heaven of heavens ſhould be all perfumed, and every ſleeping deity ſhould be awakened by the fragrant ſmell; couldſt thou bribe the choirs above to tune the ſpheres anew, and raiſe the ſweeteſt harmony that ever reached the Eternal Senſe, yet all would not prevail to alter the reſolves of Heaven, or reinſtate thee in thy former honour. No, my Mehemet, thou art loſt for ever at the ſeraglio; the face of things is changed ſince thou haſt been in Egypt; thy friends are all diſperſed abroad

in the world, or dead, which is but another kind of ſeparation; there are no hopes now left thee of ever returning again to that proud city which inherits the character of ancient Rome, the lady of the earth. I wiſh the Roman luxury be not alike entailed.

Rouſe up, my friend, and look not on thy ſtate through the deceitful optics of thy paſſion, but let reaſon light the proſpect. Thou wert before a ſlave, now thou art free and maſter of thyſelf. However, to rid thee of the very idea, or fancied miſery, I counſel thee once again to travel.

Go, make the ſpeedieſt retreat thou canſt out of the limits of the Ottoman empire, that thou mayeſt forget thy cares and fears; take not the way by Barbary, nor covet to ſee the place where ancient Carthage was ſituated; be not curious to inquire after Queen Dido, Æneas, or Hannibal, or to hear ſome ſtories of the famous Scipio; nor would I counſel thee to paſs the kingdoms of Morocco and Fez; for though thoſe realms pay no obedience to the ſultan, yet they are his allies, and that reflection will always keep thee in pain; beſides, the ſight of muſſulmans will terrify thy mind, and fill thee with a thouſand apprehenſions.

Go rather the directeſt way thou canſt unto the kingdoms of the negroes, or black people inhabiting the Torrid Zone; but take this rule, be ſure to coaſt along the river Nile, as near as the roads of Afric will permit, that ſo thou mayeſt avoid the horrible and affrighting deſarts of Lybia, Nubia, and Zanfar, with other inhoſpitable mountainous parts between the tropic of Cancer and the Equinox; for thou wilt not find it very pleaſant to encounter and converſe with none but dragons, baſiliſks, and other monſters of thoſe regions; and yet, for ought I

know, it is better than to fall into the hands of human ſavages.

I know not how to give a general character of the ſouthern blacks, ſince every province varies in its particular principles, cuſtoms, laws, and inſtitutions. The Abyſſines are Chriſtians; ſo are the inhabitants of Congo, Songo, Angola, and other countries bordering on the Upper Ethiopia; thoſe that dwell along the Red Sea are generally Mahometans; they diſcourſe alſo of a very populous country thereabouts, poſſeſſed by Jews alone; and there are authors who aſſert a female kingdom, a nation of Amazons; it is certain on the weſtern ſide they are all pagans.

It will be worth thy labour to obſerve the different humours of theſe people, and make compariſon between the ancient and this modern gentiliſm, to abſtract their morals from their ſuperſtitions, and tell me then, whether they do not better deſerve the title of true believers than we muſſulmans, ſince they act according to their faith, whereas we go by a quite contrary method. They believe no other gods but their domeſtic prieſts, and theſe they never willingly offend; whereas, whilſt we profeſs the Eternal Unity, we ſcruple not to ſin againſt him every hour. They circumciſe, waſh, pray, abſtain from meats, give alms as well as we; their juſtice is as ſtrict, their mercy ſoft as ours; in fine, they are men differing from us only in colour, education, and the peculiar maxims of their country, which they rigorouſly obſerve, and hope for happineſs thereby, as we do by obeying the law brought down from heaven.

Mehemet, our holy prophet has ſaid, "That whoſoever lives innocently, and does juſtice, whether he be a Chriſtian, Jew, or Pagan, ſhall be ſaved as well as his diſciples:" Therefore in all thy travels, deſpiſe not any man for his

religion, be it never ſo ridiculous in appearance, provided he be good and honeſt in his converſation; much leſs contemn thoſe Africans for their colour, ſince black and white are all alike to him who firſt gave man the power to know the difference.

Mehemet, if thou accepteſt my advice, take alſo my wiſhes for thy good voyage and proſperity.

Paris, 5th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1670.

III.—*To the* MUFTI, *Venerable Patron of Learning and Knowledge.*

FROM thy clemency I will not fear a charge of negligence, in that I have delayed to perform the taſk thou enjoinedſt me. Thou knoweſt my circumſtances, and wilt conſider that though I have read books, yet I have not a library of my own. It is true I often frequent thoſe of this city, but my ſeaſons are limited either to thoſe hours when the libraries are opened, or to thoſe I can ſpare from the affairs of my commiſſion. I cannot ſerve the Grand Signior, and follow my ſtudies both at once; yet I have outpaſſed frugality, and turned a niggard of my time, that I might obey the great oracle of true believers, and promote a work for which I have ſo paſſionate a regard.

The incloſed paper contains the ſize of the volume, which I conceive will be moſt proper for ſo great a work, with the contrivance of the pages, which I have divided into columns, that ſo the years of the world, the date of the olympiads, with other remarkable eras, may be ranked in order, each parallel with the reſt, and all with the matter treated of at ſuch a time.

This I have done in the inclosed paper, not thinking it proper to interrupt the series of my letter with a blank scheme, which is for the use of the compilers, but to present thee with a transient view of the four monarchies, which have made such a noise in the world, wherein thou needest not fear the fatigue of a tedious continued history, for I design only to cull out such passages as are most diverting, and worthy of perusal.

To begin then with the Assyrian monarchy, which was the first of the four: This nation was for a great while contented with its own bounds, without seeking to encroach on the territories of others; and Ninus was the first of the Assyrian kings who enlarged his dominions by conquest; he subdued the greatest part of Asia, and raised Assyria to the title of an empire.

After his death, Semiramis his wife took upon her the government, counterfeiting the person of Ninyas his son, who was as yet but a child: She wore the habit of a man, and being like her son, passed for him, as the lawful successor, unsuspected. This virago enlarged the conquests of her husband, and spread her empire from India to Ethiopia, and, to lay the foundation of an immortal fame, she built Babylon.

To her succeeded Ninyas her son, of whom nothing is remarkable but his effeminacy; for, neglecting the affairs of war, he spent all his time among his concubines; and the same stain is fastened on his successors, even to Sardanapalus, in whose death the Assyrian monarchy suffered an interruption, being cantonised into petty royalties by the governors of provinces; among whom those who assumed the crown of Babylon were of most note, in regard they first recovered the broken empire to its old grandeur and unity.

By a ſucceſſion therefore of many kings, in reference to whoſe actions hiſtory is ſilent, the monarchy deſcended to Merodac Baladan, in whoſe days happened that wonderful retrogradation of the ſun, mentioned by Hebrew writers and others, which occaſioned thoſe famous controverſies among the philoſophers and aſtronomers of that age mentioned in the Perſian chronicles; for they obſerving that not only the ſun, but the whole planetary ſyſtem, and all the fixed ſtars, went back at the ſame time, or at leaſt ſeemed to do ſo, began to revive that curious queſtion about the motion of the earth which the Chaldeans and Gymnoſophiſts of India had ſtarted before, when the ſun and moon ſtood ſtill at the burning of Ida; and it was concluded by ſome of them, that the motion of the earth being granted, its ſtanding ſtill, or going back at theſe extraordinary times would ſolve all the aſtronomical appearances better, and in a more natural way, than by ſuppoſing ſuch a prodigious ſtop to be put to the whole celeſtial frame at one time, or that the everlaſting ſpheres ſhould be rolled backwards at the other.

This diſpute was the occaſion of that famous conflux of the eaſtern ſages to Babylon mentioned in the Perſian poets and hiſtorians; for Baladan being very inquiſitive after knowledge, and particularly deſirous to be informed in the grounds of this preternatural appearance, ſent meſſengers into India, Egypt, Perſia, and all kingdoms where learning flouriſhed, inviting the aſtrologers, prieſts, magicians, prophets, and all that had the character of wiſe men, to come to his court at Babylon, where they were magnificently entertained; and when they had fully ſatisfied all the king's demands, he ſent them away laden with gifts and preſents, every man to his own country.

Arkianus ſucceeded Baladan in the kingdom of Babylon, in whoſe time Ecbatan was built: To him ſucceeded Belithus, Aphronadius, Rigibelus, Meſſiſſimordacus; after whom the kingdom was again tranſlated to the Aſſyrians, in the reign of Eſcharhaddon, in the 3323d year of the world, and the 24th olympiad. During the empire of this Eſcharhaddon the Aſſyrian monarch, Chalcedon, that lies over-againſt the imperial city, was built by the Thracians, in the 25th olympiad, and the 3329th year of the world.

To Eſcharhaddon ſucceeded Saoſduchinus, Chyladanus, Nabopolaſſar; in the reign of which laſt, Necho, King of Egypt, attempted to cut a canal from the Nile to the Red Sea, wherein he employed an hundred and twenty thouſand Egyptians; but diſcouraged by the ſlow progreſs they made, and the vaſt expences he was at, he gave it over.

This Nabopolaſſar once more raiſed the kingdom of Babylon to an univerſal monarchy, for before his time it had been for ſome years in the hands of the Aſſyrians; but he ſubdued all Syria, Phœnicia, Judea, and Egypt, and expelled the Scythians out of Aſia.

To him ſucceeded his ſon Nebuchadnezzar, who dreamed of the four univerſal monarchies that were to ſucceed one another. In his reign was born the grand Cyrus, who raiſed the Perſian monarchy. Of him it is recorded, that one night he dreamed, "the ſun ſtood at his feet, whom when Cyrus thrice attempted to lay hold on, the ſun as often diſappeared;" which the magi interpreted as a ſure ſign that he ſhould reign thirty years, which came to paſs accordingly.

During this reign, there was a notable duel fought between Pittacus, one of the ſeven wiſe men of Greece, and Phrynon the moſt renowned combatant of thoſe days, for

for he always won the prize at the olympic games. He was general of the Athenians, and being puffed up with his conſtant ſucceſſes, he defied any man to ſingle combat. Pittacus the ſage accepted the challenge; and when they were hotly engaged in the field, he ſuddenly threw a ſilken net over Phrynon's head, and having thus entangled him, thruſt him through with his lance.

This was that great Nebuchadnezzar, who having beſieged and taken Jeruſalem, burnt it down to the ground, razed the walls, and carried away all the Jews with their riches into captivity to Babylon.

Afterwards having conquered all the neighbouring nations, he new-built Babylon, and incloſed it with three walls; he alſo built thoſe pendulous gardens, renowned throughout the earth, and made thoſe brazen gates which were reckoned among the wonders of the world: But at length, being puffed up with the thought of his magnificent works, he was metamorphoſed into a ſatyr or ſylvan, and dwelt ſeven years in the Deſarts of Arabia, being a companion of the brutes. My countrymen ſhow the places of his wild haunt to this day, having received it by tradition from their fathers. They ſay alſo, that Paremiel, the angel of the woods, when the term of ſeven years was expired, interceded with God for Nebuchadnezzar, who thereupon turned him into a man again, and reſtored him to his empire. He died peaceably in the 3442d year of the world, and the 43d of his reign.

To him ſucceeded Evil-Merodach, Nerigliſſor, Laborſoarchod, and Labynitus, in whoſe time there was war between the Babylonians and Perſians; when Cyrus, after many victorious campaigns, at laſt laid ſiege to Babylon, took the city, and tranſlated the empire to the Perſians; and having ſubdued all the weſt of Aſia, even to the Red Sea, he died at ſeventy years of age, com-

manding his ſervants not to embalm his body, nor uſe any coſtly pomp at his funeral, but burying him decently like a man, ſhould cauſe this epitaph to be written on his tomb:

O mortals, I am Cyrus who laid the foundation of the Perſian monarchy, and was emperor of all Aſia; therefore envy me not a grave.

To him ſucceeded Cambyſes his eldeſt ſon, who marching with his army into Egypt, and laying ſiege to Peluſium, cauſed a great number of cows, apes, birds, and other animals, to be placed in the front of his army, knowing that the Egyptians worſhipped ſuch for gods, and conſequently would forbear to ſhoot their arrows that way; by which ſtratagem he took the city, and afterwards conquered all Egypt, carrying away many thouſands of the Egyptians, with foreigners reſiding there, into captivity, among whom was Pythagoras the philoſopher.

After this, Cambyſes ſent ſpies, under the notion of ambaſſadors, to the King of Ethiopia, with rich preſents; but the king ſuſpecting what was their buſineſs, took a bow in his hand, and bent it as though he would ſhoot; and giving it to the ſpies, he bid them carry it to their maſter, and tell him, "That when he and his Perſians had learned to bend bows of that ſtrength, he might think of invading Ethiopia, and not before; for that the Ethiopians were giants in vigour." And when the ſpies returned to Cambyſes, there was no man found among his ſoldiers which was able to bend that bow; yet he marched directly towards Ethiopia with a great army, part of which was overwhelmed in the ſands of the deſarts, to the number of fifty thouſand, and the reſt being reduced for want of proviſions to a neceſſity

of eating one another, he returned in a great rage to Memphis, where he ſlew Apis the god of the Egyptians, and cauſed his prieſts to be maſſacred; he alſo ſlew his own brother, and killed his wife, becauſe ſhe mourned for him; he ſhot Prexaſpes through with an arrow, and commanded twelve Perſian nobles to be buried alive; he ſet fire to the temples, blaſphemed the gods, and at laſt killed himſelf by an accident with his own ſword.

After his death, the magi crowned one of their own order, and ſet him on the throne of Perſia, giving out that he was Smerdis the younger ſon of Cyrus, who had been murdered by the command of his brother Cambyſes; and it was eaſy to carry on the fraud, in regard the Perſian kings rarely ſuffer themſelves to be ſeen, which is a cuſtom, thou knoweſt, obſerved by all the monarchs in the Eaſt.

One Oſtan, a Perſian prince, firſt diſcovered the cheat by means of his daughter, a concubine of the king; for ſhe, by his inſtruction, found out that the king had no ears, which was a convincing argument that he was one of the magi, whoſe ears Cambyſes had commanded to be cut off.

This Oſtan drawing ſix other princes into a conſpiracy, ruſhed into the palace, and killed all the magi, and ſingled out of their own number one Darius, the ſon of Hyſtaſpes, to ſucceed in the throne. This was not done by election, but by lot; for they agreed to meet altogether, one morning, before the palace gates, on horſeback, and that he whoſe horſe firſt neighed after the ſun was up, ſhould be king. This fell to Darius's ſhare, by the ſtratagem of his ſquire or maſter of the horſe; then the other princes crowned him, and made him ſwear by the ſun and the fire, that he would never put them to death, or deny them his preſence.

But Darius finding himſelf curbed by theſe princes, was reſolved to rid himſelf of ſuch dangerous companions; wherefore he cauſed a ſtove to be built on purpoſe for a banqueting-houſe, and ſo artificially contrived, that the fire-place being under the banqueting-chamber, ſhould, in ſo many hours, burn aſunder the pillars that ſupported the ſaid chamber, and cauſe the floor to fall down into the fire; then he invited theſe princes to a feaſt, which he held in his banqueting-houſe, and was merry with them till the ſignal was given for him to depart; at which time he left them in the midſt of their mirth, and within a while after he was gone, the floor of the chamber fell down, with all that were in it, into the fire underneath, where the princes were ſoon conſumed to aſhes.

After this, Darius managed all the affairs of his empire without controul; he ruled over all the provinces of Aſia, from India to Ethiopia, containing above an hundred kingdoms; he extended his conqueſts to the provinces of Greece, and ſetting forth a prodigious fleet, he ſailed into the Mediterranean and Archipelago; he conquered the iſlands of the Ægean Sea, reduced Chalcedon, and all the cities along the Helleſpont and Propontis, even Byzantium itſelf, the preſent ſeat of our auguſt emperors; at length, having reigned proſperouſly thirty-ſix years, he died, and left Xerxes his ſon to ſucceed him in the throne.

Thou ſeeſt, great guide of the faithful, that I have not yet reached to the end of the Perſian monarchy, whereas I thought to have comprehended all the four in one letter; for I have only touched upon the moſt remarkable paſſages, omitting the main body of the hiſtory, which it would be too tedious for thee to peruſe.

If thou approveſt what I have written, I will continue thus to abbreviate the hiſtory of the Perſian, Macedonian,

and Roman empires in other letters; but if thou thinkeſt what I have already written to be a ſufficient model for the compilers of an univerſal hiſtory, I ſubmit to thy oraculous appointments.

In the mean time, I pray the King Eternal, who eſtabliſhes and diſſolves all the empires in the world, and has put into the poſſeſſion of the Grand Signior thoſe ample tracks of the earth which formerly belonged to the ſucceſſive monarchies, to extend the limits of the muſſulman empire through the five zones.

Paris, 17th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1670.

IV.—*To* MIRMADOLIN, *Santone of the Vale of Sidon.*

IT was a long time before I could find out the true ſecret of human happineſs; I have for many years groped after it in the dark, and when I thought I enjoyed a proſpect of it as clear as of things we diſcern in the light of a mid-day ſun, that ſun was little better than the ſol mortuorum of the ancient Romans, whoſe beams ſerved only to give a faint mock glimmering to the ghoſts that wander on this ſide Charon's ferry, and like an ignis fatuus to miſlead them up and down in the dark ſuburbs of Elyſium, the fens and marſhes of the Stygian Lake; ſo have I ſtraggled all my life through unknown ways, ſeeking the road to heaven, yet finding nothing but the paradiſe of fools.

Sometimes I thought by outward works of virtue to purify myſelf, and gain perfection. I was punctual in obſerving every precept of the law, and performed a few acts of ſupererogation. Confiding too much in the fidelity and inviolable faithneſs of my wings, the force of my religious paſſions firſt formed by nature, afterwards in-

proved by pious tutors, I ſtrove to make heroic flights, and ſoar above my guide; but alas! they were mere borrowed feathers which bore me up ſo long; dead artificial wings, cemented to my ſoul only by education, cuſtom, and the practice of my fathers; a compoſition of ſpiritual wax or glue, which could not ſtand the brunt of hot and fiery trials, but ſoon diſſolved in my unwarrantable bold approaches to the ſun; ſo that, in fine, my wings dropped piece-meal off, and I had the fate of Icarus, to fall a victim to my own obſtinate zeal and raſhneſs.

Surely our ſouls are like the Augean ſtable, which no human power, art, or induſtry can ever cleanſe, did not the meſſengers and favourites of God, like Hercules, teach us the method of opening a canal from heaven, and letting in the torrent of the river of purification from paradiſe.

Our vices, hydra-like, ſtill ſtart young infant heads, as faſt as we cut off the old; whereas our virtues are like the Venetian treaſure, which being once ſhowed to the Spaniſh ambaſſador in many coffers of ſilver, gold, and jewels, the wiſe Caſtilian, deſiring to ſee the bottoms of thoſe wealthy cheſts turned up, when it was done, made this remark, "Your riches have no roots, nor grow, like thoſe my maſter does poſſeſs in the Indies." So are all the boaſted excellencies, acquired by human diſcipline, more inanimate and dead than the artificial productions of minerals, metals, and ſtones. No traditional chemiſtry of men can ever revive a ſoul that is dead to God. Perhaps ſome theological Paracelſus, Helmont, or Arabian Iſriqui, may, from the aſhes of an original flower, raiſe the fantaſtic form of it again, I mean the colour and contexture of the leaves; but none of them is able to beſtow the vital ſap, the ſeminal juice, the inward virtue of the once proſperous and flouriſhing vegetable; no mortal

can repair what Adam once deſtroyed; that protoplaſt has ruined us all.

Well then, muſt we deſpair of remedy? Shall we decamp, and ſneakingly retire to hell, becauſe we cannot take heaven by ſtorm, nor undermine it, nor have recourſe to ſtratagems, nor bribe the garriſon, nor make a party amongſt the celeſtial burghers? No, let us rather lie entrenched within ourſelves, till heaven ſhall voluntarily open its gates, and ſally forth in love to invite and lead us in.

Oh! thrice happy Santone, thou haſt experienced what I ſay; my reſolution is to follow thee, by ſuffering myſelf to be gradually abdicated from the world, and from my own will. Vouchſafe to inſtruct me in the method, leſt ſelf-love miſguide me to my ruin.

In the mean while, repoſe thou in the boſom of God, which is the bed-chamber of holy ſouls.

Paris, 1ſt of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1670.

V.—*To the* Selictar Aga, *or Sword-Bearer to the Sultan.*

I shall entertain thee now with a medley of relations; ſome containing news of the freſheſt date, others only informing thee of things done many moons ago, yet pleaſant enough in the rehearſal. However, I beg of thee to accept this as a teſtimony of my devoir and regard, in that I have abundance of letters to write, many friends to gratify, and cannot ſend the ſame matter to all. I am forced to parcel out my intelligence, and ſuit every letter to the genius and ſtation of him to whom I addreſs; knowing therefore thy particular inclinations, I ſhall preſent thee with ſomething very agreeable.

No doubt but thou art acquainted with the Chriſtians carnival, which is a time of public joy, licentiouſneſs, and ſport. This year the King and Queen of France obſerved it with wonderful magnificence.

Among their other divertiſements, they were preſented with a play, wherein two rival princes, by an ingenious emulation, ſtrove to outvie each other in regaling a princeſs equally beloved by both. The repreſentation was very fair, and full of majeſty. On the right hand of the theatre appeared Apollo in the air, returning to his heaven, after he had chaſed and routed all the Cyclops, with the ſerpent Python; on the left was ſeen the ſame god on the top of Parnaſſus, in the midſt of the nine muſes, ſcattering flowers on the arts and ſciences, which were at the foot of the mountain; then a veil being drawn aſide, diſcovered a ſea, ſurpriſingly natural and fine, in the midſt of which the gods of many famous rivers appeared, ſeated on rocks, with Tritons and Cupids ranged on each ſide upon the backs of dolphins; then from above, amidſt the clouds, King Æolus appeared, laying his ſtraight commands upon the winds, that they immediately retire into their caverns, excepting only Zephyr, who, for his ſoft and gentle breezes, was permitted to be preſent at this feaſt; after which came Neptune riding in his cockle chariot, drawn by four ſea-horſes, attended by a train of gods that dwell within the deep.

Immediately the ſcenes changed into a champaign, repreſenting the delicious fields of Tempe, where a moſt excellent and agreeable comedy was acted, to the ſatisfaction of all the court. I leave the dances, interludes, and other novelties, to thy imagination, aſſuring thee that all was aſtoniſhing and magnificent.

But not to entertain thee longer with theſe empty trifles, I ſhall now acquaint thee with ſomething of im-

portance, which is a peace concluded between this king and the State of Algiers. On the second of the 3d moon, the Count de Guiche brought the articles of the treaty to the king from the hands of the Marquis del Martel, lieutenant-general of the French fleet in the Mediterranean.

If thou wouldst know the particulars of this agreement, read the inclosed paper; as for matter of fact, all the French slaves at Algiers were immediately released, upon the signing and sealing the treaty, and delivered up to the French commander, with some French vessels also which they had seized; and so dishonourable are their capitulations, that at the same time they have yielded up a ship of theirs which the French had taken from them, forever quitting all claim to it.

In the beginning of May the king took his journey to Flanders, to visit his new conquests there. This put his enemies into a great consternation, fearing that he had some design upon them; they began to be upon their guard, and prepare for a sudden surprise; but the king perceiving their alarm by his spies, sent them assurance on his royal word that he would do them no violence at this time.

However, he soon after sent the Mareschal de Crequi into Lorrain, with a force considerable enough to reduce that prince to reason, who had not kept his parole with him in several instances. The effect of this expedition was the reducing Ponta-Mousson, Espinal, Chaste, Longwy, and all the principality of Lorrain, to the French king's obedience; so that the poor duke is forced to seek his refuge in foreign courts.

Noble aga, this duke is not to be pitied, being very ungrateful, and a perfect madman; he owes his liberty and life to the King of France, yet could not forbear

plotting againſt him; now he is deſervedly chaſtiſed for his folly. So may all thoſe ſuffer who abuſe their benefactors; but upon the benign and good may the favours of Heaven reſt till the ſplitting of all things.

Paris, 13th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1670.

VI.—*To* ISOUF, *his Kinſman, a Merchant at Aſtracan.*

I RECEIVED thy letter, and peruſed it with much complacency, finding thy ſentiments very agreeable to reaſon. Yet give me leave to warn thee of an exceſs which thou art running into; for I have had experience of its ill conſequence.

Thy loſſes have made thee melancholy, and the fraudulent dealing of thy correſpondents, factors, and ſuppoſed friends, has taught thee to declaim againſt friendſhip, men, and buſineſs; and not only ſo, but it ſeems thou haſt taken a reſolution to abandon all worldly affairs, pleaſures, and engagements whatſoever, and turn faquir, eremit, or derviſe at leaſt; for thou art diſguſted at human ſociety, and weary of all things but ſolitude.

I muſt confeſs, Iſouf, theſe are very generous thoughts, and pious reſolves; but they are not eaſily put in practice; they are undertakings fit only for perfect ſaints, men of unblemiſhed lives, and free from all ſorts of vice, perſons who have a ſtock of temperance, chaſtity, prudence, juſtice, fortitude, patience, humility, and all the other virtues, a fund of magnanimity, which can never be exhauſted by any temptation, difficulties, or perils that uſually aſſault and environ ſuch as enter into ſo auſtere a courſe of life.

Wilt thou be able to endure the unrelenting rigid cold of winter in the deſart, where there are no chimneys,

hearths, or ſtoves, or any other method of keeping fire to warm thee by? Canſt thou ſuſtain the raging blaſts of Boreas at that ſeaſon, or the killing tempeſts of north-eaſtern winds, which blow from far, and fill the air, the earth, and ſea, with baneful miſts, froſts, ice, ſnow, ſleet, and other chilling meteors, out of their eternal magazines, within the arctic circle, which Ovid calls the Frigid Zone.

There are many other extremities to which a man is expoſed in ſuch a ſolitary ſtate; nor wilt thou be leſs liable to inconveniencies and hardſhips if thou ſhouldſt ramble as a faquir up and down the world; much leſs couldſt thou endure the ſad reſtraints and mortifications of a convent; thou wouldſt hardly live out thy noviciate with patience. It goes againſt the grain of nature to obey another's will in every trifling matter that he commands; thou muſt not eat or drink but thy ſuperior will ſet the place, the time and manner of thy diet, which will be irkſome to thy free-born ſoul; and then thou muſt forſake thy amorous pleaſures for ever; forſwearing alſo the very thoughts of money, or of being rich. I tell thee thou muſt reſolve to become a religious drone, fit for nothing but to mumble over thy beads, or turn the ſuperſtitious round till thou art giddy, or dance an hour together to the muſic of a thouſand lues and hoo's, hoarſely croaked out in frantic tones by thee, and all thy brethren derviſes, till ye are ſick, and foam at mouth; then your devotions are thought meritorious. Canſt thou digeſt theſe ſacred fooleries? or, grant this to be a rational ſervice of the Divinity, as ſome will plead, who ſay we ought to employ each member, and all our faculties, in praiſing him that made them, yet canſt thou brook a confinement all thy days to this religious ſtate?

I tell thee, Iſouf, I have been often tempted in this

manner to forſake the ſultan's ſervice, with all other engagements of the world, and throw myſelf into a convent, or ſpend the reſidue of my days in ſome obſcure and ſolitary corner of a deſart, yet I found at length that this was nothing but deluſion, and the ſubtle ſophiſtry of that malicious demon who envies man his happineſs; it is he that whiſpers arguments of diſcontent and murmuring into our ſouls, watching his opportunities when any thing gives us exquiſite pain or grief, to drive us to deſpair.

So have I ſometimes laboured under an intolerable anguiſh of mind, beſides the fretting maladies of fleſh and blood, with outward croſſes in my fortune; then have I wiſhed myſelf in ſome dark cavern of the earth, or on the ſolitary top of Teneriff, where I ſhould converſe with none but ſpirits and demons dwelling above the clouds; or elſe I coveted the melancholy retirements of the Lybſan Deſart, which affords no other ſociety than that of lions, tygers, dragons, and other beaſts of prey.

When theſe wiſhes have appeared too extravagant and wild, I then retrenched my thoughts, and pitched upon ſome other manner of life, equally promiſing comfort, yet leſs threatening and dangerous; I gave myſelf up wholly to prayer and faſting for a while, thinking to hold out thus for ever. So ſenſible a pleaſure attends theſe exerciſes, that at certain moments a man is all rapture, ecſtacy, and I know not what; he is apt to think himſelf in ſome new world; a ſacred pride inveſts his ſoul; he ſeems all majeſty within, an inſeparable companion of the immortals, and the darling friend of God; whereas all this reſults but from the ventilation of his blood by vocal oriſons, and is no more than a mere natural operation, whereby his lungs are artificially breathed, and gently forced to diſembogue their overheated airs, their thick

caliginous vapours, which fill the heart and all the reſt of the vitals with ſeeds of melancholy, fear, ſuſpicion, grief, and other doleful paſſions.

But mark the zealot, when his prayers are over, his faſt is done, and all his fervent pious diſcipline is accompliſhed, how like an hypocrite he looks and acts? How formal in his carriage, or at leaſt how vain and light? He either heaves out fulſome hypochondriac ſighs, with ſupercilious looks, and chops ſet like the furrows of a four-faced hadgi, or elſe he is tickled into a loud ungovernable laughter, and all his carriage is ridiculous and wanton; either his hunger, thirſt, and faintneſs, the uſual effect of ſuch exceſſive devotion, makes him peeviſh, choleric, and unmortified, or elſe he is as apiſh as a cat.

Human nature cannot abide long in the ſame humour; and thoſe that ſeem to be always even-tempered people, like the Caſpian Sea without ebb or flow, are only counterfeits and politicians. There is an art to conceal one's paſſions, but there is none that can annihilate them; we change from one affection, appetite, and deſire to another; our inclinations circulate with our blood; they are transformed each minute, hour, and day; they vary like the wind and weather; therefore never think of taking an eternal pleaſure or diſtaſte in any thing here below. Prayer is good in its turn, I mean the vocal aſpirations; ſo are faſting, abſtinence, and other religious ſeverities; but if all men ſhould be perpetually at theſe exerciſes, God in a little time would have but few adorers on earth; the ground muſt be left untilled; the fields would quickly bring forth crops of briars and weeds, inſtead of corn; the gardens then muſt turn to wilderneſſes; there would be then no need of millers, bakers, and the other trades whoſe livelihood depends upon the

huſbandman; and ſo for want of proper ſuſtenance mankind muſt quickly periſh.

I do not argue againſt thoſe who ſeem to be conſtellated to a ſolitary life, or by ſome ſpecial grace of God are ſtrengthened to endure the conſtant hardſhips of an hermitage; ſuch as the illuſtrious and great Mohammed of Mount Uriel in Arabia, who is our holy prophet's tenant and ſucceſſor in the Cave of Wonders; ſuch alſo is Ilch Rend Hu, the celebrated bramin of Cachemire in India, who lives on the top of an high mountain, is an hundred and twenty-three years old, foretels things to come, reſolves all doubts, gives infallible counſel, heals divers diſeaſes, works ſome miracles, and, in fine, ſays and does all things by a ſpirit worthy of admiration.

The mountain whereon this philoſopher or prophet dwells ſeems to be the land-mark between ſummer and winter; for one ſide of it is always covered with ſnow, the other with bloſſoms, flowers, herbage, and fruits; this overlooking a ſpacious valley, which they call the Paradiſe of the Eaſt; that affording a proſpect little more agreeable or fair than what the poets ſpeak of the Riphean Hill.

Ilch Rend Hu has his habitation in a cave or grot, which paſſes through the rock, as Virgil's does near Naples in Italy, which thou haſt ſeen.

In this myſterious ſtation he appears like Æolus lord of the weather; for it is certain he commands the winds to blow or ceaſe at the leaſt word within the verge of his accuſtomed walks. If any perſon dare profane the ſilence of the place with words, or other rude noiſe, they are immediately ſurpriſed with dreadful ſtorms of thunder, lightning, wind, and rain; ſuch as ſeem to threaten the diſſolution of all things; which makes all men in thoſe parts hold Ilch Rend Hu in great veneration: he is the

only oracle of the Indies; they resort to him from the neighbouring provinces and kingdoms in all their difficulties; the grandees of Persia, Tibet, and Cathay, send to him honourable presents, desiring his counsel in matters of peace and war; nay, they make devout pilgrimages to him from the kingdoms of Tonquin and China; he is the Apollo of the East.

Ideuf, it would be some encouragement for thee and me to embrace a solitary life, if we might ever hope to attain such wonderful perfections; but as we have hitherto lived in the world, and stained ourselves with the common vices of mortals, we cannot presume to merit these extraordinary favours; our old habits are rooted in us, and if we have time and strength to plant new ones in their stead, yet they will not grow up to maturity but with many years; for believe me, cousin, nobody becomes a devil or a saint all at once.

Paris, 6th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1670.

VII.—*To the* Chiaus Bassa.

It appears that the King of France's fortune not only procures him constant victories and triumphs in Europe, but such a renown and character in foreign countries, as stimulates the most remote princes and puissant monarchs of the earth to court his alliance and friendship.

Here is at this present an ambassador come from the coasts of Guinea in Afric, being sent by the King of Arder, one of the greatest sovereigns in those parts, possessing an absolute and uncontroulable authority over his subjects, as the Grand Signior does over the faithful Ottomans; but we will not compare the narrow limits of his dominion with the vast and unbounded extent of the mus-

ſulman empire, the inheritance of our ſublime ſultan, the lord of the globe at large; ſuffice it that this black prince is a wiſe man, deſcended of a race of ſages, and that policy of ſtate is as natural to him as common craft or cunning to the meaneſt of the vulgar; he knows how to make war or peace abroad, and to keep his ſubjects in awe at home.

Surely there is a force and charm in the derivative blood of heroic and wiſe anceſtors, which ſecretly inſpires their offspring with maxims and principles agreeable to the inclinations, aims, and purpoſes of the family from whence they deſcend; and where it is experienced otherwiſe, it may be ſuppoſed that change of climate, unhappy marriages, or ſome over-ruling misfortunes in the world, have cauſed the degeneracy; for ſo ſome noble vegetables of Aſia, and other quarters of the earth, lying near the ſun, will not proſper if once tranſplanted into the cold and barren ſoils of northern Europe. Thus poverty, diſgrace, and other abject circumſtances, chill the greateſt ſpirits, and ſpoil their growth; yet there is an inborn excellency in ſome natures, which with evenneſs ſupports the ſtrokes of fortune, and puſhes through all difficulties to attain its end.

So this great African king, informing himſelf not only by French veſſels trading in his ports, but alſo by other ſhips of Chriſtendom, of the grandeur of the French king, his wealth and puiſſance by ſea and land, with the vaſt intereſt and traffic he has in both the Indies, thought it high time to ſeek his friendſhip, whoſe enmity would in all probability be very fatal to him; for he had heard of his conqueſts far and wide. It is no matter whether by valour or good conduct we make ourſelves happy; one is as laudable as the other, in the unequal war we are engaged in with fate, providence, and chance, with.

angels, men, and devils, with heaven, earth, and hell.

I ſpeak this in reference to the celebrated proweſs, magnanimity, riches, and ſtrength of this negro king, who need not yield to the King of Benin, his next neighbour, and the moſt potent of all the ſouth-weſtern maritime princes of Afric, nor to any of his other neighbours beſides, yet could not think himſelf ſafe, or be at reſt, till he had ſent his embaſſy to the King of France, offering his lands, his havens, his ſeas, and whatſoever was within his juriſdiction, to this great monarch.

The addreſs which his ambaſſador made to the French king deſerves remark; for after the uſual obeiſances at the foot of the throne, he went up three ſteps, and then proſtrating himſelf three times on his face and belly, he clapped his hands in token of reverence, and put his fingers on his eyes, to ſhow that he was not able to behold the luſtre of ſo much majeſty. This is the French interpretation of his carriage; but I tell thee it was rather deſigned as a precedent to the French ambaſſadors if any ſhould be ſent to Guinea, where it is the cuſtom of the country for all foreign miniſters to obſerve the ſame ceremonies to the King of Arder, and other princes his neighbours.

Theſe Europeans, becauſe they firſt found out the art of navigation, or at leaſt firſt improved it to the diſcovery of many remote countries, value themſelves too high, imagining that all the nations formerly unknown are fools, and know not themſelves and their own ſtrength. They thought it was impoſſible to find in Afric or America empires, kingdoms, and commonwealths, as ſtrong and well governed as thoſe in the heritage of Japhet; but it is a damned miſtake; for the Moſt High is impartial in the diſtribution of his gifts and

favours. Thoſe deſpicable blacks, whom all the princes and nobles of Europe and Aſia buy as ſlaves, being born of the vulgar, are nevertheleſs come out of regions where power, riches, and wiſdom, are as much in their zenith as in theſe weſtern countries.

They are all outwardly fleſh and blood as we are, notwithſtanding the contrariety of our colours; and as for their ſouls, they are even juſt as capable of knowledge and ignorance, reaſon and folly, vice and virtue, piety and profaneneſs, ſuperſtition and atheiſm, as we are, who pretend to be lords of the world, and all things.

May thou and I practiſe moderation, and not contemn any of human race, though they be the caphirs of Moſambique; but let us always remember the old Turkiſh proverb, "That it is not good or ſafe to point in mockery behind the Grand Signior's back." Adieu.

Paris, 3d of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1670.

VIII.—*To* MOHAMMED, *the illuſtrious Solitary of Mount Uriel in Arabia.*

THE grand root of the common injuſtice which men are guilty of in reference to the beaſts, and of the intemperance with which they corrupt themſelves, I perceive is a falſe principle which they have eſtabliſhed, denying the capacity and uſe of reaſon to all living creatures but themſelves.

This error was firſt publicly maintained by the Peripatetics, Stoics, and Epicureans, and afterwards by Claudius of Naples, out of a particular averſion they had for the doctrines of Pythagoras and Empedocles, two famous patrons of abſtinence.

Heraclitus Ponticus undertook to explain the ſenti-

ments of the former ſects, and Hermachus thoſe of the latter; but both of them ſeem to conſide more in the little tricks and arts of ſophiſtry than to uſe true reaſon; for at the firſt eſſay of their ſkill, they ſtrive to caſt a miſt in the reader's eyes, by dividing the generations of living creatures into ſuch as are endowed with the faculty of reaſon, and ſuch as want it; whereas thou knoweſt it is an indubitable maxim in the eaſtern philoſophy, that every thing which partakes of ſenſe has alſo reaſon; for it is the mind alone which ſees, hears, &c. the body of itſelf being deaf, blind, and void of all ſenſe. It is evident, therefore, that ſince the beaſts do ſee, hear, and perform all other actions of ſenſe, they have alſo what the Greeks call νοῦς, or the mind, in them, which is the very ſeminary or native ſeat of reaſon.

It is true, indeed, we cannot affirm that they poſſeſs a reaſon ſo perfect as ours, ſince that perfection is acquired by diſcipline, which the generality of the brutes want; they have no colleges or ſchools where the arts and ſciences are profeſſed and taught by rules; nature is their only ſchoolmiſtreſs, and they learn her inſtructions with abundance of promptneſs and ſagacity; they are educated in the open elements, as in an academy or univerſity founded by the Creator of all things, where every thing they encounter ſerves as a book to teach them all the knowledge which is neceſſary to their well-being on earth, and they need no more.

It is manifeſt alſo that ſome ſpecies and individuals are more capable of learning what is taught them than others; even as we diſcern the ſame difference among the various nations, families, and perſons of men. But we do not uſe to ſay of inanimate things, that this piece of wood is more apt to learn than another, as a dog is more tractable and docile than a hog; nor of immoveable things,

that this is ſlower th that ; nor of things which want ſenſe, that a ſtone is duller of apprehenſion than a piece of iron. So could we not properly affirm of animals, that one is more crafty and ſagacious than another, more provident, chaſte, temperate, cleanly, and the like epithets, if they were not by nature capable of knowledge and virtue : And yet we daily ſee all this is true, in comparing one ſpecies of living creatures with another, nay, and one individual of the ſame kind with ſome of its fellows.

When Antipater accuſed aſſes and hogs of naſtineſs, he did not conſider how accurately nice and curious the lynxes and cats are, which with ſo much diligence and care hide their excrements, that they can never be ſeen or ſmelt again ; ſo the ſwallows teach their young to mute over the brims of the neſt ; all which are arguments of their prudence and diſcretion. Doubtleſs every animal has its peculiar gift and excellency ; one is more quick-ſighted than another ; this has better ears than that ; a third ſurpaſſes in the goodneſs of his ſmell, or the ſwiftneſs of his feet. Let not vain man therefore boaſt and inſult, as if he were the ſole engroſſer of all wiſdom and virtue, ſince the beaſts of the field, the birds of the air, the fiſh of the ſea, with all the generations of reptiles, inſects, and whatſoever is endowed with life and ſenſe, poſſeſs their ſhares as well as he.

It is manifeſt alſo that there are various principles of folly, injuſtice, and all manner of ignorance, error, and vice, in human nature, equal to what we can poſſibly find in the reſt of animals, whom we ſo much deſpiſe ; and it is a queſtion whether even the very ſea-herie, who murders his father, and for that reaſon was by the ancient Egyptians made the hieroglyphic of impiety, may not juſtly exchange his character with ſome of human race,

who make their parents the continual martyrs to their ambition, pride, envy, avarice, and other vices.

I would fain know whether any man would not take it ill to be told he is blind and deaf, becauſe he cannot ſee and hear ſo quick as ſome of the beaſts; or that he is a cripple, becauſe he cannot outrun a hart? Certainly a ſtrong man deſerves that character, though he cannot pretend to match the ſtrength of a camel or an elephant. And ſhall we then ſay that the beaſts have no reaſon or virtue, becauſe they cannot diſcover thoſe qualities ſo artificially as men?

Beſides, do not all privations ſuppoſe ſome habits? and is not madneſs a privation of the habits of reaſon and prudence? If therefore dogs, bulls, foxes, and other animals, are known to be ſometimes mad, ſhall we think it leſs fit to ſay of them, that they are out of their minds or wits, than to affirm the ſame of men? and if *compos*, or *non compos mentis*, are proper expreſſions of any beaſt when it is ſober or mad, who that is not deprived of reaſon himſelf can deny that they have the poſſeſſion of that faculty by nature, as well as he?

As oft as I trouble thee with letters on this ſubject, thou mayeſt conclude I am newly awakened to a ſenſe of my error, in not religiouſly obſerving the ſacred inſtitution of abſtinence, which ought to be the natural conſequence of theſe thoughts; for, in a word, if it be lawful to kill the animals for the ſake of food, I think we may as well turn cannibals, and eat the fleſh of our purchaſed ſlaves, or of our captive enemies, over whom we have, by the law of nations, an equal right, as to their life and death, as over our beaſts.

Abſtemious ſage, I leave thee to the divine inſpirations of the genius which poſſeſſes that Holy Cave; I leave thee to the ſacred whiſpers of winds from Eden, and to

the ſweets of an innocent ſolitude, which admits no other ſociety than that of angels or beaſts.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1671.

IX.—*To* Zeidi Alamanzi, *a Merchant at Venice.*

I received thy laſt diſpatch, which informs me that thou art commanded to remove from Venice with all ſpeed poſſible, and to viſit Naples, Genoa, Rome, Padua, Milan, Florence, with the other chief cities of Italy; in fine, that thou art not to make a long reſidence, or take up thy abode any where, but after the manner of a traveller, to be always in a moving poſture from place to place, from one province and principality to another, that thou mayeſt take a juſt eſtimate of the ſtrength and riches of each ſtate through which thou ſhalt paſs; that thou mayeſt dive into their counſels, obſerve their motions, watch their deſigns, and tranſmit thy remarks to the miniſters of the auguſt divan, the myſterious cabinet of the earth's great ſovereign.

There may be leſs of profit in ſuch a peregrination for the preſent, than in thy conſtant reſidence at Venice, where thou art eſtabliſhed in a ſettled way of merchandiſe; but thou wilt find abundance more pleaſure; and if thou acquitteſt thyſelf ſucceſsfully, the Grand Signior will reward thy merit. Beſides, thou mayeſt meet with a thouſand opportunities of traffic even in thy travels; an active and diligent ſpirit cannot fail of means to advance its own intereſt in any part of the world, and thou doſt not want a ſtock of money to ſupport thy honeſt undertakings.

Thou wilt meet with a new ſort of Italians wherever thou ſhalt ſet thy foot, that people being ſtrangely

mixed, and deſcending from ſeveral nations. Every city has a different genius, which is ſo remarkable and conſpicuous, that they have all got peculiar epithets; as Rome the Holy, Naples the Gentle, Florence the Fair, Bologna the Fat, Milan the Large, Ferrara the Civil, Bergamo the Subtle, Genoa the Proud, Padua the Strong, Siena the Studious, Mantua the Glorious, Lucca the Induſtrious, Ravenna the Mild, Capua the Amorous, Urbin the Loyal, Verona the Worthy, Breſcia the Fortified, Friuli the Wanton, Rimini the Good; and ſo of the reſt.

Beware of contracting friendſhip with any Italian; and if thou doſt engage, be cautious how thou giveſt a juſt offence. Thou canſt not be too tender in this point; for as the Italians are very conſtant where they have once pitched their affection, ſo are they inexorable in their revenge, where they apprehend their love abuſed; and they are the moſt jealous people in the world. If thou haſt made two falſe ſteps, never ſeek to repair thy fault by after-ſubmiſſions, but fly; for thou haſt wounded his ſoul, and he will never pardon thee, or let thee live to be guilty of another affront. They have a common maxim in this caſe, "He that wrongs me twice, it is his fault; but if I let him injure me the third time, the blame is my own."

The wiſeſt courſe is to be civil and modeſtly reſerved, not to be too frank and open in diſcourſe, or looſe in carriage; for this lays a man naked, and expoſes him to the contempt and cenſure of ſuch as are more compoſed and recollected; and this is the peculiar character of the Italians, "That they think more than they ſpeak, and are many times diguſted at the perſon on whom they ſmile."

When thou art on the roads in Apulia and Campania, when thou beholdeſt the beauties of that luxuriant ſoil, and thy ſmell is raviſhed with the fragrant odours of the hedges, and adjoining groves, think on elyſium, paradiſe, or whatſoever place nature has made delightful, and ſay it muſt be in this country, or in ſome region very like it.

As thou ſojourneſt at Naples, remember with what pleaſure Virgil paſſed away his time there; it was in that happy air that Horace penned his admirable poems; there Livy wrote the Roman Hiſtory, and Seneca his Morals; from thence we have the works of Statius, Claudian, Laurentius Valla, and many other learned writers.

Forget not, when thou art at Genoa, the former glory of that commonwealth, how once ſhe did poſſeſs Sardinia, Cyprus, Leſbos, Chios, and did extend her conqueſts to Pera near Conſtantinople; how ſhe entered the Black Sea, planted a colony of Genoeſe at Caſſa, and ſtretched her dominion to the river Tanais.

Thou wilt find matter of contemplation in Piſa, Milan, Padua, and all the cities of Italy; but when thou art at Rome, it would be a kind of ſacrilege not to caſt back thy eyes, and view her ancient glory, when ſhe was the miſtreſs of the world, when ſhe had three millions of men within her walls, and an hundred and fifty millions of gold in yearly revenue; when ſhe kept in conſtant pay, at home and abroad, ſix hundred five-and-forty thouſand men. Her foreign conqueſts may be numbered by her domeſtic triumphs, which, from Romulus her founder to Auguſtus Cæſar, were not leſs than three hundred. Julius Cæſar augmented the public treaſury with forty millions of gold. In the reign of Aurelianus, this city was fifty miles in compaſs, and the number of her inhabitants increaſed to four millions; and they were prodigi-

ouſly enriched with the ſpoils of their enemies. Seneca, when he died, left ſeven millions and five hundred thouſand crowns behind him; Claudius Iſodorus, though much exhauſted by the civil wars, yet left four thouſand one hundred and ſeventeen ſlaves, three thouſand and ſixty yoke of oxen, and of other cattle two hundred and fifty-ſeven thouſand. There were commonly kept in Rome five hundred gladiators, a thouſand bears, and an hundred lions; there were always five hundred men employed in looking after the aqueducts and baths of Rome.

When Cyneas, the ambaſſador of Pyrrhus, had viewed the city round, and was aſked what he thought of Rome, he anſwered, "I think all Rome is but one temple, (for there were above four hundred in the city); her ſenate is an aſſembly of kings; ſhe is the beauty of the whole earth; the flower of mankind dwell within her walls."

Zeidi, this was the ſtate, this the grandeur and magnificence of Pagan Rome; but ſince the incurſions of the Goths and Vandals, the Lombards, Huns, and other barbarous nations of the North, Rome's glory is eclipſed, her honour laid in the duſt; whereas before, ſhe lifted up her ſtately creſt on ſeven high hills, now ſhe is fain to ſtoop, being humbly ſeated in the plain of Campus Martius, being not by a fifth part ſo large as formerly, nor yet ſo populous.

All over Italy thou wilt meet with relics of the ancient Roman majeſty and greatneſs; and in ſome places thou mayeſt encounter perſons of great extraction, but very poor, who may not unfitly be called the ruins of ancient nobility; ſuch as the Marquiſſes of Ceva, the Earls of Piacenza, and the Knights of Bologna, who are become the proverb of illuſtrious poverty. Such alſo are the

Counts of Luſigniani, three of whom were once ſeen upon a fig tree, eating the figs to keep them from ſtarving; and many Italian lords get their livelihoods by ſelling of ptiſans, lemonades, eſſences, powders, and other refreſhments to the gentry; yet they are proud, and when any one addreſſes to them, he muſt entitle them, Moſt excellent, Moſt illuſtrious, or elſe they will frown, and be affronted.

Zeidi, if ever it be thy fortune to be made a lord, I pray Heaven give thee an eſtate anſwerable to the title; for a lord without riches is like a ſoldier without arms, very ridiculous.

Paris, 15th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1671.

X.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

This day ſomething has happened to me very prodigious, and I know not what to make of it. About the hour of Quindinamaſi, I was ſuddenly taken with ſtrange fits of vomiting; my ſtomach was in a prodigal, or rather a philoſophical humour, reſolving to caſt off all ſuperfluities, and only retain what was neceſſary to its eaſe and welfare in this life; I laboured under a thouſand horrid agonies, which made me fear that either an impoſthume was the cauſe of ſuch violent convulſions, or at leaſt that they would end in opening the inward ſluices of my blood, by too much forcing of the pectoral veins.

Whilſt I was buſied thus with ſad preſages of a ſudden death, (for I dread to be ſo unawares thruſt out of the world) I longed and paſſionately languiſhed for an Arabian orange.

It happened at the ſame time my mother Oucoumiche, Daria, and Eliachim the Jew, were with me in my cham-

ber, and had been there an hour; they all ſtood at the window to ſee a proceſſion that was going by; but when they heard the ſtraining noiſe I made, immediately they ran to my bed-ſide, as human nature, curioſity, or paſſion, uſes to prompt in ſuch like caſes.

With a faint broken voice I told them what I wiſhed for; Eliachim forthwith gave order to his boy that waited in an anti-chamber, to run with ſpeed, and buy the beſt Arabian oranges he could find.

The arch young lad was gone full thirteen minutes by my watch, and then returned with half a dozen oranges of Spain (for he could get no other); but Heaven, as I have reaſon to think, ſupplied his negligence and unſucceſsful marketing; for long before he came with that four, crabbed fruit, Daria ſpied an orange of Arabia on the table.

Nobody knew from whence it came, or what kind hand had laid it there; they were all equal witneſſes, that there was no ſuch thing upon the table when they came to the bed-ſide, nor a conſiderable time afterward; and when it was ſuggeſted that ſome of the company had privately conveyed it thither, whilſt the reſt were looking another way, Eliachim with ſolemn vows and imprecations cleared himſelf, ſo did Daria and my mother; as for myſelf, they all were ſenſible it was impoſſible for me to do it, as I lay in my bed. A general aſtoniſhment poſſeſſed us all; and the women would needs have it to be a miracle, whilſt I greedily eat the delicious fruit, not troubling my thoughts with making endleſs ſcrutinies, or ſo much as caring which way it came there, ſo long as I had the enjoyment of it.

Yet I ceaſed to be thus indifferent, when I perceived my malady on a ſudden removed by eating of this wondrous orange; and whereas I had lain for ſix whole days

and nights in a continual faint and languiſhing condition, not able to get down a morſel of bread, now my ſpirits grew briſk and freſh, I ſeemed like one transformed, or in another world; my ſtomach revived, my almoſt diſſipated vigour rallied, and I roſe cheerfully to eat a hearty ſupper. Theſe things, I muſt confeſs, put me, as well as the reſt of the company, upon thinking.

I tell thee, upon the ſtricteſt examination poſſible, I am very well ſatisfied that there could be no deſign or trick in the caſe; for if there were, nobody would be guilty of ſo many repeated horrid perjuries in denying it, but every one rather would have been forward to own themſelves the inſtruments of thus happily and unexpectedly reſcuing a poor ſick man from the very jaws of death, for I was juſt then ready to expire.

Whether there be a magic in the ſtrength of a man's fancy at ſuch times, and that through the intenſe agitation of his exalted ſpirits, he moves the ſoul of the univerſe by ſympathy, to exert ſome of its hidden and uncommon faculties, and gratify his neceſſary deſires; or whether there be an order of officious beings inviſible about us, who have the charge of mortals committed to them, and are bound by the laws of their concealed kingdoms to aſſiſt us in extremities, even to the height of a ſeeming miracle, where it cannot be done without, I know not; but it is certain, any obſerving man may take notice of ſome extraordinary paſſages in the courſe of his life, of which he can give no rational account, but muſt be forced to put them on the ſcore of preternatural cauſes; ſuch is our ignorance of the ſecret operations of nature.

All the company were ready to liſt me among the prophets, or in the catalogue of ſaints, for this ſtupendous occurrence; but I had other thoughts of myſelf; for

comparing this with ſome former occurrences of my life, I preſently concluded it was the forerunner of ſome grand but ſhort affliction, and ſo I told them all.

I believe, my Dgnet, that God will hedge me in with divers kinds of adverſe circumſtances; he will ruſh upon me on a ſudden, like a troop of Tartar horſe, who ſwiftly ſpread themſelves all round the affrighted country, and take poſſeſſion of the roads and paſſes; they hunt the conſcious infidels from dens and caves, and other lurking places in the woods and mountains; none can eſcape their chaſtiſement and revenge; ſo my preſaging ſoul foretels ſome ſad ſurpriſing inroads from the Omnipotent.

That which I have to do in this caſe, is to make ſpeedy expiations for my paſt ſecurity and preſumption, to repair the ruined faſtneſſes of virtue, and build new ones where they are wanting; to keep ſtrong guards; and, laſtly, to retire myſelf into a moſt profound humility and compliance with the will of God, which is the ſtrongeſt fortreſs in time of a divine invaſion.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1671.

XI.—*To* Sephat Abercromil, *Vanni Effendi, Preacher to the Sultan.*

The character and fame of thy exemplary life and profound doctrine, though ſtudiouſly concealed and ſuppreſſed by thyſelf, have yet made a forcible eruption, and filled the muſſulman kingdoms with the fragrant odour of thy incomparable piety and virtue; even theſe remote and infidel regions of the Weſt are edified by thy ſacred rules and inſtitutions of a ſpiritual life; the Nazarene prieſts and doctors begin to harbour emulations of thy ſanctity, ſince they have ſeen no fairer draught of

true acceptable religion, than what the chaplains to the French ambaſſadors at the Porte have copied from thy principles, and recommended to their friends among the clergy of France; inſomuch as Francis Malevella, a blind eccleſiaſtic, but an Argus in the ſciences, has publicly eſpouſed thy theorems and practices, having in print now lately undertaken the patronage of a contemplative life, ſo much inſiſted on by thee, to which the College of Sorbonne have alſo given their approbation.

That excellent man, though he has loſt the uſe of his corporeal eyes, yet has a ſoul transformed all over into light, by which he clearly can ſurvey the vaſt myſterious horizon of the inviſible world, and penetrate the moſt recluſe and hidden ſecrets of eternity; the age is raviſhed with the book he publiſhed; he has ten thouſand proſelytes among the Roman prieſts and derviſes; none but the Jeſuits and Dominicans oppoſe him.

The former of theſe orders is grown odious throughout Chriſtendom, for the impious doctrines they maintain, and the enormous crimes they have committed, being notorious bouteſeus, traitors, hypocrites, and ſecret libertines; their colleges are eſteemed the ſhops and forges of ſedition, faction, public animoſities, broils, and wars, with all the miſchief that is done in Europe; the latter are not loved in France, becauſe they are generally choſen officers of the Inquiſition, which inhuman judicature was firſt projected by St. Dominic their founder, in order to exterminate the Moors from Spain. There is a natural and irreconcileable antipathy between the French and Spaniards; they mutually abhor each others cuſtoms, laws, and humours; but, above all, the French can never be reconciled to that infernal court, which tyranniſes over the ſouls of men, and puniſhes them for thoughts; it is an equal crime to ſpeak or to be ſilent, to pray or not,

to go to church or ſtay at home, provided you are rich; it is wealth the inquiſitors aim at, not the pretended ſafety and deliverance of the church from enemies and rebels.

Therefore the Dominicans and Jeſuits being looked upon as favourers and patrons of the Inquiſition, and for that reaſon hated by the French, in vain they argued againſt Malevella's new-reformed model of interior religion, which is but a tranſlation of the original dogmata laid down by thee; thy refined ſentiments are prolific as the ſolar beams, which by ineffable increaſes, propagate themſelves without diminiſhing the illuſtrious fountain; each bright and fertile atom, by a miraculous emanation, begets another; they multiply by an admirable progreſſive iſſue and expanſion from every point of the refulgent centre, till every ſplendid particle becomes a ray of equal length, and all together produce an entire orb of light: Thus thy ſerene ideas of religion dilate themſelves through this dark ſide of the world as faſt as they illuminate the muſſulman hemiſphere; the honeſter ſort of weſtern Franks are already, by a demi-metamorphoſis, grown half Mahometans, capitulating with their prepoſſeſſions, prejudices, and the force of education, for the reſt.

They go to church, but not to babble over a thouſand vain tautologies, which are taught them by their prieſts, and to inſure their memory are printed in their pocket manuals or Books of prayer; nor do they number a long ſeries of the ſame repeated oriſons on beads, or uſe any other exterior form of blind and lame devotion; but with inward recollection, ſilence, purity, and fervent application of the ſpirit, they addreſs themſelves to God; or rather by a certain gradual paſſiveneſs, oblivion of outward things, and dying to themſelves, they prepare and fit their

ſouls for the divine approaches: Thus having barricadoed up their ſenſes, and made retrenchments round the centre of the mind, to ſecure it from the laſt invaſion and aſſault of mundane objects, thither they retire, deſiring death, rather than to take quarter by a faint cowardice or timorous apoſtacy, and ſurrender to the world.

Theſe people undergo, at certain times, ſtrange dryneſſes, deſertions, and ſterilities of ſpirit, which are the torments that compoſe the moſt ſevere and painful martyrdoms. A common death, or any violent diſſolution of the body, is but the recreation, ſport, or play of nature, when compared with theſe tremendous, tragical, and dark annihilations of the ſoul: A man at ſuch a ſeaſon ſeems to be reduced to an eternal cataſtrophe; his ſpirit deſcends, and is engulphed in the abyſs of hell; or hell comes up to him, and yawning with its horrid dragon's jaws, murders the ſoul with baneful and infernal breath. Yet this they find to be the only near directeſt way to heaven; this is the myſtic fence, the ditch, baſtion, and counterſcarp of paradiſe. He that would ſcale the walls, or enter by the gates of Eden, muſt firſt paſs through theſe terrible outworks. This is the ſtrait and narrow bridge over which each ſoul muſt paſs, that would attain immortal life. Moſes, Jeſus, Mahomet, and all the meſſengers of God, have pointed at this as the only way to our ſupreme felicity; neither was it unknown to the ancient poets and philoſophers among the gentiles; Orpheus and Heſiod recommended it in their myſterious verſe; Empedocles, Theophraſtus, Plato, Plotinus, Porphyry, Jamblichus, with many others, improved the ſacred revelation, adding new lights unto the bleſt diſcovery; and if we take the hiſtory in a right ſenſe, unleſs I am deceived, Socrates died a martyr to this important truth. Many of the learned Hebrew rabbis have aſſerted

it; the Perſian and Arabian doctors, before and ſince the holy flight, have been its advocates; and let not envy refuſe to give ſome of the Chriſtian prieſts their due acknowledgment, who preached this doctrine in the primitive aſſemblies, taught it in the public ſchools, and inſured it to poſterity in learned manuſcripts; ſuch were Origen and Ammonius, Clemens of Alexandria, Simplicius, Chryſoſtom, Tertullian, Auguſtin; and in more modern times, Thomas Aquinas, Marcilius Ficinus, Bonaventure, with many others.

And it is eſteemed the height of Indian religion to this day, the Bramins delivering it as an hereditary article of faith, and point of practice, from immemorable ages. Since, therefore, all religions in the world agree in this, notwithſtanding their other ceremonial and ſpeculative differences, doubtleſs it is the voice and will of God, not the contrivance or innovation of man.

Reverend effendi, it is a common proverb among the Chriſtians, "That whereſoever God has a temple, the devil has a chapel." That cunning ſpirit, like a ſerpent, winds himſelf into outward forms and ceremonies of devotion; but he that builds a moſque in the centre of his ſoul, may bid defiance to Tagot, for that is the throne of God, near which the demon cannot approach.

May thou and I live always ſereened behind ourſelves; for in that dark receſs from viſible things, the Eternal lives to manifeſt his otherwiſe inviſible light. Adieu.

Paris, 27th of the 6th moon, of the year 1671.

XII.—*To* Cara Hali, *Phyſician to the Grand Signior.*

After all my ſcepticiſms, I at this hour believe there is ſomething of us remains immortal and incorruptible,

when our groſſer bodies are diſſolved; call it what you will, an aſtral body, a ghoſt, a ſpirit, or any thing elſe, I am ſenſible ſome part of us will never die. What ſignifies the vain diſpute of words, the dark reſolves of Plato's cave? Let it be ſubſtance or accident, matter or form, or a reſult of all, there is ſtill a certain portion of our nature, againſt which the ſtroke of death, and of ten hundred thouſand deaths, can never prevail. We may be changed indeed, and maſquerade it up and down, perhaps through infinite worlds, in ſo many different diſguiſes, but we can never be annihilated, or made nothing; we cannot be excluded from the eternal liſt of atoms. The loſs or abſence of the leaſt particle from the univerſe would either cauſe the loudeſt never-ending thunders and lightnings, or an everlaſting ſilence, fullenneſs, and darkneſs. This mighty aggregate and ſtupendous heap of beings would fall to ruin, if there were the leaſt vacuum, or the ſmalleſt mite miſſing. Steal but the moſt indiviſible atom from the reſt, and down comes all the fabric; for one ſupports another by an inſeparable adheſion, reciprocal congruity, and mathematical fitneſs; they are ſo cunningly hitched and knit together, ſo cloſely faſtened and indented each with other, by the original art or chance which formed the world, that all the motions of this grand machine would at an inſtant ſtop, in ſuch a caſe, as does a watch when the leaſt tooth is miſſing from any one of the contiguous wheels. Every thing in nature is full and pregnant; neither can there be any other emptineſs ſave what we think we ſee in bottles, or other hollow veſſels, which when they are void of water, wine, or other liquor, it is but to be crammed brimful of air, which element inſinuates and crowds itſelf into each diminutive cranny, chink, and pore of groſſer ſubſtances; ſo if the airy atoms have any hollowneſſes in them, the ſmalleſt vacancy poſſi-

ble is ſtill ſupplied with its full meaſure of the pure ether, and that again with ſome matter more refined, if any ſuch there be, or elſe it drinks full draughts of immaterial eſſences; and by ſuch a ſubordinate gradation, human ſouls, though in themſelves, perhaps, pure incorporeal ſpirits, are yet faſtened and cemented to our bodies. Thus is one being ſucceſſively and eternally either a ſyringe, or a ſponge to another; the elements inebriate one another by turns; an univerſal epicuriſm and drunkenneſs reigns.

So the hot ſtomach of the earth, parched with inward mineral fires, greedily guzzles down the very ſalt unpalatable lees of the ſea rather than be a-dry; with a thouſand thouſand gaping throats, it gulps the beverage which Neptune's deep and mighty cellar runs withal; it pants, and ſucks eternally the thick ropy ſettlements of the ocean's bottom; theſe are diſtilled again in hidden limbecks, cylinders, and other chemical veſſels below, that ſo the gaping channels on the ſuperficies may be conſtantly ſupplied with more refined liquor, through the ſprings and fountains; and yet the globe not having quenched its thirſt with this perpetual draught, continually ſips up the rain, a liquor more ſublime and pure than all the reſt; but this is only on certain holidays of fate, when the celeſtial powers, the planets, ſtars, and conſtellations, order a duralma for the vegetable race below, to refreſh the herb, the corn, and trees, and banquets from the clouds; then the big-bellied tuns above are rolled out of their hidden ſtore-houſes, and broached; the conduits of the upper region ſpout and run with plentiful ſhowers and cataracts of nature's ſeminal juice, the radical all-cheering nectar of heaven; the greedy ſoil imbibes the ſacred ſtrong caſcade; each joyful turf is frolicſome, and ſwallows down large bumpers of the eleemoſynary wine; whilſt the leaſt dry and crumbling lump of the late fainting glebe, has

drops and ſupernaculums enough to revel on, till parti-coloured Iris, the major-domo of theſe yearly feſtivals, perceiving the tender ſeeds and roots are well nigh fuddled with what at ſecond-hand they have exhauſted from the over-laden ground, makes her appearance in the clouds, inviting all the gueſts to a ſplendid collation of warm beams and rays with which the ſun is minded to regale them.

A grateful, ſoft, and cheerful noiſe was heard throughout the room before; the earth and air were in a merry humour; well pleaſed with the debauch, they would have ſat till morning at it, being loath to leave their liquor behind them, or change it for dry meat; but at the ſight of Iris every one changed countenance; an univerſal murmur ran throughout the hall; they were ſorry thus to be baulked in the midſt of their mirth; till courtly zephyrs come with their ſoft compliments, and tell them it is neceſſary for their eaſe and health; then are the tuns and bottles removed, with all the drunken tackle; the table ſoon is ſpread, and covered with a rich courſe of glittering charges ſent from Phœbus.

That ſponging planet only lives by bantering and wheedles; the illuſtrious figure he makes in the world is always borrowed; he never wore a faſhionable dreſs in his life, but what he took up by tally from the firſt ſource of lights, for which he is bound to pay ſo vaſt an intereſt, that he would neceſſarily become a bankrupt, did he not repair his broken fortune, by playing tricks upon the earth. Thus, whilſt he mocks this ſublunary world with his pretended treats, he makes it pay for all with coſtly exhalations; he plunders the elements, picks the pockets of the earth, and robs the treaſuries of the ſea, nor can he forbear filching ſomething from the air; and when he has ſtolen enough, he ſlinks away in the dark, and flies to

the other ſide of the globe, there to commence new ſhams and cheats upon the antipodes; and all the while the ſtars are full as bad as he; for like a brave highwayman, that luminary frequents the public way of heaven by day; he robs in open ſight of all the world, and leaves a generous viaticum wherever he borrows any thing; but the ſtars, thoſe little bullies of the ſky, are perfect night-pads, ſhop-lifts, and ſharpers; they ſkulk about in the dark, through all the private alleys of the firmament, and commit a thouſand murders, rapes, and other violences; ſome of their aſpects are as venomous as the fatal eyes of baſiliſks; they carry divers kinds of mortal poiſons in their looks, which they diſperſe at random in this lower world; they ſtrew the earth with hemlocks, aconites, and other baneful weeds; they alſo ſcatter up and down the more contagious ſeeds of envy, avarice, and a thouſand black infernal vices, which take root in human ſouls at our nativities, and growing up with us, in time bring forth the fatal fruits of death: The ugly race of dragons, ſerpents, crocodiles, and all the reptile generations, with every thing that is hideous, cruel, and deſtructive on the globe, derive their natures, qualities, forms, and diſpoſitions, from ſome malignant ſtars or conſtellations, if aſtrologers ſay true; ſo do the ſcaly monſters of the vaſt abyſs, and every bird of horrible figure flying in the air; they are all the brood, the emiſſaries, ſpies, and agents of the powers above, ſent down on thieviſh errands, to prey on other animals more innocent than themſelves.

There is an eternal clauſe in nature, whilſt every thing is either on the hunt or flight. Thus heaven purloins from earth, and that from heaven again. When we are firſt conceived, our wandering ſouls are catched, as in a well-baited trap; and when we die, it is but the ſoul's eſcape from one ſnare to be ſoon trepanned into another.

Perhaps a human body may be our priſon again, or we may be attracted by ſome more agreeable embryo,; this magnetic ſtar may draw us up to heaven, or the wide jaws of all-devouring Orcus may ſwallow us down into the hungry paunch of hell, which God avert.

Learned Hali, let not thou and I be too ſolicitous about theſe things, for all our timorous forecaſts are in vain; but conſidering the ſecret magnetiſms diſperſed throughout the univerſe, and that every thing attracts its like, let us take care to qualify ourſelves with celeſtial habits and diſpoſitions, and then we cannot fail of being drawn up to paradiſe.

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1671.

XIII.—*To the* MUFTI.

IN obedience to thy commands, I ſhall now proceed in relating the moſt memorable tranſactions of former ages, during the four great monarchies, obſerving thy inſtructions, not to be prolix, or over-curious in tracing down the particular ſucceſſions of kings and princes, but rather to relate the actions of famous men, the wiſe ſayings of the ancients, with ſuch other remarks as may be at once delightful and inſtructive.

It will be no breach of this rule to begin where I left off in my former letter, with the death of Darius, and ſucceſſion of Xerxes, his younger ſon, there being ſomething of nicety in the plea between him and his elder brother Artabazanes for the crown; for this laid claim to it on the account of his primogeniture, but in regard he was born before Darius was made king, the ſucceſſion was determined in favour of Xerxes, who had a double advantage, in being begot by a crowned king, and born

of Atoſh, the daughter of Cyrus, who firſt eſtabliſhed this monarchy.

As ſoon as Xerxes was ſettled in the throne, he led an army into Egypt, and ſuppreſſed the inſurrections in that country; then he fitted out a fleet of 4200 ſhips, on board of which were above five hundred thouſand men; he had a land army alſo conſiſting of two millions and five hundred thouſand ſoldiers, of ſeveral nations. With this vaſt multitude he marched againſt the Grecians; and to facilitate the voyage of his fleet, he cauſed one part of his army to dig a paſſage through mount Athos, whereby the ſea was let in, and the ſhips might ſail two a-breaſt; whilſt another part of the ſoldiers were employed in building a bridge of boats over the Helleſpont. No ſooner was this done, but there aroſe a vehement tempeſt, which ſo diſcompoſed thoſe narrow ſeas, that between the winds and waves, the boats which made this bridge were all diſperſed, broken, and caſt away.

This ſo incenſed Xerxes, that he commanded the ſea to be ſcourged with whips, and a chain to be thrown into it, as a mark of its future ſubjection; he alſo beheaded thoſe who built the bridge, and cauſed others to make a new one.

Here one of Xerxes's eunuchs, and a particular favourite of the king, ſent for a Grecian of the iſle of Chios, who had formerly deprived him of the evidences of his virility; and the old man coming with his ſons to wait on this great courtier, the eunuch cauſed him firſt to caſtrate his own ſons, and afterwards forced them to do the ſame by their father, in revenge of his own loſs and diſgrace.

From hence Xerxes marching with his army by the place where once ſtood the famous town of Troy, went in pilgrimage to the tomb of King Priamus, where he

ſacrificed ten hecatombs of oxen to the ghoſts of the ancient heroes, and to the divinity of the river Scamander, which his ſoldiers drank dry, and yet half of them had not quenched their thirſt.

After this, he came to the Helleſpont, where taking a ſurvey of all his land and ſea forces, which covered the Helleſpont and all the neighbouring ſhores, and contemplating the ſhortneſs of man's life, and that of ſo innumerable a multitude not one ſhould be alive at an hundred years end, he wept bitterly.

Then having ſacrificed to the ſun, for the good ſucceſs of his expedition, he cauſed all his army to paſs over the Helleſpont by his bridge of boats; after which, they drank their way through another river, which had not water enough to ſatisfy half his men and cattle; for his army increaſed all the way, by the acceſſion of ſoldiers out of every nation through which he paſſed. Yet Leonidas, King of Sparta, with a ſmall body of 4000 Lacedemonians, gave battle to the whole army of Xerxes; and in a ſea-fight at Salamis, the Perſians loſt 500 ſhips, with a conſiderable part of their army, which, with other diſaſters, or ſickneſs, famine, &c. ſo terrified this great monarch, that he poſted back again as faſt as he could, by the way of the Helleſpont, which he croſſed in a poor fiſher-boat all alone, leaving Mardonius to purſue the wars in Greece; but an ill fate attended their arms; for at Platea the Grecians ſet upon them under Pauſanias their general, and routed the whole army, killing above two hundred thouſand of them upon the ſpot, and burning their camp and navy.

Xerxes, hearing theſe ill tidings, fled towards his own country, and by the way ſet fire to the temples of the gods at Babylon and other parts of Aſia, ſparing none

but that magnificent fane at Epheſus, which was renowned throughout the whole world.

About this time died Pagapates, the faithful eunuch of Darius, who had paſſed ſeven whole years mourning at the tomb of his maſter.

I muſt not omit the treachery of Pauſanias the Lacedemonian general, who held a private correſpondence with Xerxes; and having been twice accuſed of treaſon, and as often acquitted, was the third time diſcovered by a boy, whom he kept as his minion, and by the ſentence of the ephori was ſtarved to death.

Thou haſt forbidden me to augment the bulk of theſe hiſtorical letters, with gloſſes, or remarks of my own, or elſe it were a proper occaſion to put thy holineſs in mind, how great a value ought to be ſet on a faithful man; and let nature itſelf plead my excuſe for intrenching on thy orders, whilſt I vindicate myſelf from the calumnies of the envious, and beg of thee to reſt aſſured, that no man on earth can be truer to his truſt than the Arabian ſlave Mahmut.

But to return to Xerxes: He was unfaithfully dealt with by the captain of his guard, who by the aſſiſtance of Spamitres, the king's chamberlain, and ſeven other conſpirators, killed him in his bed, with his eldeſt ſon Darius, and crowned Artaxerxes in his ſtead.

To him fled Themiſtocles the Athenian, who was ſuſpected a partner in the treaſon of Pauſanias: The king received him into his favour, and made him governor of a province, adding the gift of five great cities, to furniſh him with money for the expences of his table and wardrobe; and this the king did, not as a reward or encouragement of treaſon, (from which he knew Themiſtocles was free, being falſely accuſed by the Athenians) but he heaped thoſe honours on him, as a debt to the merits

of that once illuſtrious enemy, now become a friend, and ſeeking ſhelter in the Perſian kingdom from the barbarous ingratitude of his own countrymen, who, for all his eminent ſervices to Greece, could think of no better acknowledgment than to put to death as a traitor the braveſt and wiſeſt captain of that age.

Not long after this, the Perſians loſt two hundred ſhips in a ſea-fight with the Grecians, and were routed at land by a ſtratagem of Cimon, the Grecian general, who, after the naval victory, put his men on board the Perſian veſſels which he had taken, and apparelling them in the garments of the Perſian captives, landed them near the enemy's camp in Pamphylia, who taking them for friends, ſuffered them to enter their trenches without jealouſy, and ſo were all ſlaughtered, except a few, who eſcaped by the ſwiftneſs of their horſes.

About this time, Pericles was made Prince of Athens, of whom I made mention in my former letters; and Themiſtocles being made general of the Perſian army, and ſent againſt the Grecians, rather than fight againſt his country, or betray the cauſe of his new maſter, became a voluntary victim to his own integrity and honour; for, ſacrificing a bull in his march, he drank off a bowl of the blood, and fell down dead at the foot of the altar.

The next war the Perſians were engaged in was with Egypt, where, in a battle near Memphis, they loſt an hundred thouſand men; but ſending freſh recruits, they drive up the river Nile, where the Athenian fleet, confederate with the Egyptians, lay at anchor, which ſo amazed the Egyptians, that they made their peace with them; and the Athenians ſet their own ſhips on fire, in number 200, and returned home with diſgrace, when they had been ſix years in Egypt; and after this, a peace was concluded between the Perſians and thoſe of Greece; and in

the fifth year of the 8th olympiad, which ſoon followed, there was an univerſal peace throughout the world, which continued till the firſt year of the 87th olympiad, at which time began the Peloponneſian war.

In the 4th year of the 88th olympiad Artaxerxes died, and his ſon Xerxes was inveſted with the crown; but at a year's end, being overcome with wine, and falling aſleep in a place where no guard was kept, his brother Secundianus, with the help of an eunuch, murdered him, and took the government on himſelf; he alſo was ſoon after diſpatched by his brother Darius.

I over-run whole olympiads, without mentioning any thing ſave the tranſactions which made moſt noiſe in thoſe times; but I am unwilling to ſlip the reign of any king, though I ſpeak but two words of it, that ſo thou mayeſt have a perfect idea of their ſucceſſion.

During the whole ſeries of Darius's reign, hiſtory mentions nothing remarkable, but is taken up in relating the little quarrels and reconciliations of ſeveral provinces in Greece, ſome private treaties between the Perſian governors of Leſſer Aſia, and thoſe of Peloponneſus, and the overtures of peace between the Lacedemonians and the Perſians, the end of the Peloponneſian war, with ſuch other paſſages as would be too tedious for a letter.

I will only rehearſe a memorable ſaying of Darius, on his death-bed, to his eldeſt ſon Artaxerxes, who was to ſucceed him in the throne: The prince being aſſured by the royal phyſicians that his father's end drew near, thus addreſſed Darius: "My father, ſince it is the will of the gods to take you from earth into their own bleſſed ſociety, and that you have been pleaſed, with the conſent of the nobles, to declare me your ſucceſſor in the kingdom, tell me, I beſeech you, by what methods of policy you have governed this empire theſe nineteen years, that ſo I

may follow your example." To whom the king replied, "My ſon, be aſſured, that if my reign has been bleſſed with greater ſucceſs and peace than thoſe of my predeceſſors, it is becauſe in all things I have honoured the immortal gods, and done juſtice to every man."

As ſoon as Artaxerxes was poſſeſſed of the crown, he ſent for his brother Cyrus, and put him in manacles of gold, with deſign to make him privately away; but at the interceſſion of his mother, he releaſed him again, and reſtored him to his government of Lydia.

About this time, Plato the philoſopher being very young, gave an early ſpecimen of a ripe wit, in comforting Antimachus the poet, who loſt the garland in a conteſt with Niceratus, at the Lyſandrian feaſt; for when he beheld the poet extremely vexed at the ignorance and partiality of Lyſander, who knew not how to diſtinguiſh between his lofty meaſures and the flat rhimes of his antagoniſt, Plato bid him be of good courage; "For (ſaid he) his ignorance no more diminiſhes thy knowledge, than a blind man's miſtaking thee for another would deprive thee of thy ſight."

When Cyrus was returned to his government he plotted to depoſe his brother; and to win Lyſander to his party, he preſented him with a ſhip built all of gold and ivory. Alcibiades, the famous Athenian captain, perceiving this, deſigned to give Artaxerxes notice of his brother's treaſon, but by the way he was murdered himſelf by ſome ſoldiers hired for that purpoſe by Lyſander, who yet durſt not ſet upon him in the day time, when he was armed in his own defence, but in the night ſet his houſe on fire, and as he was eſcaping through the flames and ſmoke, they, lying in ambuſh, ſhot him dead with arrows.

However, Artaxerxes quickly became ſenſible of his brother's deſigns, and raiſing an army of nine hundred

thouſand men, gave him battle not far from Babylon; in the fight he was wounded by Cyrus; but after a hot diſpute, Cyrus was killed, and Artaxerxes got the victory.

Pariſatis, the mother of Cyrus, to revenge the death of her ſon, cauſed thoſe that wounded him to be killed with lingering torments; and inviting Queen Statira, the wife of Artaxerxes, to a feaſt, ſhe divided the bird rhindaces aſunder with a knife poiſoned on one ſide, and gave the venomed part to Statira, eating the other herſelf; upon which the queen died in horrible anguiſh and torture.

The famous deeds of many heroes are alſo recorded, during the reign of this Artaxerxes; as of Ageſilaus King of the Spartans; Iphicrates, Pharnabazus, Tiſſaphernes, and Tiribazus, Perſians, with Conon the Athenian; but fearing to intrench on thy patience, I content myſelf with only mentioning their names, and ſo finiſh my letter with the concluſion of Artaxerxes's life, who died of grief for the death of his ſon Arſames, whom Ochus his brother had cauſed to be murdered out of envy and jealouſy, becauſe his father doated on him.

If I have not anſwered thy expectation in this letter, blame not me, but the hiſtorians from whom I have collected theſe paſſages, or accuſe the men of that age that they did not perform greater actions. However, in the next thou ſhalt hear of the birth and life of a great prophet, even Alexander, the conqueror of all Aſia. In the mean time, I plunge myſelf in the ideas of the duſt thou treadeſt on, and ſhrinking into an abſtract of humility, I bid thee adieu.

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1671.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.—*To* PESTELI HALI, *his brother, Maſter of the Cuſtoms, and Superintendant of the Arſenal at Conſtantinople.*

I KNOW not well whether it is my part to be ſorry or glad when I hear thy ſon is wild and prodigal; that he is amorous, and very much addicted to frolic with women, wine, and muſic; that he frequents the baths and playhouſes, on purpoſe to make ſome intereſt for his love, that he may ſometimes get a ſight of beautiful ladies, and have the pleaſure of being admitted into their company; that he haunts the ſociety of foreign merchants, the houſes of Chriſtian ambaſſadors, and inſinuates himſelf into the acquaintance and familiarity of all travellers who make any figure in the imperial city.

I proteſt it ſeems difficult in my opinion to determine whether thou thyſelf haſt reaſon to be grieved at all this, or not rather to rejoice, as at a preſage of his future good fortune, ſince it is a manifeſt argument of the greatneſs of his ſoul; and let that alone to work out its own way to happineſs. Never check a generous ſpirit, for ſuch are full of the Divinity; they are the eagles, the lions, the kings and princes of the earth; their veins flow with ſacred blood; their nerves ſtrut with the milk of paradiſe; a thouſand excellencies poſſeſs their hearts, and ten thouſand perfections take root in their brains; whatever of precious is ſcattered up and down in the elements meets in their accompliſhed nature, as in an epitome or rich compendium of the brighteſt eſſences, an extract of all that is valuable, good, and lovely in the univerſe.

Be not diſcouraged to ſee thy ſon amorous of women; it is a ſign of a good nature; and he is looked upon as a monſter, or degenerate perſon, who feels no warmths or paſſions for that lovely ſex. Women are ſent into the world on purpoſe to blow up thoſe gentle flames within our breaſts which ſublimate our groſſer mould, and make us more refined; love is a ſacred frenzy of the ſoul, a divine madneſs, elevating a man up to the pitch of a ſantone, and rendering him the care of the benigner demons; he is every where ſafe, having the favour of gods and men, as the Roman poet expreſſes it:

Quiſquis amore tenetur, eat tutusque facerque.

And had it not been for thy own experience of this noble paſſion, thou hadſt not had a ſon to complain of.

Perhaps it makes him expenſive and coſtly in his manner of living; he would no doubt appear gay and polite in the eyes of his miſtreſſes; he would be generous and magnificent in his entertainments, liberal to his friends and acquaintance, charitable to all perſons in diſtreſs; and canſt thou really blame him for putting in practice ſo many amiable virtues? Is not this better than to ſee him of a ſneaking ſordid temper, addicted to avarice and other ignoble vices? Remember thy own genius when thou wert young; what a paſſionate delight thou tookeſt in travelling; yet this could not be maintained without great charges: Conſider therefore that it is thy own blood running in the veins of thy ſon, which prompts him to a noble way of living; and do not thou imitate thoſe fathers who, by their ſeverity, teach their children to degenerate, inſtead of making them better or more reformed; they frighten them from the paths of innate virtue for the lucre of their gold, and take abundance of pains to inſtruct them in the methods of covetouſneſs, as

if that alone were the zenith of wiſdom and virtue, whereas it is in truth the very ſink and ſeminary of all vice.

I will relate to thee a ſtory which I have heard in Paris, which has ſomething in it very ſingular and remarkable, concerning the affection and care of a father toward his extravagant and prodigal ſon: This old gentleman had a fair ſeat, about ten leagues from this city, which had belonged to his family for the ſpace of five hundred years; his yearly revenue was very conſiderable, and having only one ſon, he gave him the liberty of managing half his eſtate when he came to the age of one and-twenty years.

This young ſpark being of a high ſpirit, was ſo far from harbouring any thoughts of frugality, that he could hardly brook the neceſſity of living within the compaſs of his allowance; he addicted himſelf to gaming, drinking, and other lewd courſes, which in a ſhort time conſumed his means, and reduced him to great ſtraits.

About the ſame time his father died, and left him the remainder of his eſtate, giving him all the inſtructions that are uſual in ſuch caſes; and among the reſt of his ſage counſels, he charged him, if it ſhould be his misfortune to become a bankrupt again, ſo as to be forced to ſell his eſtate, that he would at leaſt not part with that houſe, which had been ſo long in the poſſeſſion of their family; eſpecially he conjured him to reſerve one particular chamber for himſelf as long as he lived, which was the ſame where he then lay a dying; "for this (ſaid he) will be a ſanctuary for you when you have no other place of refuge in the world."

After the old man's deceaſe, his ſon fell to his former courſe of life; and, to make ſhort of it, in a few years

ſpent all his patrimony, even that very houſe itſelf, which he was forced to ſell at laſt for an under-price, to ſupply his preſent neceſſities. However, he obeyed his father's laſt injunction, and in the ſale of the houſe made articles for the perpetual claim and uſe of that chamber to himſelf.

It was not long before he had conſumed the money which he had received for the houſe, ſo that now his laſt ſupport was gone; he tried to borrow of ſome of his friends and acquaintance, and in charity they ſupplied him at firſt with ſmall ſums; but when he often preſſed them, they grew weary of him, and denied to part with any more.

The diſconſolate gentleman, overwhelmed with grief and melancholy, returns to his chamber, hoping to find ſome eaſe in that private receſs, where he might at leaſt have the privilege of venting his ſorrow in ſighs and tears.

He paſſed away ſome time in this dejected condition, when at length he caſt his eyes on an old trunk which ſtood in a corner of the chamber, and which he had ſcarce ever regarded before; an odd curioſity prompted him to riſe and look into this trunk, perhaps not ſo much in hopes of finding any relief there, as to divert himſelf and paſs away the tedious minutes, and yet it is natural for people in great calamities and misfortunes to flatter themſelves with the imagination of unexpected reliefs, and to catch at every the leaſt glimple or ſhadow that ſeems to preſage any good. Be it how it will, he fell to rifling the trunk, but found nothing ſave a parcel of old rags and papers, with other remnants and fragments of ſilk, linen, and velvet, the relics and ſpoils of his father's wardrobe. This was no booty for him; however, he ceaſed not his ſcrutiny till he had quite emptied the trunk,

when, to his no ſmall aſtoniſhment, he found theſe words on the bottom: "Ah prodigal! haſt thou ſpent all, and ſold thy houſe? Now go and hang thyſelf; there is a rope ready provided for thee in the beam of the chamber."

The young gentleman looking to the ceiling, and ſeeing a halter hang there, being faſtened to an iron ring, was ſtruck with ſuch a damp, that concluding it was the will of fate that he ſhould fulfil the words he found on the bottom of the trunk, he immediately took a chair or ſtool, and placing it juſt under the rope, got up and raiſed himſelf upon it, that ſo he might the better reach the deſigned inſtrument of his death.

He ſtood not long muſing, for life appeared now inſupportable to him; wherefore, putting the halter about his neck, in the height of deſpair he kicked the ſtool away, when behold, inſtead of hanging there, he fell to the ground, the weighty ſwing of his body having pulled out a piece of ſquare timber from the beam, being that part to which the ring was faſtened. Immediately he was like to be overwhelmed and buried alive in a great heap of gold, which came ſhowering down upon him out of the hollow place, which his father had contrived on purpoſe in the beam, to put this kind ſarcaſm on his ſon, now ſufficiently mortified by ſo many ſorrows.

In a word, this made ſo deep an impreſſion on him, that he grew reformed, buying all his eſtate back again with part of the money, and, employing the reſt in merchandiſing, grew to be a richer man than his father or any of his progenitors.

Dear Peſteli, thy ſon is generous and witty: It is thy part to reclaim him by methods agreeable to his nature; for ruggedneſs and auſterity will make him but the worſe.

Paris, 5th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1671.

II.—*To* CODORAFRAD CREIK, *a Man of the Law.*

HERE has happened an accident of late, which teſtifies the zeal of the French for their religion, as well as it diſcovers the raſh and unwarrantable fury of a bigotted deſperado: This perſon was one of that ſect they call huguenots, of whom there are great multitudes in France; and they are diametrically oppoſite to thoſe of the Roman faith in their principles, and the manner of worſhipping God, yet are tolerated by the ſtate, to prevent the inconveniencies of a civil war, and the effuſion of human blood; the king chooſing rather by clemency to win them to his party, than by a ſevere execution of the laws in force againſt them, to compel their conſciences in matters relating to God.

Yet many men are of opinion that this royal condeſcenſion will not have its deſired effect upon a ſtubborn and ungrateful ſort of people, who, inſtead of being obliged to fidelity and obedience by ſuch indulgent favours, are apt to interpret them as arguments of the king's impotence and diſability to puniſh thoſe that reſiſt his authority, and to harden themſelves the more in their factious inſolence, as it will appear by what I am going to relate of a certain religious furioſo, a huguenot by profeſſion: This fellow coming one day into the great temple in Paris which they call Notre Dame, makes up directly toward the prieſt who was celebrating maſs, and waiting a convenient ſeaſon to execute his purpoſe, juſt as the prieſt was elevating that which they eſteem the ſacramental body of Jeſus the Meſſias above his head, according to cuſtom, that it might be adored by all the congregation, this ruffian ſtepped to him, and ſtriking the wafer out of his hand, trampled it under foot, and then aſſaſſinated the prieſt with his dagger.

The whole aſſembly were aſtoniſhed at ſuch an unex-

ampled attempt; they ſtood ſtill like ſtatues for a while, and ſuffered the villain to paſs through the throng, till he came to the very gate of the temple, when beginning to rouſe out of their ſtupefaction, ſome ran after him, and ſo he was ſeized, and carried before the next cadi or judge of criminal cauſes, who condemned him to have his right hand firſt cut off before the gate of the ſame temple where he had been guilty of this aſſaſſin and profanation, and his body preſently afterwards to be burnt alive, which was accordingly executed.

But not thinking this a ſufficient expiation of the diſhonour done to God, the Archbiſhop of Paris commanded prayers to be made, which they call the oriſons of forty hours; he appointed alſo a ſolemn proceſſion of all the clergy to the Temple of Notre Dame, to cleanſe it from the defilement which, according to their belief, it had contracted by this impious action. The ſovereign companies of the city likewiſe attended theſe ceremonies, in their robes of honour, to teſtify their devotion.

Thou wilt not conclude me an infidel, or ſay that I undertake the patronage of the Roman religion, if I condemn this fellow as a martyr to his own preſumption and arrogance; the Romans and huguenots are all alike to me, ſo long as they are equally enemies to the meſſenger of God; but it is not decent or wiſe, neither good manners nor policy, to affront the eſtabliſhed religion of the country where a man lives; it was ſufficient that this ruffian and all his brethren had the liberty of ſerving God after their own way; it was an unpardonable immorality to diſturb the lawful prieſts of the nation, eſpecially in ſo barbarous a manner, in the very height of their myſteries, the midſt of their daily ſacrifice, at the altar of their God, where they profeſs to immolate, after a tran-

cendent manner, no leſs than the body and blood of the Meſſias.

Doubtleſs all nations are zealous for their religion, and we muſſulmans ſhould not ſcruple to put to death a headſtrong giaſre, who would preſume but to pollute our ſacred moſques by his uncircumciſed preſence, much leſs ſhould we ſpare him if he attempted to offer any violence to a true believer as he was adoring the Eternal Unity after the way obſerved by our fathers, and commanded by the prophet. And though theſe Nazarenes are worſhippers of images and pictures, though they adore that which to all outward appearance is but a piece of bread, yet the precept of Moſes ought to be regarded, which ſays, "Ye ſhall not blaſpheme the gods of the nations whither ye go to dwell."

Venerable ſucceſſor of Moſes and the prophets, vouchſafe to pray for Mahmut, that whilſt he dwells among theſe infidels, he may neither make ſhipwreck of his faith, by embracing their vanities, nor yet forfeit his diſcretion by any rude, unſeemly, or violent carriage againſt them.

Paris, 23d of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1671.

III.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

There are a ſort of men among the Nazarene eccleſiaſtics whom they call caſuiſts; theſe are profoundly verſed in the learning of the ſchools, which (if thou remembereſt) honeſt Father Antonio, the old Sicilian prieſt, our friend, uſed to term the ſcience of huſks; a dry chaffy ſort of knowledge, conſiſting only of empty vapid notions, windy ideas, diſtinctions made in ſand, which may be effaced, altered, or formed at pleaſure. The very

contemplation of theſe metaphyſical trifles is enough to put one in a fever, ſo ſubtle is the poiſon they contain; a ſpiritual venom, which darts like lightning through one's thoughts, and ſoon ferments the ſoul, boiling our reaſon up to ſcum, and froth itſelf away in divine jargon and religious nonſenſe.

Theſe men will ſplit a hair in divinity, to make a ſcruple, or to diſannul it; they raiſe a duſt in the eyes of thoſe that give heed to them, and play faſt and looſe with human reaſon as it ſerves a turn; they will make a hog of a cuſhion, and turn an elephant into a coffee-diſh, with their inchanting hæcceities, identities, quatenuſes, and the reſt of their learned legerdemain, the perfect hocus pocus of the Sorbonne, by which they juggle men out of their ſenſes, and frame chimeras far more monſtrous than thoſe in the fictions of Ovid, or the more early and myſterious poems of Muſæus, Orpheus, and Heſiod; they teach men to ſtumble at a feather in the way of a religious life, yet not to boggle at a millſtone or a mountain, where intereſt calls for reſolution and ſpeed; they ſtart more difficulties than themſelves can anſwer, in the caſes of the poor; but where plenty of gold appears, every thing is made eaſy and plain; mere higglers in religion, quacks and empirics in matters of conſcience; murdering a thouſand diſtempered ſouls for one they cure; pretending to be guides to paradiſe, they lead men through uncouth paths and intricate windings, till they are loſt in labyrinths of error, bordering on the confines of hell, and then they leave them to themſelves, where, if they make one falſe ſtep, they go out of their bounds, treſpaſs on the devil's frontiers, and ſo are either in danger of a precipice, or at leaſt of being taken captives by the outlying ſcouts of the infernal kingdom, from whom it is difficult to eſcape.

There were such as these also among the Jews and Gentiles of old, and so there are at this day, in all religions, men who are severe in punctilios, and neglect the more important precepts of the law; nor can the mussulmans themselves be free from this embarrassment of the faith and truth brought down from heaven.

If thou observest the grave and supercilious looks of our imaums, mollahs, cadis, &c. thou wilt take them for the justest men, the holiest saints on earth; mark but their discourse, it is an abridgment of the Alcoran; they are seen each morning at the first hour of public prayer, walking before the mosques, or sitting in the royal cemeteries under some melancholy cypress, reading the book of Assonah, or some other spiritual treatise; with eyes cast up to heaven, or humbly fixed upon the ground, and mimic postures of their hands, they act devotion to the life, yet in their hearts perhaps are studying how to circumvent their neighbours.

Go to these persons for instruction in any doubtful case, they will hamper thee with far-fetched terms and crabbed problems, with formal aspects, and tedious circumlocutions; stroaking their beards, and sighing from deceitful breasts, they will industriously amuse thy soul with dark enigmas, and trepan thy sense in snares of insignificant and unintelligible words, striving to make thee believe they are the picklocks of the eternal cabinet, if not the privy counsellors of heaven; whereas the way of piety is plain, and circumscribed with certain noted boundaries; it is hard indeed for a bewildered traveller to find the narrow gate and first avenue of this sacred path, amongst so many gorgeous glittering portals ever standing open, and inviting men into the spacious fields of vice; but when he has once entered the obscurer pass, he has nothing else to do but go directly on, without

turning to the right hand or the left, only regarding the fixed land-marks of eternal truth, invariable reaſon, and ſound morality. To ſpeak plainly, a man's duty is comprehended in a few eaſy rules, and he that goes to render them difficult by knotty thorny gloſſes, throws ſtumbling-blocks before the feet of true believers, and interrupts their pilgrimage to heaven.

My friend, if any pious ſcruples trouble thee or me, let us henceforth be our own caſuiſts, and not by blind implicit faith enſlave our ſouls to men perhaps more ignorant than ourſelves. The law is plain and poſitive in neceſſary matters; what need we ſeek to entangle ourſelves with more?

If we perform our oriſons at the appointed hours, what matter is it whether we obſerve the ſix traditionary poſtures or no, we that are illuminated? I only ſpeak of ſuch; as for the phlegmatic dull multitude, it is fit they ſhould be curbed with diſcipline, and made to obſerve the nice punctilios of obedience. What ſignifies the old verſatile turn of the head from one ſide to the other, as if we thought to catch the prophet peeping over our ſhoulders? or where is the ſenſe of the profounder myſtery of poring on our fingers with extended palms, as if we were at ſchool and learning our alphabet, or imitated the clownish ruſtics of Armenia, who, as they work in the fields and vineyards, will make a dial of their hands, a gnomon of a ſtraw, and loſe an hour in ſtedfaſt gazing on their dirty fiſts, to know what time of day it is? Then the myſterious reſting of our hands upon our knees, with other formal ceremonies, what are they all but an external diſcipline, confirmed by ancient cuſtom, and obſerved for order's ſake? This need not trouble thee or me whenever we have occaſion to retrench ſuch indifferent niceties.

Nay, to go farther, if we ſhould neglect the ſtated

periods of ſolemn adoration, compelled thereto by ſickneſs, travelling, or any other neceſſity, be not diſconſolate, as if thou hadſt been guilty of a mortal ſin: Some ſupererogating work of charity will cancel ten ſuch faults as that, or at leaſt thou mayeſt look boldly in the face of God, when, at another ſeaſon, on thy knees, thou makeſt ample compenſation, or by ſacred abſtinence and faſting diſperſeſt all the miſts and clouds of guilt that ſat ſo heavy on thy ſoul. The times are all alike to him who is eternal; there is no diſtinction of day or night with that Immortal Eſſence who made the ſun and ſtars, and is himſelf the unchangeable ſource of light.

So, if we ſhould addreſs ourſelves to Heaven without the uſual forms of prayer, or any words at all, we have no reaſon to be ſad, as if our oriſons were ineffectual and unheard. In the eternal high receſs, our ſilent vows and ſofteſt whiſpers of the ſoul echo as loud as the moſt bold and noiſy clamour of the tongue. There is a rank of ſpirits among the reſt above, on purpoſe made to waft the ſecret thoughts of mortal men to heaven. We cannot fail of audience there, whenever we ſend the leaſt ejaculation up with firm credentials from the heart.

In a word, believe, my Digby, that the Supremely Intelligent and Wiſe chiefly regards the intention and fervour of our minds, the habitual bent of our ſouls, with the innocent and pious actions of our lives; he is not to be moved (unleſs to indignation) by the vain tautologies of our verbal oriſons, the nauſeating crambo of devoteſt words, common to hypocrites and perſons of ſincerity, to the moſt incorrigible ſinners and the greateſt ſaints; the humble ſilence of a heart reſigned to deſtiny is a pacific ſacrifice, atoning for the greateſt ſins, attracting choiceſt favours, ſmiles, and benedictions from the Eternal. This

is the diſcipline of ſacred love, the rule of perfect life, the ſecret chart of the elect, whereby they ſteer their courſe to paradiſe.

Which of the prophets was a formal beadſman, to number out his oriſons at fingers end, and offer up to God a ſhort and vain retail of words, in recompenſe of infinite bounties paſt, and in hopes of more to come?

When Mahomet was purſued by cruel infidels, and forced to make the wilderneſs his ſanctuary, and hide himſelf within the hollow of an aged oak, he did not ſeek to amuſe the Eternal with ſtudied forms of ſpeech, and human eloquence, or tire the immortal ears with a religious long harangue, as if he thought to enſnare the general mercy of the Holy One in trains of artificial and elaborate language, or catch his more particular indulgence in a trap of ſubtle rhetoric. The harmleſs ſaint, with heart and face compoſed with ſelf-denying thoughts and looks, ſtood like a ſtatue in the bleſſed aſylum, whilſt gentle rivulets of compaſſionate tears trilled down his cheeks; his ſoul was pierced with ſacred pity to his enemies; he ſighed and wiſhed, in ſhort, whatever blameleſs piety could ſuggeſt for him and them; angels immediately carried the prophetic vows to heaven; his ſilent paſſionate prayer was heard; the cruel perſecutors, blinded with impious fury, ruſhed into the deſart; they ſpread themſelves abroad, and rode at large; one traitor ſpurred his horſe through thickeſt webs of low-entangled thorns and underwoods, greedy of the royal and majeſtic prey, whilſt others took the open paths, hoping to overtake the prophet on the flight; they ſeemed to ſwim or fly rather than ride, ſuch was the ſwiftneſs of their courſe; fierce was the cry, re-echoed from the hollows of the rocks and valleys, "Mecca for the head of Mahomet!" Some ſtumbled at the out-creeping roots of

trees, and broke a leg or an arm by a precipitate fall from off their beaſts, whilſt others had their eyes ſtruck blind by interfering twigs; one had his turban rudely bruſhed off, and ſcalp ſeverely ſhaved, by broken ſtumps of boughs, and rows of knotty branches, placed and bent down by fate, on purpoſe to avenge the apoſtle's cauſe on ſuch a miſcreant as this; another could not curb his horſe from jumping down into a deep quarry, digged in the midſt of the wood, where the proud heretic daſhed his ſkull and brains upon the marble pavement at the bottom. So ſenſible and vindictive are inanimate creatures, when a good man, a ſaint, a friend of God, is wronged; the very ſtocks and ſtones, and all the elements, are touched with ſacred ſympathies at ſuch a time; the frame of nature feels ſtrange tender paſſions, fits, and qualms of amorous regard; and God himſelf, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, is rouſed as from a trance, and ſnatching up the weapons of his power and wrath, runs like a champion to defend the cauſe of injured innocence.

But I forget that I am writing a letter, and therefore ought to be brief; beſides, what I have ſaid is ſufficient to convince thee that I have an idea of religion far different from that which the caſuiſts, whether muſſulmans or Chriſtians, would imprint in men's minds.

If thou canſt not think as I do, I condemn thee not; uſe thy native freedom, but remember, that though men's reaſons and opinions vary as do their faces, yet truth is homogeneous, uniform, and ever of the ſame complexion, in all ages and nations.

Paris, 1ſt of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1672.

IV.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

THE King of France has lately made a league with the King of England; whereupon the people, by way of proverb, ſay, that Mars and Jupiter are now in conjunction, reflecting thereby on the different tempers of theſe two princes; the one debonair and jovial, exceſſively addicted to women and wine, yet not forgetting or declining martial affairs, when his honour or intereſt invites him to take up arms; the other ſeeming wholly taken up with the thoughts of conqueſt, and enlarging his dominions, yet ſparing ſome time for the enjoyment of himſelf, and proſecution of his amours.

However, both of them now have proclaimed open war againſt the Hollanders by ſea and land. The King of Sweden, who was before an ally of the Dutch, has of late declared himſelf a neuter; and the Biſhop of Munſter, who is one of the electors of the German empire, is engaged in the French intereſt.

Thus are ſome of the princes and ſtates in Europe divided already, and God knows how far the breach may extend in time.

It is not altogether unworthy of remark, what different factions there were of late amongſt the Hollanders themſelves, though a republic, pretending to greater and faſter union of intereſts than what can be found in any monarchy; yet this commonwealth was rent into three ſeveral parties, whereof one was headed by the Prince of Orange, the other by John de Wit, and the third was compoſed of the commons, without any chief of note.

I will not trouble thee with a character of the Prince of Orange, he is already known by fame at the Sublime Porte; as to John de Wit, I can give no other account at preſent, but that he was a perſon whom fortune had

raiſed to ſuch an eminence in the commonwealth, as made him the Prince of Orange's rival, and competitor for the ſupremacy; therefore he ſought to exclude him from all employments and offices of truſt, that he might eſtabliſh himſelf in his place.

The third party, whom we may call republicans, were of opinion, that it was not for the honour of the commonwealth to acknowledge any head, judging that the eſtabliſhment or excluſion, the riſe or fall of the prince, or De Wit, ought to be a thing indifferent to the ſtates, in regard the commonwealth appeared in their ſight ſufficient to flouriſh, under the protection of her own arms and riches, without having any need of either the Prince of Orange's aſſiſtance or De Wit's.

However, notwithſtanding theſe animoſities of the Hollanders among themſelves, as ſoon as they found themſelves engaged in a war with two ſuch potent monarchs, they all unanimouſly choſe the Prince of Orange as general of their army; remembering the famous actions of his fathers, the Princes of the Houſe of Naſſau, by whoſe valour and conduct they had gained and conſerved their liberties; on the other ſide, De Wit, having rendered himſelf odious to the vulgar, was by them torn in pieces, ſuch a deſtiny often happening to thoſe who aſpire to raiſe themſelves by unlawful methods, and who are ambitious to be the ringleaders of a faction.

The French call the Prince of Orange a general without an army, in regard the Hollanders being as yet only upon the defenſive, and their towns wanting ſtrong garriſons, their ſoldiers are all diſpoſed of this way, ſo that there is little or no appearance of a field army.

This is certain, the King of France is the moſt gallant prince in Europe; he paſſes from divertiſements to the toils of war, and from the campaign returns to his plea-

ſures again. Thus it is difficult to diſtinguiſh between his labours and recreations, his pleaſures and his buſineſs; they ſeem to be ſo near of kin, that he takes equal pleaſure in both.

It was but a little before the firſt appearances of this war, that he and his queen were revelling in the gardens of Chantilly, where a royal entertainment was prepared for them by night; the court attended them thither, and there the Roman luxury was ſeen in royal miniature. As ſoon as the gates were opened, there appeared an artificial day, ſo light was the place made with flambeaux and lamps, which being well placed among the trees, with other refined illuminations, adorned with chaplets of flowers, which preſented the eye with a pleaſing medley of colours, interſperſed with oranges, citrons, and other agreeable fruits, tranſported the company with exquiſite delights; all together pretty well reſembled a foreſt in a chamber, for the walls not being far from the place where the king ſat, were hung with arras, with a multitude of lights burning near the hangings, and there was a ſpring of water in the middle of the garden, raiſing itſelf after a wonderful manner into the form of a high pyramid, and falling again into three baſons of marble ſucceſſively, from one to the other, made a pleaſant ſpectacle to the courtiers.

Then a moſt magnificent collation was ſerved up, with vocal and inſtrumental muſic, ſo ſoft and fine, with a ſudden dew cooling the air, which had a ſmell like ſweet briars, as rendered the place a perfect paradiſe; after which followed the king's ſupper, far ſurpaſſing the other banquet in all manner of delicacy and politeneſs, as well as the ſtupendous abundance of diſhes. When ſupper was ended, they were entertained with a ſhow of ſomething admirable and new in fire-works; but though

it be ſo to them, I will not trouble thee with a deſcription of it, ſince thou haſt ſeen far finer and more coſtly at Conſtantinople, or wherever the great ſultan kept his reſidence at the time of a dunalma.

After this, the king went to ſee the new fortifications of Dunkirk, which he had ordered not long before; and in a little time followed this declaration of war againſt Holland.

So things go in a circle from war to peace, from peace to war again. However, thou wilt the better know by what I have ſaid, how to comport thyſelf, in caſe of any difference between the Engliſh, French, and Hollanders at the Sublime Porte. God inſpire thee with climacterical wiſdom, to adjuſt all difficulties in their ſtated periods.

Paris, 26th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1672.

V.—*To* Cara Hali, *Phyſician to the Grand Signior.*

Thou haſt borne with a thouſand impertinencies in my letters, and I know not whether what I am now going to write will deſerve a better character; however, I feel a ſpirit within me, checking my ſtupid mind, in that I was not before ſenſible of my error, but muſt make ſo late a recantation. It is impoſſible for me to reflect on the vain and trifling ſubjects I have all along entertained thee with, and not to bluſh at ſo grand an overſight, ſince I then ſeemed not ſo much as to regard thy knowledge and practice in medicines, which has exalted thee to the honour of being placed in the front of thoſe who take care of the Grand Signior's health; much leſs did I preſent thee with matters ſuitable to thy more interior know-

ledge, and that hidden wiſdom, which deſervedly ranks thee among the moſt perfect and accompliſhed mortals.

In ancient times, theology and phyſic were counted ſciences of ſuch a near relation and mutual dependance, that one could not ſubſiſt without the other. By phyſic they meant the general ſcience of nature, otherwiſe termed magic, which comprehended under it the knowledge of the heavens, the elements, and every being within their vaſt circumference; the motions of ſun, moon, and ſtars, their various aſpects, influences, and dominions in this lower world; the nature of the winds and meteors, with their effects; the virtues of all plants, and living creatures; as alſo of inſenſible things, the metals, minerals, and other ſubſtances found both on the ſurface of the earth, within its concave, and in the ſea.

Such as thoſe of old were Apollonius Tyanæus, with the magi of Perſia and Chaldea, ſuch as Hierarchus among the bramins, Teſpion the gymnoſophiſt, Budda the Babylonian, Numa Pompilius at Rome, Zamolxides of Thrace, Abbaris the hyperborean, Hermes Triſmegiſtus of Egypt, Zoroaſter the ſon of Oromaſes King of Bactria, Evantes an Arabian king, Zacharias a Babylonian, Joſeph a Hebrew; with many others of different nations, as Zenotenus, Kirannides, Almadal, Thetel, Alchind, Abel, Ptolemy, Geber, Zabel, Nazabarub, Tebiti, Aerith, Salomon, Aſtrophon, Hipparchus, Alcmeon, &c; and of later date, Albereus, ſurnamed the Great, Arnoldus de Villa Nova, Cardan, Raymund Lullius, with a few more not worth the naming.

Theſe contemplated the ſecret force and virtue of celeſtial and ſublunary things, the hidden ſympathy between them and the myſterious powers of nature; then having by a curious and painful ſcrutiny traced out the true genealogies of things, caſt their nativities, and diſcovered

all their kindred, allies, friends, and enemies, knew, by applying in due ſeaſon actives to proper paſſives, how to produce effects appearing ſtupendous prodigies to the vulgar, and no leſs than miracles; whereas, all this is but a pure reſult of nature, helped by human art; ſo watches, dials, clocks, and mirrors, appeared at firſt to the ignorant world the effects of magic; eſpecially, the ſimple natives of America, ſhowed little more wit than apes or cats, which look behind the glaſs, to find the active figure of themſelves that they ſaw in it.

And now I am got amongſt thoſe poor barbarians, I cannot forget a paſſage of a poor Peruvian ſlave, who being ſent by his Spaniſh maſter with a baſket of choice fruit, and a letter to his friend, the ſilly ignoramus being faint by reaſon of the exceſſive heat, his journey being alſo tedious, from the town of Lima to a village near the mountains of Potoſi, eat up the fruit by the way, to allay his hungry thirſt; however, not having ſo good a ſtomach to the letter, he delivered it ſafe to the perſon to whom it was addreſſed, never once dreaming that an inſenſible piece of paper could tell tales; but that diſcovering his crime, when he came home his maſter ordered him to the baſtinado, to make him ſenſible of it; then he was ſent again on the ſame errand with oranges and a letter, and meeting with the ſame temptation, he knew not what to do; at laſt, he hid the letter under a heap of ſand, wiſely concluding, that if it ſaw him not, it could never betray his fact; however, to ſecure it from all means of peeping, he ſpread his mantle over the place, and then fell roundly to his banquet, thinking he ſhould now have no accuſer; in fine, he eat up all the oranges, and was worſe banged for his pains than the time before.

Generous Hali, thou ſeeſt I am fallen into the ſame error for which I made apology at the beginning of this

letter, but thou canſt eaſily forgive ſuch crimes as theſe; ſuffer me only to relapſe thus far, that I may mention the mathematical magicians, ſuch as Archytas, who made a wooden pigeon to fly; and Albert the Great, who taught a brazen head to ſpeak; not forgetting him, unknown by name, who gave to the ſtatues of Mercury voluble tongues and elegant language, by whoſe mechanic art a brazen ſerpent learned to hiſs, and birds of the ſame metal, with other helps, out-vyed the nightingales and thruſhes in their melody.

I will not omit the execrable practices of necromancers, or ſuch as invocate the dead, and with nefandous ceremonies, rites, and ſacrifices, call to aid infernal ſpirits, bind them in cryſtals, or ſome other vehicle, and then adore them as the ancient Romans did their lares and penates; theſe are their oracles, which they conſult in all emergencies, and by their help work wonders in the world, foretel things future, and reveal the moſt remote and hidden ſecrets, whether paſt or preſent; nor is this a fable, or an old wife's tale, for unleſs the experienced nations of the earth had found ſome real evils from wizards, magicians, and witches, they would not have made ſo ſevere laws againſt them, as to aim at their extermination from the earth.

Neither need we admire, that women are as much addicted to theſe curſed vanities as men, ſince they are naturally more inquiſitive into ſecrets, and leſs cautious of being impoſed upon; they are prone to ſuperſtition, and from their infancy bred up to obſerve their dreams, their moles, and other marks upon their bodies; they covet all the depth of palmiſtry and phyſiognomy, beſides a thouſand other little follies.

If they meet a man in the ſtreet at firſt going out, they are encouraged, and take it for a ſign of their good

fortune; but if one of their own sex encounters them, they curse the undesigning female, and return home again; they observe fatal days and nights, and certain critical hours, wherein they try experiments to know their future husbands; they brew enchanting philters for their lovers, and intoxicate them with liquors, wherein young human Cupids have been boiled with herbs as powerful to effect their wish as those that Circe or Medea knew; in short, there is no species of sortilegy, or divination, which vain and young maidens are not practised in, which has a fair disposition or introduction to the blackest kind of magic.

But blessed are they, O pious and most learned Hali, who being profoundly skilled, and daily conversant in the science of nature, have never tainted themselves by any unlawful commerce with spirits unclean, infernal, and enemies to God; they are divine magicians, having celestial characters, the hidden name of God imprinted on their souls, whereby they are able to attract the angels, and make the highest spirits obey him.

Hali, God grant that thou mayest be one of this venerable and happy number. Farewell.

Paris, 5th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1672.

VI.—*To* Orchan Cabet, *Student of the Sciences, and Pensioner to the Grand Signior.*

It has been a long time since the Christians have openly published libels against our holy lawgiver, and the book which he received from the hands of Gabriel, one of the chief princes of heaven; they affirm for an undoubted truth, that Mahomet himself composed that volume of light, by the help of Nestorius a Christian monk, and Ab-

dalla a Jew, and that it is but an artificial medley, a hodge-podge, or gallimaufry of Pagan, Jewiſh, and Chriſtian principles, cunningly ſuited and blended together, in order to gain proſelytes of all religions.

I proteſt, by the veneration I owe to the Eternal God of heaven, that I really believe the Alcoran to be of divine original; ſuch is the inimitable elegance of the ſtyle, the brightneſs and force of its reaſons and arguments, the wonderful and charming contexture of things hiſtorical, moral, and divine, that all the writings in the world beſide ſeem to be flat and inſipid, compared with this ſacred and ſtupendous pandect of wiſdom; yet I muſt confeſs I know not how to anſwer the accuſation of the Nazarenes, becauſe I have never read any muſſulman treatiſe that undertook to refute theſe calumnies, which makes me apt to think there is none ſuch extant; for I have made diligent inquiry, diſcourſed with ſeveral learned doctors of our law, but can gain no ſatisfaction in that point.

Perhaps, our fathers in former ages were ignorant how the meſſenger of God had been traduced by the Chriſtians, or if they knew it, yet they diſdained to anſwer ſuch malicious lies; and as for theſe modern times, the zeal of religion is grown too cold among the true believers: every one is carried away with ſelf-love, whilſt no man will be at the pains to defend the truth, or manifeſt the errors of our enemies; beſides it is now impoſſible to diſprove what they ſay concerning Neſtorius and Abdalla, unleſs we could produce authors of unqueſtionable authority, who lived in Mahomet's time, and ſo could give a more exact account of his life than thoſe that came after them.

However, if we conſult common reaſon, we ſhall find it very improbable, that three men of ſuch contrary prin-

ciples, as a Jew, a Chriſtian, and a Pagan, ſhould all voluntarily agree and jump in one deſign of brewing their ſeveral religions together, and drawing ſuch an extract from them as could ſuit with neither of their parties ſingly, and was like to have all of them together for its enemies and perſecutors; there was no ground for them to expect the converſion of any Jews, ſo long as the Alcoran aſſerts Jeſus the Son of Mary to be the true Meſſias, the Word and Breath of God, worker of miracles, healer of diſeaſes, preacher of heavenly doctrine, and exemplary pattern of a perfect life, denying that he was crucified, but affirming that he aſcended into paradiſe; whereas the Jews call him an execrable impoſtor, magician, ſeducer of the nations; and finally, by way of extreme deriſion, they term him "The man that was hanged on a tree."

Neither was the Alcoran like to find any better entertainment among the Chriſtians, for this laſt reaſon, in that it denies the crucifixion of the Meſſias, which is the baſis whereon all the ſuperſtructure of their religion is built; it is the angular ſtone of Chriſtianity; beſides, they could never be reconciled to polygamy, circumciſion, aboliſhing of images and pictures, nor to a great many other things which the muſſulman law enjoins; eſpecially they could never brook the denial of the Trinity.

And for the ſame reaſon, this ſuppoſed patched form of religion would have been as little welcome to the Gentiles, in that it took from them the multitude of their gods, and aſſerted the unity of the Divine Eſſence; ſo that all circumſtances being weighed, it appears that the Alcoran, ſince it has had ſuch ſucceſs in the world, could not be forged by thoſe three, nor compoſed by any human pen, but is of divine original; beſides, had there been ſuch a triumvirate known in the caſe, the Coreis of Mec-

ca, and other mortal enemies of Mahomet and his doctrine, would not have ſpared to upbraid him with it; and if they were not known to the Arabians, who were converſant with him, how came the Chriſtians to be informed of this private cabal, who were altogether ſtrangers to Mahomet at that time?

Conſider well theſe things, and thou wilt have no reaſon to give credit to the calumnies and lying aſperſions caſt on the apoſtle of God by unbelievers, but being more and more confirmed in the undefiled faith, wilt glorify God, who has guided thee in the right way, and not into the way of infidels, and thoſe with whom he is diſpleaſed.

Orchan, as thou art endowed with great learning, I counſel thee to employ it in defending the cauſe of the prophet who could neither write nor read.

Paris, 15th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1672.

VII.—*To* HAMET, *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

HERE has been hot work this ſummer in the Weſt; the King of France has made ſuch ſwift and large conqueſts on the Hollanders, that they have hardly had time to conſider their loſſes, and the number of their towns fallen into their enemies hands.

It always falls out ſo when this monarch goes in perſon to the campaign, as he did this year. In a very little time he took Burich, Orſay, Rimberg, Vezel, Rees, Emmerick, and many other places; yet this ſucceſs was alloyed with the death of the Duke of Longueville, who fell a victim either to his dullneſs or temerity, in not hearing or not receiving the cries of the enemy, who demanded

quarter as the French were paſſing the Rhine. He was ſhot with a muſket bullet; and the Duke of Enguien, his couſin, very narrowly eſcaped, for they were both jointly engaged in the ſame action.

The death of this prince is much lamented, not only by thoſe of his family, but by the whole court and city, as being in the flower of his time, having ſignaliſed his valour at the ſiege of Candy, the conqueſt of the Franche Compte, and other warlike expeditions; and they diſcourſe as if he had been deſigned to ſtand candidate for the Poliſh crown.

I am the more particular in this relation, becauſe the enterpriſe of the French king in paſſing the Rhine is looked upon as one of the moſt hardy and bold that ever was taken in hand. In all the hiſtories of theſe parts, there is not one example of ſo ſurpriſing an expedition; and the ſucceſs anſwered their expectations; for the Hollanders were extremely daunted and diſheartened by the news of theſe exploits. In a little time Arnheim and Nimeguen were reduced to the king's obedience, with the fort of Skin, and towns of D'Oeſburgh, Bomel, Zutphen, Deventer, the metropolis of a province, with Weiſel, Tougres, Maſeick, Dortemain, Elbourg, Woerden, Arnham, another capital city, with many more places, too tedious to be rehearſed.

In a word, ſuch are his expeditious marches, his ſage counſels, his never-failing ſucceſs, that the people think it not flattery to call him a ſecond Alexander the Great, Tamerlane, Scanderbeg, Scipio, Hannibal, and all the great heroic names in the world.

To ſpeak the truth, the Kings of France have all along made an illuſtrious figure in the world; and their famous exploits in war, with their heroic actions in time of peace, afford ſufficient matter for the higheſt panegyrics,

without an occaſion of hyperboles; which made one of the Roman muftis, in a letter to the King of France, thus expreſs himſelf: "By how much the royal dignity tranſcends the ſtate of other men, ſo far is the monarchy of France exalted above all the kingdoms in the world." Pope Urban IV. ſaid, that the King of France was as the morning ſtar in the firmament of princes, brighter than all other kings, a perfect god on earth. It is aſſerted by another author, that by the King of France's ſhadow the whole world is ruled; and ſuch was the eſteem which Pope Clement had for this monarch, that he granted an hundred days indulgence to every one that prayed for the King of France; to which Pope Innocent IV. added ten days more.

It is a maxim in the Salique law, that the King of France never dies; but this indeed is altogether as true in Spain, Great Britain, and other hereditary kingdoms, till the ſucceſſion fails; for then it degenerates to an elective monarchy, or otherwiſe into ariſtocracy, or laſt of all into democracy, or a republic.

But France is yet free from theſe painted forms of ſlavery; her kings are maſculine and vigorous, her queens chaſte and fruitful; there never wants an heir apparent to the crown, and this ſecures the nation from a thouſand calamities which attend elective monarchies, and more popular forms of government.

What injuſtices, cruelties, maſſacres, and all manner of public grievances were complained of in Rome, after Claudius Cæſar had bought the empire of his ſoldiers? What bickerings between the ſenate, the people, and the armies? Each party would have an emperor of their own chooſing; one province was emulous of another; ſo that ſometimes there have been twenty or thirty emperors together, all claiming the ſovereignty; and when there

were but two, ſuch was the obſtinate and ſtrong diſpute between them, that they have been forced to ſhare the empire equally, as the only means to prevent its utter diſſolution. Hence ſprung the firſt inſtitution of colleagues in the empire; and this was the root of thoſe factions and diviſions, which increaſing and growing up with time, branched forth into ſmaller ſchiſms; till at length, by the ambition of ſome, the misfortune or careleſſneſs of others, or at leaſt their want of power and courage, that mighty empire was cantoniſed, rent in pieces, and dwindled into that narrow dominion which it now poſſeſſes under the tutelage of the Houſe of Auſtria; and there appear no hopes of its ever being reſtored again to its priſtine grandeur, unleſs the Bourbons, with their growing fortune, ſhall crown the eagle with a chaplet of Flower de Luce, and change the ſeat of the weſtern monarchy from improſperous Vienna to all-conquering Paris.

In a word, Henry IV. began the deſign, Lewis XIII. carried it on, and this preſent king has ſo far improved it, by his matchleſs fortune and courage, that in all probability this or the next age will ſee it brought to perfection.

Accompliſhed miniſter, I bow myſelf with abundance of interior veneration to the duſt of thy feet; I affectionately kiſs the border of thy robe, and bid thee a devout adieu.

Paris, 14th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1672.

VIII.—*To* William Vospel, *a Recluſe of Auſtria.*

Thy letters make me very reſtleſs and inquiſitive; they awaken new doubts and ſcruples in my breaſt, inſtead of removing or ſatisfying the old ones; freſh queries ſtart in

my mind; and the more thou laboureſt to faſten me in thy narrow ſuperſtition and bigotted zeal for the infallibility of the pope and the Roman church, the looſer I grow; my ſoul is like a wild colt in the wilderneſs, that toſſes up his head, ſnuffs the air in indignation, and ſcorning the bridle of ſervitude, neighs for joy at his native liberty, ſcampering at large through the ſolitary waſte; nor can he be wheedled by human craft to loſe his beloved freedom, or change it for a tame captivity.

I have revolved in my mind the ages that are paſt, and the years of untraceable origin; I have examined the times and ſeaſons of the world recorded in hiſtory, from Adam to Moſes, from Moſes to Jeſus, and from Jeſus to theſe preſent days wherein we live; after all, I find that the memoirs of former tranſactions are covered with great darkneſs; yet there are not wanting ſome glimmerings of light, to direct a diligent mind, an impartial lover of truth.

Jeſus, the Son of Mary, was of the ſtock of Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob; he was educated in the law of Moſes, which he obſerved in all things to a tittle; and in his lifetime he ſaid, "Think not that I am come to deſtroy the law, but to perfect it:" His apoſtles obſerved the ſame rule, and in all things were ſtrict obſervers of the ſtated precepts; ſo were the primitive Chriſtians, even to the keeping of the Jewiſh Sabbath, beſides the firſt day of the week, appointed for the public celebration of their own myſteries; they abſtained from blood, and from things ſtrangled, and from all unclean meats, and ſuch as were ſacrificed to idols; they had no images or pictures in their churches, chapels, or oratories; in fine, they obſerved all the neceſſary purifications, and adored one God with unity of heart, and lively faith and good works; whereas, thou ſeeſt the preſent Roman church follows

quite contrary maxims; they give the lie to our Lord's own declaration, and poſitively ſay that he came on purpoſe to aboliſh the law, and introduce an univerſal liberty; that we may now as freely banquet on the blood of ſlain beaſts, as on the milk of the living, and eat of ſwine's fleſh, and other abominable food, with as little detriment to our ſouls, as on the fleſh of lambs, or other clean creatures allowed by the law of God. How can this hang together, or be credited by any rational man? It is no wonder there are ſo many libertines and atheiſts in the world, when they find Chriſtianity to be a mere heap of palpable contradictions.

To this thou wilt anſwer, according to the common rule of diviues, that during the primitive times, the apoſtles, and all other Chriſtians, obſerved the law of Moſes for fear of giving ſcandal to the Jews, of whom great numbers were converted to the Chriſtian faith, when they ſaw that the followers of Jeſus did not deviate from the inſtitutions of the ſeniors, the ſtatutes of the houſe of Jacob; but that afterwards, when the goſpel was preached far and wide on the face of the earth, and that many of the Gentile nations were brought over to the church, it was no longer neceſſary, for the ſake of ſo contemptible a people as the Jews, to ſcandaliſe all the reſt of the world, and impoſe on them a yoke which they were not accuſtomed to bear, and which would tempt them to ſhake off Chriſtianity itſelf, rather than ſubmit to ſo intolerable a burden; therefore the church, to facilitate as much as in her lay the converſion of the Roman empire, which then extended itſelf over the greateſt part of the earth, accommodated her injunctions, precepts, manners, and ceremonies of religion, to the preſent humour and mode of thoſe times; and whereas the Gentiles eat of all meats indifferent, ſo they were taught, that

this was agreeable to the will of our Lord Jeſus, who came to reſcue men from the ſlavery and bondage of Moſaic ſuperſtitions.

By the very ſame rule they introduced the uſuage of images and pictures in their churches; and the veſtments of the prieſts, the ornaments of the altar, the tapers, lamps, inceuſe, flower-pots, and other religious gaieties, were faſhioned according to the patterns they received from the prieſts of Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Diana, and the reſt of the Heathen deities. Hence the feſtivals of the gods and goddeſſes were turned to holidays of ſaints, and temples before conſecrated to the ſun, moon, and ſtars, were afreſh dedicated to the apoſtles and martyrs; thus the very Pantheon itſelf in Rome, or temple of all the gods, in proceſs of time, by an eccleſiaſtical dexterity, was converted to the church of All-Saints; in a word, Chriſtianity in all things ſeemed no other than Gentiliſm in diſguiſe; and it muſt be thought a pious fraud thus to wheedle ſo many millions of ſinners into the boſom of the church, whether they would or no.

Oh, father William! doſt thou not bluſh at theſe trivial excuſes for the manifeſt violation of the laws of God? Can man be wiſer than the Omnipotent, or will he preſume to correct the ways of him that is perfect in knowledge? Is the true religion to be propagated by imitating the idolatrous rites of infidels, or by proſtituting the ſacred injunctions of Heaven to the caprices of human policy? Did ever any wiſe lawgiver condeſcend to alter and new-model his laws, to humour a peeviſh captious ſubject? Would he add or diminiſh any thing for the ſake of gaining a faction or party? And can we think that God ever deſigned, or can be pleaſed to have his divine laws garbled and mixed with profane indulgences, diſpenſations, and amendments of mortals, as if he had been ignorant what

he did when he divulged his ſtatutes, and wanted the counſel of his creatures to help him out at a dead lift?

Was that tenderneſs to be only ſhowed to the Jews for a time? and were they for ever afterwards to be ſcandaliſed? In vain does the church daily pray for the converſion of that people, whilſt by her doctrines and daily practices ſhe hardens them more in their infidelity. The Ethiopian church is a ſtanding witneſs againſt her to this day, where the Chriſtians, from all antiquity, even from the times of the apoſtles, have kept that part of the law of Moſes which relates to cleanneſs and uncleanneſs, and preſcribes the choice we are to make of meats allowed to be eaten, forbidding thoſe that are execrable, and an abomination. Hence it is, that there are more Jews converted to the Chriſtian belief in that country than in any other part of the world beſides.

It was, in my opinion, to begin at the wrong end, thus to neglect the ſalvation of the Jews, our elder brethren, from whom we received the oracles of God, and run to proſelyte the Gentiles by ſuch prepoſterous methods, as rendered us in a manner as much their converts as themours; ſince we ſhuffled our religions together at random, and made a lottery of divine and human inſtitutions, exchanging one ſpecies of ſuperſtition and idolatry for another, bartering Jupiter for Peter, and Mars for Paul, Venus and her Cupid for the Virgin Mary and her child Jeſus, a god for an apoſtle, and a demi-god for a martyr; whilſt the law itſelf, which is the foundation and main prop of true religion, lies neglected and trampled under foot.

The Chriſtians of the Eaſt ſeem more excuſable than we; for though they are not ſo punctual in obſerving all the niceties of cleanneſs and uncleanneſs, meats, and drinks, &c. as thoſe of Ethiopia, yet they will not taſte of blood, or any thing ſtrangled; and their eccleſiaſtics

abſtain from all manner of fleſh during the whole courſe of their lives. They obſerve alſo many purifications, and wholeſome rules of life; whereas we of the Latin church wallow in all manner of filthineſs like ſwine, and bleſs ourſelves as if we were the only true catholics, the elect of God, in the high road to heaven. I am at a loſs what to think of theſe things, neither can I ever hope to ſee the Jews converted till theſe offences are removed.

There is a rumour ſpread up and down of the Wandering Jew; I ſuppoſe thou haſt heard of ſuch a man; he is now at Aſtracan, and preaches every where that there will be a reformation of Chriſtianity after the year 1700; that the Jews ſhall be converted; and all this to be performed by the admirable gifts of an Engliſhman, who ſhall reſtore truth to its primitive luſtre and integrity; they ſay he will cauſe the images and pictures to be utterly deſtroyed, and the law of Moſes to be kept, ſo far as relates to cleanneſs and uncleanneſs, &c.; that in his days the temple of Solomon ſhall be rebuilt, and the world ſhall put on a new face.

Father William, I would not have thee deſpiſe theſe things, ſince they have been long foretold by Joachim the abbot, by St. Methodius, by Noſtradamus the French prophet, and by many other eminent perſons, whoſe writings are extant, and many of their predictions are already come to paſs. The Roman church manifeſtly ſtands in need of a reformation; and ſince the governors of it cannot be prevailed on to ſet their hands to ſo pious a work, we know not but God may effect it by the means of a ſtranger, ſome obſcure perſon at preſent, but whoſe light may ſhine hereafter through all generations.

Father William, thou wilt pardon the liberty I take in diſcourſing about theſe things, and remember that it is a work of charity to bear with the impertinencies of o-

thers. However, I thank God I am out of the purlieu of the Spaniſh Inquiſition.

Paris, 1ſt of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1672.

IX.—*To* CODABAFRAD CHELIK, *a Man of the Law.*

I HAVE a kinſman by blood, reſiding at Aſtracan, in the parts of Muſcovy; his name is Houf, a man of an ardent ſpirit, and active wit; a great traveller, and one who makes good that character, by the ſolid remarks he has made on the moſt important things in his way through Aſia, Africa, and Europe; for he is not in the number of thoſe who come home from foreign countries, only laden with vanities and trifles.

From him I receive frequent diſpatches, ſince his being ſettled at Aſtracan, in quality of a merchant, where he improves his eſtate to great advantage, enjoys the innocent pleaſures of human life, without ſuffering himſelf to be tainted with the vices which are unprofitable, troubleſome, and bring ſcandal to a man's reputation; for ſome vices, thou knoweſt, paſs into the predicaments of virtues, when intereſt or neceſſity gives an indulgence.

There is a mutual intercourſe between my couſin and me; and among other letters which he ſends me, I received one lately, wherein he informs me, that he whom they call the Wandering Jew, of whom I made mention formerly in one of my diſpatches to the Sublime Porte, is now at Aſtracan; that he preaches openly in the markets, and at the burſe or exchange, not refuſing private converſation with any that deſire it.

There is a great conflux of people from all nations, and of all religions, to that city; he carries himſelf with an equal indifference to every various ſect, and they all ſeem

mightily taken with his doctrines; the chief thing he aims at in all his diſcourſes is, that there will be, ere long, an univerſal change of religion over all the earth, and that every nation on the globe ſhall worſhip one God, obey the law of Jeſus the ſon of Mary, and embrace one faith. When he inſiſts on this, he ſeems to be void of all doubts and heſitations, ſpeaks magiſterially, like a prophet, who has received a ſure and certain revelation of the thing he foretels; but when any diſpute with him, not in a ſpirit of captiouſneſs, but to ſift the truth, he freely condeſcends to anſwer all their objections with ſolid reaſons, and to convince them by their own principles that it muſt be ſo.

He ſays, that about the year 1700 of the Chriſtians hegira, the invincible Oſmans ſhall break down the fences of Europe, and ſhall overflow all Chriſtendom like a mighty torrent that has overtopped its banks; in thoſe days there ſhall be great deſolation in Hungary, Poland, Germany, France, and other regions of the Weſt; only Denmark, Sweden, Muſcovy, and other countries of the North, ſhall remain untouched; but above all other nations, he ſays Italy will be made a perfect wilderneſs, her cities laid in aſhes, her immenſe wealth plundered and carried away by the greedy Tartars, Arabians, and Turks, who will ſpare neither age nor ſex, putting all to the ſword, eſpecially the eccleſiaſtics, none of which ſhall eſcape the public vengeance, ſave three cardinals, ſincere and holy perſons, who ſhall fly into England for ſanctuary by the way of the ſea.

That iſland, he ſays, ſhall become the refuge of all ſuch who can eſcape the calamities involving the adjacent countries; thither they ſhall flock with their wives and children, and all their wealth, when they ſhall hear of the approaching terrors, the preſent devaſtations of Italy, and the univerſal conqueſts of the Oſmans; the king of the

country, ſhall receive thoſe diſtreſſed fugitives with open arms, and ſhall aſſign them certain portions of land, where they may build houſes and habitations for themſelves and their families, there being abundance of waſte ground in that iſland, which they may manure and improve to their own and the public advantage.

After this, ſays he, ſhall ariſe a certain man in England from his obſcure centre, a perſon filled with all manner of divine knowledge and wiſdom, endowed with the ſpirit of prophecy, of a graceful aſpect and elegant ſpeech, of a compoſed gravity, and calm addreſs, a man mild, innocent, temperate, chaſte, and merciful above the reſt of human race; people ſhall let their eyes fall on the ground when they meet him in the ſtreets, even before they know what he is, overcome by the luſtre of modeſty, grace, and virtue which ſhines in his countenance; a perſon highly beloved of God and man.

This man ſhall meet the three fugitive cardinals in an hour of deſtiny; then that which lay long ſmothering ſhall ſuddenly burſt forth into a flame; the light of God ſhall be diffuſed through his ſoul; his heart ſhall be like a lamp, and his tongue ſhall utter marvellous things; when he opens his mouth in divulging the myſteries of God, his words ſhall be like the ſparks of an eternal fire, kindling flames of love in the breaſts of the hearers; the cardinals ſhall riſe from their places, and run to embrace him; a council of the chief biſhops and prieſts of the land ſhall be aſſembled by the king's order, where the three cardinals alſo ſhall be preſent, and after mature deliberation, with unanimous conſent, they ſhall call for the holy oil of conſecration, and ſhall anoint him; they ſhall proclaim him the great father and patriarch of the faithful, the director of ſuch as would go to paradiſe.

He ſhall ſhow them a new pattern of the law of Jeſus the Son of Mary, or rather the old and true one, freed from the corruptions and errors which have been ſuperinduced for many years; their hearts ſhall yield as to an oracle, and the king of the country ſhall approve of their counſel; ſo ſhall all thoſe of the noble and vulgar, whoſe good fate is written in their foreheads; as for the reſt, they ſhall remain in their incredulity.

This holy perſon ſhall reform the errors of all the Chriſtian churches, utterly aboliſh the uſe of images and pictures, convince the Jews of their infidelity, and chaſe away the darkneſs of ſuperſtition from the earth; he ſhall argue with reaſons ſo forcible and cogent, ſo clear and demonſtrative, that none but the wilfully obſtinate will reſiſt the truth which he divulges, or oppoſe his authentic miſſion; thouſands ſhall be converted by the dint of his words, and ten thouſands by his exemplary life; for he ſhall go up and down preaching and doing good works throughout Great Britain, till the number of his proſelytes is complete; then he ſhall ſend apoſtles and meſſengers into Swedeland, Denmark, Muſcovy, and other parts of Europe, who ſhall alſo convert an innumerable multitude to his law; foreign princes ſhall ſend their ambaſſadors to the King of Great Britain, and to him, for he ſhall be at the king's right hand; they ſhall enter into leagues and covenants, and all the Chriſtian princes ſhall be at unity; mighty armies ſhall be raiſed in the North, who ſhall come down and give new courage to the oppreſſed Nazarenes of the Weſt; they ſhall all take up arms, and chaſe the Oſmans back again to their own country, recovering the wealth which they had taken from them.

After this, by an univerſal agreement of the Chriſtians, this holy perſon ſhall be proclaimed the great paſtor of the church; a prodigious army ſhall be gathered together

out of all the Chriſtian nations, to conduct him to the Holy Land, and to crown him in Jeruſalem; they ſhall vanquiſh and exterminate the Oſmans out of Paleſtine, and all the adjacent regions; then ſhall Jeruſalem be rebuilt glorioufly, and the temple of Solomon with ſapphires and emeralds; that city ſhall be the ſeat of the Chriſtian muftis, this new patriarch and his ſucceſſors to the day of doom; then ſhall the eyes of the Jew be opened; they ſhall acknowledge Jeſus the ſon of Mary to be the true Meſſias, whom they have ſo frequently curſed; in a word, he ſays both Jews and Gentiles, people of all nations, ſhall reſort to Jeruſalem, or ſend thither their gifts and preſents. It ſhall become the miſtreſs of the whole earth.

Sage cheik, this is the ſubſtance of what my couſin Iſouf acquaints me with concerning the Wandering Jew, and his new doctrines, the cenſure of which I leave to thee, who haſt a diſcerning ſpirit, and art able to diſtinguiſh truth from an impoſture. God only knows what is hid in the womb of futurity; every age is pregnant, and brings forth ſtrange events, yet when it is over, all ſounds like a dream. The world itſelf is no better, and I that write this, am but methinks the ſhadow of a viſion or trance; I hardly know whether I am aſleep or awake, whilſt my pen ſeems to move; therefore, it being very late, I lay it aſide, and bid thee adieu, praying that thou and I may have the happineſs, even in this life, to taſte the ſweet ſlumbers of paradiſe.

Paris, 7th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1672.

XIII.—*To* HAMET, *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

I THINK all the ſenſible world are inquiſitive into the life of Cardinal Richlieu; he was the pole-ſtar of ſtateſmen, whilſt living, and now he is dead, his memoirs and maxims ſerve as a chart and compaſs, by which the politicians ſteer their courſe to avoid the rocks and ſhelves which threaten a kingdom or commonwealth, both in the tempeſts of war and the ſerene calms of peace.

Thou haſt formerly received ſome remarks from me on the life of this great miniſter, yet I am not ſurpriſed at the contents of thy laſt diſpatch, which require a farther account of him; nobody can know too much of a man who was the miracle of his time, and not only ſtartled the wiſeſt of contemporaries by his prodigious actions, but has puzzled all that ſurvive him to trace his footſteps.

Undoubtedly France owes to his conduct all her preſent grandeur, with the hopes ſhe has of increaſing it; to him ſhe is indebted for her conqueſts in Flanders, Sicily, Catalonia, Piedmont, and the German frontiers; it was he firſt taught her the complete way to humble her inſolent neighbours, and to ſuppreſs her rebellious domeſtics; he alſo abated the troubleſome weight of a crown, and made it ſit lighter on the head of Lewis XIII; whilſt Cardinal Mazarini, his ſucceſſor in the prime miniſtry, acting by the ſame principles, rendered it as ſoft and eaſy to the preſent king as the Grand Signior's turban. In a word, through the efficacy of Richlieu's politics, Lewis XIV. is become the moſt abſolute monarch in Chriſtendom; for he either undermines or over-reaches his enemies, by ſpecious treaties of peace, where he is ſure to have the better of it, or he runs them down with the force of war; to conclude, he has a long head, and a long ſword, which all

will confeſs that have to do with him; and this is the pure reſult of Richlieu's memoirs.

Yet after all, that miniſter had his blind ſide too, as well as other mortals; public virtues, and private vices, ſtate perfections, and perſonal frailties; he ſerved his maſter with a zeal and fidelity, with a wiſdom and courage difficult to be matched; but he ſerved himſelf after the common manner of men; he indulged his favourite paſſions, which were love, jealouſy, and revenge.

There is a letter of mine regiſtered in the archives of the ſacred Porte, wherein I mentioned a particular amour of this great prelate; beſides that, he had ſeveral intrigues with the Ducheſs of Elbeuf, the Counteſs of Soiſſons, and other ladies of prime quality; nay, there are not wanting ſuch as confidently report, that he had two children by one of his own nieces; and verſes were ſpread about on that ſubject.

As he cheriſhed this ſoft inclination to women, ſo he was naturally jealous of all rivals, whether of his love or intereſt; he would never ſuffer any man to live, whom he once ſuſpected to be in a capacity, and to make the ſmalleſt advances to thwart his deſigns.

For this reaſon, he gave the moſt conſiderable military offices, both by ſea and land, to eccleſiaſtics, who depended on him, which occaſioned a certain waggiſh poet to paſs this jeſt on the public adminiſtration:

Un archevêque eſt admiral,
Un Gros evêque eſt corporal,
Un prelât preſident aux frontieres,
Un autre a des troupes guerrieres,
Un capuchin penſe au combat,
Un cardinal a des ſoldat,
Un autre eſt generaliſſime;
France je croy qu'icy bas

Ton Egliſe ſi magnanime,
Milite, et ne triomphe pas.

Reflecting hereby on the Archbiſhop of Bourdeaux, the Biſhop of Chartres, the Biſhop of Nantes, the Biſhop of Mande, Father Joſeph a friar, Cardinal de Valette, and Cardinal Richlieu; theſe being the chief commanders of the land and ſea forces.

It will make thee ſmile, perhaps, to read an epitaph that was made on that Father Joſeph above named; who being eſteemed a very infamous man, and lying interred in the ſame tomb with another friar named Father Angel, provoked ſome ſatirical wit to put this ſarcaſm on him:

Paſſant, n'eſt ce pas choſe étrange,
De voir un Diable auprès d'un Ange?

I believe Father Joſeph was the worſe beloved for being Cardinal Richlieu's confeſſor; it was obſerved that he died ſuddenly, without confeſſing himſelf, which occaſioned another epitaph to be made on him:

Sous ce tombeau git un bon pere
Qui eut tant de diſcretion
Que pour être bon ſecrétaire
Il mourut ſans confeſſion.

Every body ſuſpects the cardinal had a hand in his precipitate death, to prevent his telling of tales; for he knew all his ſecrets, and the cardinal was known to be with him when he died. It was during the ſiege of Briſac, a city on the Rhine, which was then upon the point of ſurrendering to the French; and the news coming to the cardinal, juſt as Father Joſeph was in his laſt agonies, he came to his bedſide, and laying his mouth cloſe to the poor friar's ear, cried out as loud as he could, *Courage, courage, mon pere, nous avons pris Briſac.* A ſtrange cor-

dial for a dying man; and somebody made these verses on it:

> Ite cucullati, vobis si purpura ridet,
> Fungitur inferni munere pontificis.

There is another instance of this cardinal's revengeful temper and his cruelty. One day the Duke of Orleans, who hated him mortally, went to his palace, under pretence of giving him a visit, but really with a design to stab him; however, as soon as he came into the cardinal's presence, his nose fell a-bleeding, which appearing to him as an ominous presage of what he was going about, he was struck with some remorse, and frankly confessing his design to the cardinal, begged his pardon: That cunning minister dissembling his resentments, knowing the duke was not a man of resolution enough to undertake so bold an action, unless he had been extremely animated by somebody near him, he presently reflected on Monsieur Puylaurent, the duke's chief favourite. Immediately he decreed his ruin, and to effect it with more ease, he pretended an extraordinary friendship to him, offering him one of his nieces in marriage. Monsieur Puylaurent, who suspected not the train which was laid for him, embraced the proposal with much joy, as hoping thereby to raise and establish his fortune under the protection of his potent uncle; in fine, he married the cardinal's niece, but lived not to enjoy her; for on the very nuptial day, the cardinal caused him to be arrested and sent prisoner to the Bastile, where he was poisoned by a friar in a glass of wine. As soon as he had swallowed the fatal potion, the friar told him, "It was necessary for him to confess his sins that very moment, in regard he had but a few minutes to live." Monsieur Puylaurent threw the glass at the friar's head, giving him two or three swinging curses,

and then fell on his knees to confeſſion, which being performed, he expired.

Sometimes the cardinal was very ſingular and ingenious in the execution of his revenge, as if he endeavoured to perſuade the world that he fulfilled the law of the talio, which requires an eye for an eye, and puniſhes by an exact kind of proportion; as it happened in the caſe of the Dukes of Guiſe, Montmorency, and Monſieur de Baſſompierre. Theſe were the heads of a faction, which diametrically oppoſed the cardinal and his party; he was the grand eye-ſore, the chief obſtacle of their deſigned prevalence at the court; wherefore, if they could but once remove him out of the way, they thought themſelves ſure of the king's ear in all things. To effect this, they conſulted together how to diſpoſe of him: The Duke of Guiſe was of opinion, he ſhould not be killed, in regard he was a prince of the holy church, but that he ſhould be ſent to Rome, there to attend the proper affairs of his eccleſiaſtical function, among the reſt of his purpled brethren; the Duke of Montmorency was clearly for taking off his head; but Monſieur de Baſſompierre was againſt both theſe methods; "for, (ſaid he) if he be ſent to Rome, he will be always plotting of miſchief againſt us; and it would be an eternal blemiſh to France, if the purple of the holy church ſhould be ſtained with blood. Let us ſend him cloſe priſoner to the Baſtile, where he may ſpend the remainder of his days in writing learned books."

The cardinal, who had his agents buſy about in all parts, ſoon was informed of this conſult; and he retaliated every man's ſentence upon its own author; for he baniſhed the Duke of Guiſe, confining him to Rome; he beheaded the Duke of Montmorency, and impriſoned Monſieur de Baſſompierre in the Baſtile, where he lay till the cardinal's death.

I could inſert a great many more remarks concerning Cardinal Richlieu, but I am afraid of offending by tediouſneſs; if thou commandeſt me, another letter ſhall preſent thee with more varieties.

In the mean time, with humbleſt obeiſance and reſpect I deſiſt, and take my conge; wiſhing thee a long life on earth, full of honour, and a fame without blemiſh, when thou art tranſlated to heaven.

Paris, 15th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1673.

XIV.—*To* Musu Abu'l, *Yahyan, Profeſſor of Philoſophy at Fez.*

Thou haſt laid a grand obligation on me by thy laſt diſpatch, whoſe learned contents have opened my eyes, or rather drawn back the veil which covered the interiors of Afric from the view of ſtrangers. Now I ſtand as it were on the top of a high mountain, from whence I take a clear proſpect of thoſe fair regions, inhabited by blacks; I ſurvey the paradiſes of the torrid zone, a moſt fertile and populous climate, though blind antiquity could not diſcern a blade of graſs growing there, nor any of human race fetching their breath.

My mind revels in perfect voluptuouſneſs, and all the faculties of my ſoul banquet on the contemplation of that moſt delectable precinct of the world. Oh, Afric! thou mayeſt be called the bazeo, or market, where nature exhibits all her choiceſt wonders; thy mountains are higher than the clouds, their tops are inacceſſible, they approach the borders of paradiſe; on them fall the rivers of Eden in mighty cataracts; the noiſe of the precipitate waters is heard afar off, like the ſound of remote thunders; it deafens the ears, and aſtoniſhes the minds of mortals; the

ambitious under-growing rocks are proud of the glorious cascade, and envy those that shoot up above them which receive the sacred flood at the first hand, from the very wings of Gabriel.

Happy are the valleys which lie beneath, and are yearly impregnated by the heavenly deluge; the grateful fields and plains, in humble acknowledgment, make the returns of corn and fruits in due season; the marshes of Egypt are as the gardens of Asia, and the banks of the Nile as the fenced seminaries of Babylon, fragrant and abounding in all sorts of vegetable delicacies.

My heart is ravished with the speculations of these things; I am full as the moon, and cannot utter my sentiments in order; visions of Ethiopia, Morocco, Fez, and the Land of Archers, invade my eyes; I behold the beautiful provinces of the south in a trance; I stand gazing in ecstacy on the shady groves of Benin and Arder, the haunts of lovely demons, the genii of the upper element, who daily descend to these refreshing solitudes, and converse with their younger brethren, incarnate mortal demons, the sons of men.

I consider with admiration the monsters of Africe, the creatures of the sun and slime; with contemplative horror, I draw near the dens of dragons, the purlieu of crocodiles, and other amphibious animals, which lurk among the reeds of Nile and Niger, to trepan with feigned cries the unwary traveller.

In fine, I am moved with superlative devotion and joy, when I peruse thy accurate description of the principal mosque at Fez; methinks I see the stupendous fabric making its lofty advances towards heaven; my eyes revere the holy and magnificent structure, on the outside adorned with stately towers and minarets, and covering fifty hundred paces in its circuit; but when my fancy enters

in by any of the one-and-thirty gates by night, I am dazzled with the insupportable splendour of so many thousand lamps as burn within that most illustrious temple; I admire with proportionate veneration the character thou giveſt of all the other magnificences in that ancient and noble city, with whatsoever else thou sayeſt of the whole kingdom, and the adjacent regions.

In answer to thy request, I will in another letter send thee a short portraiture and history of Constantinople, but now I am interrupted by company; besides, my letter would be too long.

I beseech thee to cherish that friendship which thou hast hitherto showed me; and let me have the honour of thy frequent conversation by letters; for though I live in a populous city, yet my life seems like that of an owl or a pelican of the desart, extremely solitary and dejected.

Paris, 19th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1673.

XV.—*To the Same.*

Such is the zeal I have to demonstrate how highly I value thy friendship, that I would not suffer this post to escape without gratifying thy expectations; I just now dismissed my company, and having time enough, will entertain thee with an abstract of what I know to be most remarkable in the state of Constantinople, both at present and in ancient times.

In the first place, it will be convenient for thee to know, that this city was formerly called Byzantium, from Byzas, admiral of the Spartan fleet, under Pausanias the king of Sparta, who laid the first foundations of it. The story is this:

In old time the Grecians having a mind to build a new city in ſome part of Thrace, and being at odds about the choice of a ſpot of ground ſuitable to ſo great and important an undertaking, they at laſt agreed to conſult the oracle of Apollo; they did ſo, and were anſwered, "That they ſhould lay the foundation of the city right over-againſt the blind men;" for ſo the inhabitants of Chalcedon were called, becauſe when they were upon the ſame deſign of founding a new city, they could not diſcern between the fertility of the ſoil on that ſide the Propontis where Conſtantinople now ſtands, and the barrenneſs and deſart ſtate of the ground where they built on the other ſide.

Pauſanias therefore buſying his mind about theſe things, and pitching right upon the ſenſe of the oracle, cauſed the foundations of the city to be laid exactly over-againſt Chalcedon; and when it was finiſhed, it was called Byzantium, as I have ſaid, from Byzas, who had the overſight of the work.

It retained this name many years and ages, flouriſhing in a high degree among the other cities of Greece and Thrace, being eſteemed the gate of Europe and Aſia, by which the mutual commerce of both thoſe quarters of the earth was interchangeably held up.

But after the days of the Meſſias there aroſe an Emperor of Rome, whoſe name was Conſtantine. This prince, as it is recorded in Roman hiſtories, ſaw a viſion in the air, when he was at the head of his army marching againſt Licinius, and preparing to give battle; he and all his ſoldiers beheld the figure of a croſs, with theſe words plainly engraven in the firmament, "In hoc ſigna vinces." Conſtantine took this for a good omen, and cauſed a ſtandard of ſilver to be made exactly after the ſame form, to which he appointed fifty ſtandard-bearers,

to carry it by turns, and to guard it; for it was exceeding rich, being embossed all over with rubies, diamonds, pearls, and other precious jewels of the Orient. He built a pavilion also for the glorious idol, and being instructed in the Christian law by Eusebius, Pamphilius, and other learned mollahs, he was at last baptised by Sylvester the pope.

This great monarch, as the story goes, being very pious, and having conceived a profound veneration for Pope Sylvester, left him the dominion of Rome, and a great part of Italy, whilst he removed the imperial court to the East, and took up his residence at Byzantium, which he augmented with innumerable stately edifices, striving, if possible, to equal it with the majesty and grandeur of Rome; he collected whatsoever was precious and beautiful in all the East to adorn the city withal; witness the palaces of superb architecture, the admirable height and form of divers obelisks and pillars, all made of marble, porphyry, or jasper; not to insist on the prodigious strength and firmness of the walls, the costly aqueducts, with other serviceable things. At last, that he might consecrate himself to immortal renown, he called the city by his own name Constantinople, or the City of Constantine, by which name it is known even to this day. It was also called New Rome after it once became the seat of the Christian emperors, in whose possession it remained till it was taken by Mahomet II. invincible Emperor of the Ottomans, in the year 1453, according to the epocha of the Nazarenes, on the third day of the week which they call Pentecost.

It had been a grand neglect and oversight in any prince so potent and politic as Mahomet was, to suffer such an opportunity to escape as fortune offered him of taking the most opulent and glorious city in the world;

for there was an irreconcileable ſchiſm broke forth between the churches of the Eaſt and Weſt; there were two or three popes at the ſame time quarrelling in Rome for the ſupremacy; there was a war of fifty years ſtanding between the French and the Engliſh which unhinged all the courts in Europe; the Chriſtians had long before (by dear bought experience, the loſs of many hundred thouſand men, and infinite ſums of money, conſumed in thoſe vain and raſh expeditions, which they ſanctified with the ſpecious title of the Holy War), found that it was not eaſy to wreſt one town of ſtrength out of the hands of the tenacious muſſulmans, much leſs to defend it long, or ſave their moſt important cities from the fury of a Turkiſh repriſal; they were ſick and ſurfeited with the viſionary ſtuff of Peter the Hermit, and all illuminatos like him grew out of faſhion; every prince and ſtate in weſtern Chriſtendom began to mind their own intereſt; no more enthuſiaſtic tales of that kind would go down, the great ones had opened their eyes.

Beſides, he that was then Emperor of Greece, Conſtantius Paleologus, was looked upon by the Chriſtians as a tyrant, the offspring of tyrants and uſurpers. The Grecians ſtill retained the black memoirs of thoſe horrid and nefandous tragedies acted by Michael Andronicus, John and Manuel, the predeceſſors and anceſtors of this Conſtantine; and they had ſuch a particular averſion for his government, that though there were infinite treaſures of gold and ſilver in the hands of the rich citizens of Conſtantinople, when that city was beſieged by Mahomet II. yet no man would part with the leaſt ſum of money to ſupport the public cauſe, but choſe rather, in a kind of a revengeful and deſperate ſullenneſs, to fall into the hands of the victorious Oſmans, than to afford their hated ſovereign any relief.

Thus fell that queen of cities, the glory of all the East, under the power of our puiſſant emperors, in whoſe poſſeſſion it remains to this day; and may it ſo remain till the moon ſhall be in her laſt wane, and the ſun ſhall ceaſe to ſhine on the world.'

In the mean time I will entertain thee *en paſſant*, as the French call it, with a ſhort view of the chief magnificences in Conſtantinople.

That which firſt draws the admiration of travellers is the glorious ſtructure of Sancta Sophia, a temple conſecrated to the Eternal Wiſdom by which the worlds were made, built by the Emperor Juſtinian with inimitable magnificence, though afterwards ſpoiled and plundered of its chiefeſt ornaments by the greedy ſoldiers of Mahomet II. whom I have ſo often mentioned, and ſix parts of it entirely ſubverted by ſucceeding emperors.

Pity it was if furious and ill-grounded ſuperſtition was the cauſe of ſuch deplorable ruins. What can be ſaid of thoſe who demoliſhed the ſub-fana of the third temple, celebrated in the univerſal hiſtory of the world? That of Diana at Epheſus, it is true, was the pattern, yet it was not much beyond it. Solomon's boaſted fane at Jeruſalem, without iron, pins, or nails, or other work of the hammer, excelled but a little in the artifice and ſymmetry; indeed, the luſtre of Sion's moſque was more radiant and glorious in workmanſhip of gold, the walls and floor being overlaid with that metal, and the roof on the outſide was, as it were, ſtudded with ſpikes of beaten gold ſo thick that there was not room for a bird to perch between them; and this was done to prevent the profanation of the temple by their muting on it.

When the ſun ſhone in his full ſtrength, the covering of the temple, thus adorned, looked like a firmament glittering with innumerable ſtars.

But to return to the moſque of Sancta Sophia, let us conſider it in its primitive ſtate, and we ſhall find ſome excellent curioſities: Among the reſt there was a candleſtick or ſconce of beaten gold, ſo admirably contrived, that it ſpontaneouſly fed the bowls of ſeven branches with a conſtant ſtream of oil, which by equal meaſures flowed into them from the hollow of the ſhaft; ſo that if the flame but of one ſingle one had wanted aliment, all the reſt muſt have been extinguiſhed at the ſame time.

The walls of this glorious moſque, within and without, preſent the eye with nothing but white marble, porphyry, and other precious ſtones; the roof is of a prodigious height, covered with lead without, but proudly oſtentous of its inward ceiling, which is divided into vaults and arches richly adorned with golden fret-work, and ſupported by pillars of Cyprian jaſper, pureſt white marble and porphyry. There is a marble ſtone in the moſque had in great reverence by the true faithful, becauſe the tradition goes, "That on it Mary, the mother of Jeſus, waſhed the infant prophet's linen."

There are alſo under the moſque innumerable vaults or oratories, full of altars and ſepulchres, but there is no acceſs to them, in regard the doors are walled up.

In a place not far from theſe, you find ten huge veſſels full of oil, reſerved there ever ſince the day [redacted] Conſtantine the Great, yet remain uncorrupted, being of colour white like milk. It is an inexpiable crime for any but the Grand Signior's phyſicians and ſurgeons to uſe or touch it; and they compound certain medicaments with it for the ſervice of him and his ſeraglio.

Now I remember what I have read in a very authentic hiſtorian, concerning an oil made by certain holy perſons who only had the ſecret of it. As the ſtory goes,

it was extracted from the leaves and chips of wood which are found floating in the rivers that deſcend out of paradiſe: This oil they compounded with other ingredients, and performed cures therewith which were eſteemed miraculous; it was ſent from one prince to another, as a ſacred and invaluable treaſure, till at laſt it came into the hands of the eaſtern patriarchs who preſided over the Chriſtians of the Greek, Armenian, and Egyptian churches, who pretended to the only true myſtery and power of making it at this very day; and that though the ancient popes of Rome were formerly preſented with a yearly portion of it, ſo long as they remained in communion with the patriarchs of the Eaſt, yet after Victor had once made the fatal ſchiſm, which never could be healed ſince, the holy favour was denied to his ſucceſſors, who, inſtead of the original genuine oil, were forced to counterfeit it, uſing a ſpurious unguent to preſerve the authority of their religious ſacraments; and hence they ſay it comes to paſs that few or none are ever healed by the extreme unction of the Latin church.

God knows whether this be truth or no; but I am apt to think that the ten jars of oil before mentioned, which lie under the moſque of Aja-Sophian, are relicts of the ancient patriarchs of Conſtantinople, who had the ſecret of compounding the myſterious extract.

From the place where theſe veſſels are kept, you deſcend into the dormitories of royal Ottoman carcaſes, the ſons of our renowned emperors; from thence you paſs into two caverns, one leading directly to the ſeraglio, the other extending itſelf under the buildings of the city by a vaſt long track of ground: I know no uſe there is at preſent of the former cave, but the latter ſerves for a work-room to certain poor ſilk-ſpinſters.

This letter would be too tedious if I ſhould deſcribe

all the other moſques and buildings of note in Conſtantinople; wherefore, not to tire thee, I will reſerve what remains to be ſaid of that glorious city for other diſpatches.

In the mean time, with an affectionate conge of my ſoul, I bid thee adieu, praying God to let thee crop the choiceſt flowers of human happineſs.

Paris, 14th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1673.

XVI.—*To* HAMET, *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

Now I will perform the promiſe I made thee long ago, which was to preſent thee with an idea of the different ſtrength and policies of theſe Nazarene kingdoms and ſtates, wherein I will begin with Germany, which is, as it were, the laſt retrenchment of the declining Roman empire.

The annals affirm, that in the reign of Charles V. when the muſſulmans invaded Auſtria with innumerable forces, that emperor oppoſed them with an army of 90,000 foot and 30,000 horſe. Maximilian II. went beyond him, and raiſed 100,000 foot and 35,000 horſe. Neither was corn dear in ſo vaſt an army. It is certain that the German emperor can, upon occaſion, ſend into the field 200,000 expert ſoldiers. It is moreover obſerved, that from the year 1560 of the Chriſtians hegira, even to theſe preſent times, there has been no war between France, Spain, and the Netherlands, wherein many thouſands of Germans have not ſerved.

Their beſt infantry is gathered out of Bavaria, Auſtria, and Weſtphalia, and their choiceſt cavalry come

out of Brunſwick, Juliers, and Frankendal. Both foot and horſe fight better or more ſucceſsfully in an open plain or field than in narrow covert places, ſuch as lanes, woods, &c.; for they are not good at taking advantages of ground, or at politic ſkirmiſhes and cunning ambuſcades; they have not patience to lie long waiting the enemy's motions, neither care they to divide their main body into fragments or detachments, but they love to wedge themſelves all together in form of a triangle, and ſo march with grave and ſlow pace, that ſo they may break through their enemies, and confound their order, which they eſteem a certain ſtep to victory; they fight better alſo under a foreign commander than a general of their own nation; they cannot endure the hardſhips and afflictions of a long ſiege, but when once they begin to ſmart for want of proviſions, they ſoon capitulate and ſurrender; neither have they more patience in a camp to bear the injuries of weather, but they make haſte to ſet upon the enemy, and decide the quarrel in a pitched combat, wherein, if their firſt aſſault fail, they ſeem like men ſtupified, aſtoniſhed, or in a trance, not knowing whether they had beſt to renew the aſſault or to fly; and if they once fly there is no rallying them again. Yet theſe armies are not raiſed without a vaſt expence, nor maintained without a greater, being cumbered with a train of women, children, and ſervants, who conſume the proviſions of the ſoldiers, ſo that many times they ſtarve for want of common ammunition bread.

Their horſes may be called rather ſtrong than ſprightly and bold, being for the moſt part taken from the plough or other rural drudgeries; in a word, they are like their riders, phlegmatic and dull; having this alſo peculiar in their conſtitution, that at the ſight of blood they

ſtrink, and are ready to faint, whereas the Spaniſh horſe gather freſh courage from this ſpectacle.

The Germans alſo have conſiderable forces by ſea, but they ſeldom make uſe of them, unleſs it be againſt the Danes and Swedes. Beſides all this, their auxiliary armies are not to be forgot; which they receive from Italian princes, from the Dukes of Savoy and Lorrain, and ſometimes from the truſty Swiſs.

But there are two things chiefly wanting in this empire, amidſt all its numerous forces: one is, unity and concord among the ſubjects; another is, a fixed reſolution and readineſs to enterprife any thing of moment. Their Hans towns are always jealous of the neighbouring princes; and theſe again give them occaſion to ſuſpect their power, and hate their intereſt, which they ſo often employ againſt them, by encroaching on their privileges. Then the catholics and proteſtants are always quarrelling, and one ſet of proteſtants perpetually perſecuting another: Hence it falls out, that the princes go ſo unwillingly and rarely to the diets; and when they come there, they ſpin out ſo much time in adjuſting their private pretenſions, claims, and privileges, in performing of ſtate ceremonies, and in deliberating concerning the public good, whilſt every one contradicts his neighbour, and labours with all his might to eſtabliſh his own opinion, and get it paſſed into a decree by the ſanction of the diet, that before they come to any reſolves, an expeditious and potent enemy might ruſh into the heart of the country, and even take all theſe northern blockheads priſoners.

The German empire is elective, and the power of chooſing Cæſar is in the hands of ſeven princes; theſe are, firſt, the Archbiſhop of Mentz, Grand Chancellor of the Empire, in whoſe cuſtody are the archives and de-

crees of the German diets; the ſecond is the Archbiſhop of Triers, or Treves, Great Chancellor of the Empire for France; the third is the Archbiſhop of Cologne, Great Chancellor of the Empire for Italy; the fourth is the King of Bohemia, Cup-bearer to the Emperor; the fifth is the Count Palatine of the Rhine, Maſter of the Imperial Palace; the ſixth is the Duke of Saxony, Marſha or Sword-bearer to the Emperor; the ſeventh and laſt is the Marquis of Brandenburgh, Great Chamberlain or Treaſurer of the Empire.

There are reckoned twenty-five politic princes or dukes of the empire, ſix marquiſſes, five landgraves, nine archbiſhops, and biſhops forty-ſeven; abbots who enjoy the title and dignity of princes twelve, abbots of a lower degree fifty-two; with innumerable others too tedious to be named. They reckon alſo eighty-two counts of principal note, beſides many of a meaner figure; they number forty-nine barons and free lords, ninety Hans towns, and ten circles of the empire.

In the German diets, this order is obſerved: When the emperor is placed in the throne, the Archbiſhop of Triers takes his place juſt over againſt him; he of Mentz ſits next to the emperor, on his right hand; the ſecond place belongs to the King of Bohemia, and the third to the Count Palatine of the Rhine; on the emperor's left hand the Archbiſhop of Cologne takes the firſt place, the Duke of Saxony the next, and the Marquis of Bradenburgh the third.

The Hans towns, which acknowledge no other lord but the emperor, are governed by their own municipal laws and privileges; in ſome of them the common people bear rule, in others a mixture of the commons and nobles, and many of them wholly obey the nobility.

No man salutes by the title of emperor him whom the princes have elected to that dignity, till he be crowned by the pope or mufti of Rome. They call him Cæsar, or King of the Romans, or King of Germany, but not emperor, till the coronation is finished; nor does the emperor, even after he is crowned and established in the throne, exercise an absolute power in all things, affairs of importance being generally referred to the public diets or divans of the empire, where the electoral princes deliberate all things, on whom the very power of the emperor himself depends.

These diets are very confused and tedious, in regard the princes seldom appear there in their own persons, but send their ambassadors and deputies, who yet have not full power to conclude any thing without particular orders from their respective masters; so that a prodigious deal of time is taken up in sending couriers to inform the princes of all emergent counsels and transactions, and in waiting for their express instructions and answers again.

In a word, considering the diversity of interests carried on by the electoral princes, their mutual feuds and dissentions, domestic animosities, and foreign engagements, both on religious and political accounts, it is a miracle that this tottering empire stands so long, and does not fall to ruin, especially being environed, and almost continually assaulted by three potent enemies, the King of Sweden, the King of France, and our invincible monarch; not to mention the frequent incursions of the Muscovites and Tartars, the revolts of the Hungarians, Transilvanians, Bosnians, Croats, and other nations, which are counted members of the German empire; but he abounds in men and money, with all other necessaries to support his

wars, there not being a more rich and populous region on earth than Germany.

Sage Hamet, when the determined period is come, God will abaſe the pride of theſe infidels by the hands of the true believers; the riches of the Weſt ſhall become the ſpoil of Eaſtern heroes, and the poſterity of Shem ſhall take root in the cities of Japhet.

Mayeſt thou live till that time, to triumph in the glory of the houſe of Iſmael, when they ſhall be exalted more than in the ages that are paſt.

Paris, 9th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1633.

XVII.—*To* CARA HALI, *Phyſician to the Grand Signior.*

THY memory is like the ſmell of incenſe, refreſhing as wine of Tenedos in a goblet of pure gold; when my heart is almoſt dead with melancholy; when I can find no pleaſure in company abroad, and the very elements of which I am made frown upon me; when the time of night forces me to come home ſighing as to a priſon, and the hangings of my bed-chamber look dull, and ſeem to be painted with horrid tragedies; in a word, when every thing in nature appears in an angry threatening fit, then I think of thee, my friend, and that thought relieves me; thy beloved idea is a perfect talifman, working wonders in my ſoul; it charms or counter-charms, as my occaſions do require; no fears or griefs, or other melancholy paſſions, dare abide its energy; as ſoon as it appears, each baneful thought is gone; the troops of ſad chimeras vaniſh like the morning miſts before the ſun. Thou art as a ſtrong tower or fortreſs, where I can take ſanctuary from my enemies; an impregnable citadel, ſeated on the top of a high rock, from whence I can look

down with ſcorn on my perſecutors beneath, poſſeſſing myſelf in perfect ſecurity.

I dare not ſo much as vent my thoughts to another, though a muſſulman, for fear of ſome untoward conſequence; ſo induſtrious is the malice of moſt men, ſo vigilant and ſtudious for an opportunity of doing miſchief; and as for theſe infidels, my converſation is for the moſt part hiſtrionic. I am conſtrained to act to the life a very zealous Chriſtian and a Catholic, when, God knows, my heart keeps not time with my exterior actions and words. Not but that there are ſcepties among the Chriſtians, as well as among the true believers, but they are generally very private and reſerved; for upon blaſphemy, or what is reputed ſo here, is certainly puniſhed with death.

I ſometimes meet with ingenuous and candid ſouls, with whom I can diſcourſe freely, and like a man that doubts of many things which others currently believe; yet we dare not truſt each other too far, nor the very air in which our words vaniſh, after it has helped to form them, leſt ſome ſly envious demon ſhould catch the tranſient ſound, and reverberate the yet articulated body of particles which made it into ſome inquiſitive ear to ruin us; for there are certain buſy goſſiping echos ſcattered up and down the elements, which are always liſtening to the words of mortals; and if the ſpiteful elves can but take hold of any ſyllable to do a man an injury, they are big till they have vented it; yet they make no ſhow or noiſe, but whiſper out their tales in ſecret, ſometimes in dead of night, when men are faſt aſleep, at other times when they are deeply muſing on the hidden things of nature; for it is only to the wiſe, the ſage, the noble, and the great, that they reveal theſe paſſages, becauſe it is ſuch alone have ears to hear them; they haunt the bedchambers of kings and princes, to tell them news in

dreams; they are the ſwifteſt couriers in the world, for they have wings, and fly from court to court, and from one climate to another in a moment's time; they are always buzzing in the ears of ſtateſmen and great politicians, to whom they ſhow the dark intrigues of foreign and domeſtic enemies; thus are conſpiracies and plots of rebels oft diſcovered, though managed never ſo ſecretly. They viſit now and then the cloſets of philoſophers, and ſuch as love the ſciences; men of abſtracted ſouls, whoſe thoughts are volatile and pure, their fancies lively and vegeté: To theſe they unfold the covert myſteries of nature, and ſhow them things to come: They frame the ideas of remote, unknown events, which they imprint upon the ductile minds of prophets and holy men, inſpiring them with ſtrange and unaccountable preſages of what ſhall ſhortly happen to themſelves or others, whether it be good or evil; for theſe buſy-bodies are the daughters of the world's great ſoul, and they inherit an univerſal ſenſe and feeling of whatſoever happens in the elements. It is true, ſome knowledge they acquire by ſtudy and obſervation, even as we mortals do, but at a far ſwifter rate; their airy bodies do not ſo oppreſs their intellectual faculties, as our groſs hulks of fleſh do ours; we are forced to dig and plow, or to ſow and harrow, for ſmall returns of ſcience; our ſoil is barren; it muſt be manured and cultivated with art and coſt, before it yields a tolerable harveſt of what deſerves the name of ſolid knowledge; but theſe defecate tenants of the air have no more to do, but to be merely paſſive, and they ſtraight learn every thing; for the eternal Sapience wanders through the univerſe, to ſeek out ſuch as will or can imbibe her free impreſſion; ſhe voluntarily ſlides into receptive ſouls, and fills them with her rays. Thus the ſublimer genii of the air baſk in an open orb of intellectual light, becauſe

they are embodied in the moſt refined and pureſt matter, whereas we mortals muſt be thankful for her illuminations by retail; ſhe only ſhines on us through chinks and crannies of our dungeon fleſh, and yet but ſeldom ſo in direct beams; few men can boaſt that privilege; the greateſt part walk only in the uncertain twilight of opinion, or at beſt in the faint languid glimmerings of human reaſon, which, like the moon, conveys the original light of ſcience to us by reflection, and at ſecond hand; we are fain to learn from books, from converſation and experience.

Courteous Hali, thou wilt pardon the confuſedneſs and want of order in this letter, when thou ſhalt conſider the force of melancholy which firſt prompted me to write it; for, being very ſad, and overcaſt with clouds of dark and gloomy thoughts, which different paſſions cauſed to joſtle one againſt another in my troubled mind, I knew not how to eſcape the tempeſt better than by writing to thee, my learned friend, though only to expreſs my circumſtances; for when I began I knew not what to ſay, but it was an eaſe to write at random any thing to breathe my heart and ventilate my ſpleen; but the ſpecific remedy of my grief conſiſted in addreſſing to thee, my dear phyſician, whoſe very remembrance is a catholicon, proof againſt all my maladies.

Adieu, thou Æſculapius of the Ottomans, and live for ever.

Paris, 15th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1673.

XVIII.—*To* Musu Abu'l, *Yahyan, Profeſſor of Philoſophy at Fez.*

Thou ſhalt ſee that I am a man of my word, and will keep my promiſe; for this diſpatch contains a farther de-

ſcription of Conſtantinople which I engaged to preſent thee with in my laſt.

This famous city is ſixteen miles in circuit, and contains nine hundred thouſand inhabitants; it is divided into three parts, by the intercourſe of certain arms of the ſea, and almoſt forms the figure of a triangle; the walls are of an incredible height, and encompaſs ſeven hills within their extent; one is near the Grand Signior's ſeraglio, another is in the oppoſite corner of the city, which leads to Adrianople; between two others there lies a plain which is called the Great Valley; in this is to be ſeen an aqueduct of admirable contrivance and ſtructure, the work of Conſtantine the Great, who by this conveyed water to the city from ſeven miles diſtance; Solyman II. augmented it, by opening a current of water two miles beyond the ſource of Conſtantinople, which runs through ſeven hundred and forty pipes into the city, beſides thoſe which ſerve the moſques, the baths, and houſes of purification.

At the extremity of the town is ſeen the antique building of a fortreſs, which is called the Caſtle of the Seven Towers, a work of inimitable architecture. There is a garriſon in it of two hundred and fifty ſoldiers, not one of which dares to ſet his foot out of the caſtle-gates without the leave of the viſier azem, unleſs it be on two certain days in the year, that is, the firſt of Beiram and Ramezan.

In this place formerly the Ottoman emperors uſed to lay their treaſures of gold and ſilver, their arms and ammunition, their books, and whatſoever they eſteemed precious; but Amurat, the ſon of Selimus II. tranſlated all theſe things into the ſeraglio, where they have been kept ever ſince; and this caſtle is turned into a priſon for kings and princes taken captives by the true faithful, as alſo for rebellious baſſas and other perſons of quality. Here Co-

reſqui, Vayvod of Moldavia, was ſhut up in the year 1617 of the Chriſtians era; and in the year 1622 of the ſame date, the rebellious janizaries impriſoned their ſovereign lord, Sultan Oſman, whom afterwards they ſtrangled in the ſame place.

There are above two thouſand moſques, oratories, and ſepulchres, within the walls of Conſtantinople. I have already deſcribed that of Aia-Sophian in my laſt; it remains now that I ſpeak of four others built by ſome of our former emperors; the firſt and chiefeſt was built by Sultan Mahomet II. to expreſs his gratitude to God for the taking of Conſtantinople; it is a magnificent ſtructure, raiſed according to the pattern of Sancta Sophia. He cauſed an hundred ſtately chambers to be built round about it, both for the ſervice of the imaums and mollas who belong to the moſque, and for the entertainment of ſtrangers, let them be of what nation or religion ſoever. He raiſed alſo fifty other chambers without theſe for the uſe of the poor, and endowed the moſque with ſixty thouſand ducats of yearly revenue.

The ſecond moſque was built by Bajazet II. the ſon of this Mahomet; the third was built by Selimus I.; the fourth by Solyman the Magnificent. The three laſt of theſe princes lie buried each in his own moſque, under monuments of a ſuperb figure, innumerable lamps burning over them, and round about them, night and day, whilſt certain mollahs pray by turns, without ceaſing, for the health of the departed royal ſouls.

But the laſt of theſe moſques, which was built, as I have ſaid, by Sultan Solyman, far exceeds all the reſt, and comes not ſhort of Sancta Sophia, in the richneſs of marble, porphyry, and other excellent materials.

The Greeks have forty churches and chapels in Conſtantinople, wherein they perform the Nazarene worſhip;

the Armenians have four. Thoſe of the Latin communion have a college annexed to it for a certain number of Jeſuits; this is ſeated in Pera, which is a kind of ſuburb to Conſtantinople.

The Jews have great liberty in the imperial city; their habitations are contiguous, taking up nine principal ſtreets, and they have eight-and-thirty ſynagogues.

The walls of the city remain very entire, and are double towards the land; there are nineteen gates in them, one of which is called the holy gate, in reſpect of a vaſt multitude of Chriſtian ſaints who lie buried in a chapel hard by it. It was through this gate that Mahomet II. made his triumphant entry into Conſtantinople, on purpoſe, as it were, to profane the reputed ſanctity of the place, and inſult over their falſe gods, whilſt he came to eſtabliſh the law and worſhip of the only true God, Creator of heaven and earth.

There are abundance of antique monuments in the city, as pyramids and obeliſks of admirable figure and contrivance; in one place, there are three ſerpents of marble, ſtretching themſelves to the height of two men, and mutually twiſting about each other; the report goes, that theſe were erected by a magician at a time when the citizens were much infeſted with living ſerpents, and that by this enchantment they were freed.

One of theſe has a wound in the neck, which was given it by Mahomet II. when he rode into the vanquiſhed city; for he beholding the horrid idol, and gueſſing right that it was the work of ſome magician, was moved with holy zeal and indignation; wherefore, couching his ſpear, and giving ſpurs to his horſe, he ran full tilt againſt it, and wounded one of the ſerpents in the neck, which is ſeen to this day.

In the ſame pavement there ſtands a very elegant column of ruſtic workmanſhip, as they call it, the marbles of which it conſiſts being faſtened together without the intervention of mortar, bitumen, or any other cement; it has within a winding ſtair-caſe, by which one may go up to the top.

In this place, which is called the Hippodrome, the Ottoman grandees exerciſe themſelves on horſeback, and ſometimes the Grand Signior himſelf, eſpecially on great feſtivals.

Round about it there are above two thouſand little ſhops of tailors or botchers, for the uſe of thoſe who would have their garments mended, ſcowered, and poliſhed at a ſmall price; and yet out of this ſo contemptible a trade, the Grand Signior receives a yearly cuſtom of eleven thouſand ſequins. By this thou mayeſt take an eſtimate of his other revenues, which flow into his coffers from all parts of ſo vaſt an empire.

There are above forty thouſand warehouſes, and ſhops of merchants, brokers, pedlars, huckſters, and ſuch like callings, each trade having their proper bazar, or market, according to the quality of the goods they ſell; but there is one more eminent than all the reſt, which is called Baſtian, where are goldſmiths, jewellers, and ſuch as deal in any manner of fine and coſtly things. This place is environed with very ſtrong walls, ſix feet thick, and is ſhut up every night by four double gates, and at other times as occaſion requires; ſo that it looks like a little well-fortified town.

In this wealthy market there is a gallery or piazza neatly arched and ſupported by twenty-four pillars; under this there are abundance of little ſhops, ſix feet long and four in breadth; here all thoſe precious commodities

are expoſed to ſale on tables or counters, and with their luſtre dazzle the eyes of ſuch as paſs by.

Thou mayeſt alſo conjecture at the vaſt gains of theſe merchants, by the rates which they pay to the Grand Signior only for their licence to ſell in this place; I have known one man, that was my particular acquaintance, give yearly two thouſand franks for this liberty; and he told me, that no man could enjoy the freedom of the place under that price, unleſs he had great favour ſhown him, which is very rare, and even then it would not be much abated.

As one paſſes from this market one way, there ariſes a ſtately column of porphyry begirt in many places with iron hoops; and a little diſtant you ſee another more lofty than this; it is called the hiſtorical column, being engraven all over with the figures of men; in this alſo there is a ſtair-caſe to the top, but much broken, and in danger of falling, if it were not ſtrengthened and held together with vaſt hoops of iron.

The next thing worthy to be ſeen is the old palace of Conſtantine the Great; worthy, I ſay, to be ſeen only for its antiquity, for it is no very elegant building; yet it has this commendation, that it ſtands in the pureſt and moſt wholeſome air of the whole city.

There is another market alſo walled in, beſides that of the goldſmiths, &c. which has a piazza ſupported by ſixteen pillars; in this are ſold all manner of ſilks; and a little way off from this is the bazar where they ſell ſlaves; ſo great are the gains of this traffic, that thoſe who uſe it pay to the Grand Signior, by way of cuſtom, the yearly ſum of ſixteen thouſand ſequins.

The vintners, victuallers, and ſutlers, who ſell wine to the Chriſtians and Jews, and privately to muſſulmans, pay yearly fifty-eight thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty-

eight ſequins; the very fiſhermen of Conſtantinople, who live along the ſtrand, pay the yearly ſum of twenty-nine thouſand three hundred and ninety-four ſequins; the corn market, where all ſorts of grain, pulſe, meal, and flour are ſold, pays yearly into the treaſury fourteen purſes of money, each purſe being worth one thouſand ſix hundred thirty and three ſequins; the Egyptian merchants who bring their goods from Alcaire to ſell them at Conſtantinople, pay twenty-four purſes; the freight of all foreign merchant ſhips make up one hundred and eighty purſes of gold; I have mentioned the value of each purſe before; the great ſhambles without the city pay thirty-two purſes; there ſerve in this place two hundred butchers, over whom there is a prefect or maſter, without whoſe conſent no man can kill any beaſt, unleſs it be in the caſe of corban; nay, ſo great is the authority of this prefect, that the Jews themſelves are forced to aſk his leave to kill their beaſts after their own faſhion. The reaſon why the ſhambles are without the city, is for purity ſake, leſt the city be polluted with blood.

It is impoſſible to caſt up the prodigious revenue which ariſes to the Grand Signior from the ſale of Hungarian ſheep and oxen in the 10th and 11th moons; but thou mayeſt comprehend that it is very great, when ſometimes in one day's time there are ſold 25,000 oxen, and 40,000 ſheep.

Neither is it more eaſy to reckon up his incomes from the ſale of houſes, ſkiffs, galleys, ſaicks, and bigger veſſels; beſides, it would be too tedious for one letter. What ſhall I ſay of the tribute which the Jews and Chriſtians pay, amounting yearly to a prodigious ſum of money? Time, paper, ink, and human patience itſelf, would fail in rehearſing ſo many particularities.

But thou mayeſt frame a regular judgment of the immenſe riches which the Grand Signior is poſſeſſed of, when thou ſhalt know that there is a mint in the imperial city, where four hundred men perpetually labour in coining new money, having a preſident, or overſeer, who ſuperviſes the work, who muſt be a Grecian, by a ſpecial privilege granted to that nation by our munificent emperors, becauſe the mines of ſilver and gold are within the limits of the Grecian empire, ſo that none but Greeks are admitted to aſſiſt at this curious artifice.

The preſident is obliged every new moon to ſend into the ſeraglio ten thouſand ſequins of gold, and twenty thouſand in ſilver; for ſuch is the pleaſure of the great ſultan, that the royal palace ſhould always abound with fair new money.

Sage Muſu, aſſure thyſelf that Conſtantinople is the grand treaſury, exchequer, or bank of the whole earth, where all the riches of the Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South, and of the ſeven climates, are refunded and laid up as in their proper centre: But I have more to ſay in another letter concerning this glorious city; only time juſt now gave me a prick with the end of his ſcythe, to put me in mind of an urgent affair, not to be neglected this moment; wherefore, in haſte, adieu.

Paris, 1ſt of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1673.

END OF VOLUME SEVENTH.

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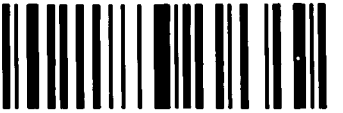
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